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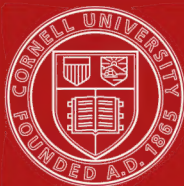
AMERICAN HISTORY

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Yankee doodle Dixie; or, Love the light



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# YANKEE DOODLE DIXIE;

OR,

## LOVE THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

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AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF LIFE AND LOVE IN AN OLD VIRGINIA COUNTRY HOME,  
AND ALSO AN EXPLANATORY ACCOUNT OF THE PASSIONS,  
PREJUDICES AND OPINIONS WHICH CULMINATED  
IN THE CIVIL WAR.

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By <sup>5th</sup> J. V. RYALS, of Virginia. <sup>incent</sup>

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1890.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN submitting this book for public perusal, the author does so with feelings which none but those who have essayed to enter the domain of a literary life can possibly appreciate; for, while the lights which hope and novelty, courage and ambition kindled along the paths of labor as the work progressed did seem to glow with something of color, now, that the task is accomplished, seem to burn with a feeble, flickering flame, and I turn from penning the last line back to the first page, and sigh when I say, I would that it were better done or not done at all. So far the work has been mine—wholly mine—and the thought that my hands found employment congenial with the feelings of my heart has been a real pleasure and a substantial comfort; but soon the book will belong to the public, and its many defects will be noticed; while its merits, if indeed it has any, will be passed over in silence. I have tried to place truth and virtue, honor, patriotism, and principle in that light in which they should be viewed by the world. I have tried to exalt purity of character and chastity of thought, because I believe there lies the only foundation for real happiness. I have tried to give a clear, concise, and accurate statement of the facts and circumstances which culminated in the war between the States, because I believe a full knowledge of all the facts, and a clear understanding of the feelings and opinions to which they give rise, is the only ground upon which the North and the South can meet in friendly greeting, and the only means that can be employed that will destroy sectional prejudices and sectional animosities. I have adopted the style of fiction and the language of romance, because I believe that many who ought to read and learn the truth would never peruse the matter-of-fact manner of historical writing. Nothing has been set down in malice, nothing is cherished in unkindness. I have tried to speak a word of comfort here and leave a mark of

warning there, hoping that some may find help in my earnest endeavors, but if Yankee Doodle Dixie is to wholly fail and fall to earth accomplishing no good, it is hoped that from its ashes will arise no thought calculated to do the slightest harm. I will not apologize for having taken the privilege of using such language as seems to me would express the thoughts, feelings, and opinions of the people of the South during the exciting days of 1860-'61, but I feel it my duty to say I have put not a single word in the mouth of any Northern man. The quotations made from the speeches delivered at the Philadelphia mass-meeting and the Albany convention, as also the extracts from the Northern press, are strictly historical. A few anachronisms, in regard to the dates of certain battles, have been indulged, in order to keep the story well connected, for which, kind consideration is humbly craved.

J. V. RYALS.

CLIFF<sup>side</sup> FORGE, VA., November, 1890.

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## DEDICATION.

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### YANKEE DOODLE DIXIE.

I believe in the motto *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*. I therefore offer, as a tribute of respect, the dedication of this book to the memory of such as conscientiously fought and heroically fell in the late war between the States, defending the faith they maintained and the principles they cherished according to the best light which guided their hearts, whether they "wore the Blue" or "loved the Gray." To the departed spirits of the conscientious sacrifice I breathe a fervent *requiescat in pace*; to the brave men who still survive that heroic struggle I offer the hand of a soldier and the respect of a comrade; to every ripple that is left on the sea of sectional prejudice, and to every wave that still ruffles the waters of sectional passion, I say, "Peace be still!" If each one fought as each one thought—for his home and for his country—let his conscience be the shield of his protection from obloquy and from calumny. True patriotism is sincere love of country, joined to a conscientious devotion to duty. To the true patriot let all honor be given and worthy praise be awarded.

THE AUTHOR.



# YANKEE DOODLE DIXIE,

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## CHAPTER I.

IT was in the early part of the fall, in the year 1860 that year so memorable in the political history of Virginia, and more than memorable in the history of the American Union. From the very beginning of the presidential campaign, the storm of political contention had raged with terrible fury; like a tornado, passion and prejudice and sectional pride rose, raged and roared. The North was arrayed against the South, and the South against the North; crimination and recrimination, of the most bitter nature, were indulged in by the contestants in all parts of the Union. Party warfare never had, in all the hotly contested elections of the past, been pushed to such extreme. Every home was a battle-field, and every fireside a political arena, where adverse opinions clashed and brought forth the sparks of passion. The very air seemed hot with the spirit of war,—“Some fiery serpent hovering in the atmosphere pouring down mischief”—brother was arrayed against brother, and father against son. Those who had been nurtured at the same breast, played around the same knee, courted the same smile and shared the same caresses, were now divided as the waves of the sea; they thought differently, they felt differently, and they pushed their differences to the farthest extreme.

It was often quoted by the warlike Romans, *inter arma leges silent* (in the midst of arms the laws are silent); but here, in the midst of passion, reason itself was dethroned. It was plain and manifest to all the world, that our country (our glorious country, our grand and noble country), the land where freedom's cradle had been rocked by the hands of affectionate fathers, and liberty of conscience baptized in the blood of patriotism, was now upon the very verge of civil war.

The dark clouds were gathering all along the horizon, and darker and darker they seemed to grow as onward and upward they rolled; deep thunders muttered as though in suppressed wrath, whilst now and then the angry lightnings leaped forth and wrapped the very earth in its dreadful blaze of furious fire. All saw the black clouds gathering; all heard the deep thunders rolling; all felt war's hot breath blowing. Some there were who waved the *furies* welcome; some who stood and mocked it all an idle show; while some in pain stood amazed and gazed in wonder deep that man so blessed could be so blind.

There were many in Virginia who loved the Union, and who strove hard to preserve it. They strove to roll back those waves of war that were being driven upon them; they plead for peace, and implored a preservation of the Union; they called upon the glories of the past and depicted the horrors of a civil war; they believed in their hearts in the constitutional right of secession; but in their hearts they could not find the wish for existing causes to disrupt that tie which bound these States together like a sister's love. They knew that many of the States of the North had passed obnoxious liberty bills and placed among their statutes anti-fugitive acts, in clear contravention of that clause in the Federal constitution which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves;

they knew that these acts of their sister States beyond the Potomac were deliberate, wilful and full of design; they knew that the echoes of the impious tread of John Brown's hostile feet and the insulting war-cry of his murderous band, had hardly ceased to repeat its reverberations along the sloping heights around Harper's Ferry, and that all over the North, the man who came down to burn, to murder and to massacre, was named a hero, and proclaimed a martyr; yet, despite these wrongs, despite these insults, despite this injustice, despite the bad faith and violated obligations, there were many who clung to the Union and begged for peace, begged their brethren of the North and begged their kindred of the South, begged their impulsive brethren of the South, to stay the rushing tide of angry passion; begged their long-loved brethren of the North not to strike the blow of correction, but to each and to all, their prayers were vain, their deep and earnest invocations fell like dead leaves upon a shoreless sea of sand.

The surging caldron of political fanaticism was boiling with a heat too intense to be assuaged; so war, cruel civil war, war full of bloody butcheries came and crowned the climax with woeful inhumanities; a war full of wounds and full of wrongs; full of terrors and full of tears; full of death and dreadful deeds; full of horrors and heart-rending scenes; full of smoke, sin and suffering—blackest sin—endless sorrow. A war that devastated our sunny land like a sweeping fire; a war that left happy homes a heap of smouldering ashes, and made of smiling hills and lovely valleys a sepulchre or a desert. O! cruel, cruel, cruel war! thou hast preserved the Union of States: thou hast defeated the sin of secession, but thou canst not give back to the weeping widow the murdered husband, nor to the homeless orphan the father slain, neither canst thou wash away the dark stain of Christian blood that so greatly mars the glory of thy achievements!

## CHAPTER II.

YOUR pardon, gentle reader, is most humbly craved, if the circumstances alluded to in the opening chapter of this story seems a digression too remote to be justified by the narration which is to follow. It is no part of the writer's purpose to give a detailed history of that most unnatural and most unholy war. To the historian that privilege of right justly belongs; but that war, and the circumstances of which it was but the culmination, had so much to do in forming the characters and giving coloring to the lives of those who are to figure in this romance, it is hoped that the patience of the indulgent reader will not be offended.

No man can live and not have his life, to some extent, moulded by the circumstances by which he is surrounded. Our characters morally, politically and socially, take their coloring from the light which is cast upon them; our thoughts and feelings and actions are but the grand resultant of all the partially conflicting forces to which we are subjected. This being our nature, and our nature being the impress of the divine will, the question as to how far we are answerable for errors which are directly the result of nature's laws, can only be correctly decided by divine wisdom. Education has much to do with our thoughts; our thoughts rule and govern our feelings; our feelings direct and control our actions, and our actions stamp our characters. So you who would follow the lives of those that are to appear upon the scene of action in this narrative will, pray, judge of their actions and motives in accord and connection with the circumstances by which they were surrounded.

They, for the most part, were Virginians; and if a Virginian loves Virginia more than he loves any other land, lay it not to his life for an offense, nor to his honor as a stain. Give him at least the privilege to love his dear old mother, though poor and homely she may be

But to return to our story and begin again at the very beginning. It was late in the afternoon, and, as we have said, in the early fall of the year 1860. It was a lovely afternoon; the sky was clear; the air was fresh; the sun was bright; the grass was green, and the trees were glorious in their robes of varied hue. Nature indeed seemed pleased with her beauty, and smiled the smile of sweet contentment. It was just such a day, such an hour, and such surroundings as the lover of nature and the worshiper of God delights to contemplate; for beauty is divinity in the material form.

As the sun dipped low towards the west, and the shadows of the tall trees stretched out their arms over the landscape, a horseman solitary and alone, save in the companionship of his noble steed and his ever-faithful dog, was seen slowly winding his way along an unfrequented bridle path, which lay at the foot of one of those beautiful and picturesque hills, which are so often seen in the rich rolling Piedmont country of the far-famed and grandly historic Virginia. The rider was evidently a young man in the prime of life, and the full glow of health; manhood had ripened on his brow, and the fruit was physical development and intellectual culture. He was tall, graceful and faultlessly proportioned; high forehead, broad and brown; hair dark; clear cut profile; eyes big, blazing with light and full of expression; his lips were thin, closing with the force of firm, fixed thought and decision of character. The world would have pronounced him a remarkably handsome man; his friends would have said not so handsome, but splendidly formed

and nobly featured. There was something about the man that impressed you pleasantly; fixed your attention and engaged your interest. In his presence you could but feel his attraction, and that attraction was pleasant and agreeable. To name at once the source of this mesmeric influence would be a difficult matter; it is easier far, to state the fact than to explain the cause; but it would seem the result was due to a happy combination of character revealed in a manly form and physical beauty, moral worth and suavity of manner, dignified bearing and unmistakable intellectuality. As he advanced along the hill, he seemed deeply absorbed in thought. He held the reins loosely, and left his horse to its own guidance. He wore a short shooting-jacket, high-topped boots and a broad-brimmed light felt hat. Across the pommel of his saddle he carried a sporting rifle of small size, but of the most approved pattern. It would seem that he had shot well that afternoon, for from the tree of his saddle some dozen or more squirrels dangled. As he rode forward along the path, he seemed wholly unconscious of the splendid scenery and engaging beauty which nature unfolded in every surrounding. Slowly on up the hill he came, until he gained the crest. Then he drew up his reins and brought his horse to a stand. He turned half around in his saddle and looked back over the landscape. "Lovely, ah! lovely!" he said. "That is so lovely—such variety; such blending of colors; so exquisitely beautiful. And that sky, too, that is more than lovely—what richness there! Such glorious beauty; such grandeur; such radiance, and such splendor! See those tints of gold mingling with the silver. The artist's brush could never give that picture to man. The poet's dream could not produce it. That is God's handiwork—the all-wise, the all-merciful God. Who could look upon that landscape, that sky, contemplate that matchless splendor, that glow-

ing beauty for one moment, and then say within his heart, there is no God?" The face of the young man was lighted with the glow of enthusiasm. He loved the beautiful—he loved nature's loveliness. They were to him God's revelation—the record of His power; His goodness; His mercy; His glory; His infinite mind; His spirit divine; His omnipotence, and His omnipresence. The young man had spoken earnestly and with deep reverence. His soul was full of deep love and prayerful devotion. For some time then he gazed in silence, his lips moving, but there was no voice to be wafted on the winds; the pinions of prayer bore his thoughts upward to the throne of mercy. And then the face of the young man—so bright, so sweetly expressive—changed. A shadow passed over his brow, and joy gave way to sadness. Again he spoke, communing with himself. His voice was low and full of sorrow. "Oh, who could look upon that scene and in his heart of hearts consent to mar its beauty with the smoke of battle? And yet, there are many, yes, many, and some, too, among those I love, both North and South, bent on secession—bent on coercion; bent on war. I know that I love the Union; I know I love our grand and noble country. This whole land, from Maine to Mexico, is dear to my heart, but, far above the whole, I love my dear old native Virginia—my mother State. Yes, your every hill and valley is dear to my soul. I love your glory and I love your honor, even more than I love the life-blood that warms my veins. Yes, my mother of mothers, I love you, even as I love my own sweet Helen—Helen, my own, my precious Helen!" At the mention of that name, the face of the young man was again lighted with joy and gladness. If possible, a brighter light, a brighter smile, a brighter hope, a more radiant joy, lit up his countenance.

He turned quickly, gathered up his reins, and said: "On Flora, on, let's on." The beautiful black mare bounded

away at the word—swept the field in a gallop—leaped the fence and turned down the main road. “Yonder is her home—yes, yonder is the beautiful home of my sweet pet. On, Flora, on, we will soon be there, and I will banish all of my sad thoughts in the light of her love, and exchange all my nice game for one kiss of her sweet hand.”

At this moment a young man seated by the roadside partially concealed from view by the thick undergrowth started up just in front of the rider. The spirited mare was startled by the sudden and so unexpected appearance of the stranger, shied terribly to the right, the girth broke, and the rider fell heavily to the ground. “Damn it, the fool has let his horse throw him; but I forget, I was in contract with promised good behavior while here not to use expressive expletives,” said the wayside stranger as he stepped forward from his cover. But seeing that the unfortunate horseman did not rise, the hero of the “expressive expletive” advanced and said: “Helloo, my man; not hurt, I hope. You should be more careful how you make fast your saddle. You are lucky if your reckless riding has not cost you a broken bone.” With this most feeling salutation the man of “promised good behavior” took hold of the prostrate rider and attempted to lift the victim of the mishap from the ground; but the rude assistance only caused the wounded man to groan heavily from deep pain. “By the oath of the infidels”—“the great Hercules,” said the man of the expressive expletive—“I ought to know that face. It is Charles Reed, or it is a sanctified sinner. I ought to know that face though it were marked with the contortions of death, much less the momentary unconsciousness of a trivial hurt. By the shades of Nemesis, I have cursed it often enough to remember.”

“I owe Charles Reed an old score, and I am here to pay the obligation to the avenging goddess; but this is not



the time nor the place, nor is it the manner my mind marked out. Brown-eyed Helen is the object of my ambition and the means of my gratification, and if she is as fair and fickle as I am fortunate and friendly, the issue is doubly undoubted. Yet, if that graceful neck was broken, instead of that grand head being bruised, my victory over her might be the easier. But how am I to get this body home. I must keep up the old deception and continue to play the loving friend, else I may not even get to see the sweet-faced *inadmorata*."

While this somewhat extended monologue was being recited, "the loving friend" had examined carefully the body and limbs of the fallen man.

"No; there are no bones broken that I can see," said the worshiper of Nemesis. "The hurt seems to be in the head and shoulder. His head met its match for hardness when it struck that rock, I opine, and so, so, a slight concussion of the brain."

"By the glimmering light of my natal star! I should say that's lucky," continued the soliloquist; "there is a wagon coming around the bend. Helloo, helloo, driver; you, old man; lend us a hand here. My friend has had a fall from his horse. I will see that you are well paid, if you will assist me to take him home."

The driver of the vehicle came forward hurriedly, and at once recognized the victim of the mishap. "Fo' God, 'tis Mars Charles," said the old negro, much affected, "and I love him as he was my own child. 'Twill brake Miss Helen's heart ef any sho' nuff hurt come to Mars Charles, and 'twould nigh kill ole Marster; for he is like one uv dem over dar at de Grove."

"He is my friend," said the stranger, "and I will see that you are well paid for your trouble, if you will assist me to get him to the Grove. Indeed, he is a very dear

friend," continued the stranger; assuming a tone of much consideration.

"He is your friend? Did you say, he is your friend?"

"Yes; he is a very dear friend," replied the stranger.

"Well, dat may be so; but 'tis more an' I could say dat he could say bout you."

"I will pay you, if you will help me;" continued the stranger, pretending not to notice the insinuation.

"You pay me!" replied the old negro. "Me don't want any uv your pay for helpin Mars Charles; nor for helpin any udder hurt gentleman, for dat matter."

"Who be you, anyway—stanin here all dis time talkin to yourseff, when you sees Mars Charles hurt most to death—callin yourseff his friend! I bleve more dan I say."

And with that, the old negro gave the stranger a look which could not be mistaken. There was a suspicion of foul play. The stranger saw it; felt it, and flinched beneath it. For so it is—"a guilty conscience makes cowards of us all."

Without further remark, the old negro betook himself to the relief of his wounded friend, and the stranger was content to render such aid as he had assigned him.

In due time they carried the wounded man to the Grove—the hospitable home of Beverly Moore—the home of the beautiful Helen, sweet Helen Moore, the loved and the loving.

Without one moment's warning, they carried him in and lay him on the porch.

Oh! who can tell; what pen describe the pain, the sorrow, the anguish which woman feels, when she sees the object of her heart's devotion, the idol of her soul's earthly worship, stretched before her, bleeding, wounded, senseless.

The deep agony of woman's heart; the blasting stroke that shatters woman's hope; the grief that crushes and grinds in woman's soul, is by woman felt, but never can be described.

## CHAPTER III.

CHARLES REED and William Dodge had been students at the same college (dear old Hampden Sidney); they had entered the Freshman class at the beginning of the session in the fall of 1855, and there as classmates, room-mates, and seemingly to all the world the best, truest and dearest of friends, they had continued for four years, rising from class to class as the years rolled by and finally graduating, both with much honor, in the summer of 1859. College life is an epoch in a student's history, for there will be moulded much of the character which is to shape his after years; 'tis the period when youth ripens into manhood; 'tis the period when habits of thought are formed and manner of bearing acquired; the period when a high sense of morality is reached, or the ways of vice, falsehood and frivolity become familiar. And there is no place in all the world where the opportunities for intellectual and moral training are so pleasingly presented and where vice and falsehood and frivolity are so earnestly combated, as at dear old Hampden Sidney. Blessed, indeed, is that youth who is privileged to enter those classic walls, and who yields up his mind and heart to the training of those loving, God-fearing preceptors.

Charles Reed and William Dodge had enjoyed equal advantages in the way of preparatory instruction; they both came more than prepared to enter the Freshman class, but they both desired to become thorough scholars, and to do this they considered it best to begin at the beginning and master every detail as they proceeded. Intellectually the two young men were well matched, but their minds

were of a different cast; Charles was deep, plodding, logical and full of systematic power, thoroughly in earnest and eminently practical; William Dodge was brilliant, imaginative, poetical and full of quick resources; wonderfully talented, and most remarkably eloquent. In the lecture room Dodge ever took the lead; there his acquisitive faculty served him to perfection, and his ready use of language enabled him to eclipse all rivals. William Dodge learned quickly; Charles Reed learned well, and the ever-retentive memory of the latter was a store-house of knowledge. In the matter of disposition there was some variance, though a casual observer would have been puzzled to name the grounds upon which he gave to Charles the award of merit. Charles was open, candid, free and affectionate; the soul of honor and of unquestionable integrity. William Dodge was fortune's favorite, full of friendships and affability. He lay claim to but one virtue, and that was modesty in the matter of merit; and if the boast was affectation, the affectation was faultlessly acted. If there was envy, or malice, or jealousy in his disposition, the guard that stood watch over such vices was never found off duty, and so it fell to his lot to be loved by those who knew him, and courted and caressed by all who came near him.

The two young men, or youths, perhaps, more properly speaking, were about the same age, William Dodge being some six or eight months the older. We have already given something of an account of Charles Reed's personal appearance in a previous chapter, at which time he was in his twenty-third year. Let that description be sufficient. We are not dealing with noses and eyes and lips and cheeks and mustaches as the grand aim and object in this narration, though we will admit that if such were our purpose we could name many authors whose books fill the circulating library as models in the divine art of

feature painting. We are trying to give some account of the thoughts, feelings, and sentiments of our characters as they appeared to us in the midst of those trying scenes through which they were called to pass. William Dodge is one of those characters, and since the attentive-reader must come to know him as he was, that reader will feel inclined to learn something of his personal appearance. But to be brief now, for a more detailed description may come later, let us say that he was tall, spare, graceful, and handsome, with blue eyes and light hair. He came from the city, that was evident; his dress and his manner showed that he had seen good tailors, and talked with much people. He gave Washington City as his native place and present home, and that was about all that he ever had to say upon the subject.

Charles Reed was the only son of Dabney Reed, and Dabney Reed was known far and wide all over the country. The extending circle of his fame had reached every State in the Union. His ancestors before him had helped to make Virginia what she was, and Dabney Reed had helped to keep the grand old ship of State afloat on the high sea of fame. He was wealthy: he was a brilliant lawyer, finished orator, and lived in a palatial home in the Piedmont country. His farm, as they are called in Virginia, adjoined that of his life-long friend, Beverly Moorc.

Charles had enjoyed all the advantages which such good fortune could bestow, and he had not failed to profit by his surroundings. Although much of his time had been spent in the chase and other sports such as usually accompany plantation life, his education had by no means been neglected, but, on the contrary, as we have seen, he was well advanced in his studies. There was nothing of the "dash" about him—nothing of the "put on"—nothing that smacked of family pride and "money makes

the mare go." His manners were easy and natural, perfectly free from affectation, and this was one of the greatest charms about him. He, like every man and woman well born and well bred, appreciated this great advantage of birth, but the thought occasioned no false pride within his breast, nor touched his heart with vanity or filled his mind with arrogance. He could be courteous and polite to the most humble without the least display of condescension. He never patronized the less fortunate; he never acted for effect; he stooped to gain no man's favor; he never bent to do an act of kindness, his charities were the deeds of his heart. The good works of his hands were the fresh waters that spring from the fountains of noble humanity and whole-souled generosity; his breast was full of "the milk of human kindness." He would defend the weak boy against "the bully," assist the little ones with their task, and stay to encourage the despondent in trying difficulties. He loved sport; he could knock a ball and glory in a "home run"; he hated to be beaten, but he bore no malice; he could take a joke and enjoy a laugh. He had looked forward to his college life with a longing desire—a desire not springing from restless impatience to leave home and be out in the world, but a desire born of a commendable ambition; that ambition which prompts the aspiring youth to do something, be somebody, accomplish some aim, and live for some purpose. He loved his home, he loved his kind, indulgent, affectionate father; he loved the servants; he was the pet of the old ones and the hero of the little ones. He loved his horse and his dog and his gun, and last, but by far not the least, he loved his associates, playmates, and companions—loved them all in general, but one in particular, and he knew it would be hard to go away and leave all these loves even for a time. He did not deceive himself in regard to the pain the separa-

tion would cost him, but he did not allow the thought to check his ardor or cool his warm aspirations. He saw the path of duty, recognized the path of duty as the royal road to success, and thus filled his heart with a warm desire to be up and out on the broad highway to fortune and to fame. The sacrifice he was about to make in leaving so many loves behind only served to gild the heights of fortune to which his aspiring gaze was turned with a brighter light and more refulgent gold.

William Dodge had entered college, it would have seemed, with hopes and aspirations somewhat akin to the ambition which inspired the thoughts of Charles Reed. It so happened that the two students, one traveling east, the other west, met in the little town of Farmville, and took the same stage for Hampden Sidney. They were the only passengers going out that day, and as the distance is eight miles, they had ample opportunity and abundance of leisure to cultivate something of an acquaintance. And as William Dodge was affable, intelligent, and gentlemanly, and Charles Reed refined, sensible, and mannerly, and both of them total strangers at college, they agreed to become room-mates, and thus their association began. They were among the first arrivals, and as collegiate exercises did not begin for several days they had further leisure to continue the cultivation of their now growing intimacy. Charles soon became much attached to his room-mate, and William Dodge, we believe, at this time entertained for his new-found friend a very decided regard.

William Dodge was unmistakably prepossessing in his appearance, and possessed of most pleasing manners. There was that about him which immediately won, not only the good opinion of Charles Reed, but of the whole school he was very sociable, as we have seen, and entertained his companions with many pleasing stories and

interesting anecdotes. He could tell a good story, in good style, and it seemed to occasion him much pleasure to be able to afford pleasing pastime to others. As the months rolled by and passed into years, William Dodge became noted through the whole college for his brilliant recitations. The professors were delighted with him, and William was himself much pleased at his success and rapid progress, though he tried to appear unmindful of his advantage. He was the object of envy of some, the wonder of many, and the admiration of all. He was looked upon as a prodigy, and, as might be expected, courted, flattered, and caressed. He possessed, beyond all doubt, a most remarkable mind, and seemed to master the most obscure and intricate black-letter learning with intuitive power. To repeat what the text-book said was, to him, the easiest matter in the world. He had moved at once to the head of his class and stayed there, despite every effort to surpass him. Many of those who essayed the vain endeavor to become his rivals, soon fell far behind in hopeless despair. Charles Reed fain would have kept pace with the rapid strides of his brilliant friend; but, struggle as he might, William Dodge still maintained the lead. It is not pleasant to be eclipsed at all times, and in all places, especially when you feel that you have put forth your best efforts; and so it was but natural that Charles should at times have felt some irritation at himself because he could not accomplish all that he desired. But there was no envy in his heart; he would not have cast even so much as a pebble in the path of his friend to make it for him less smooth or less easy. On the contrary, had Dodge for one moment stumbled, Charles would have been the first to rush to his aid and extend the helping hand. Charles knew that he was doing his work well; he was conscious of the fact that what he acquired he had the power to retain. This had been



made manifest by the examinations of the past three sessions; especially that at the end of his junior year, and this thought was the source of consolation, to which he turned when he felt self-twitted, because he had always to appear as the second light in the recitation room, even though he struggled some times to be the first.

He could not fail to see that he labored harder and kept to his books longer in the preparation of his lessons than his friend Dodge, but then Charles would say to himself, when such thoughts piqued his pride, "I think I pay more attention to the minutiae and detail in the preparation of my lessons than he does; I try to make my analysis thorough. I believe in systematic study—in the long run it must be the approved process. It certainly is the case in everything else, it must 'be so in the art of acquiring knowledge; at any rate, I'll stick to my methodical ways and abide the issue at the *grand finale*."

Thus self-encouraged Charles renewed his vigor and doubled his efforts, determined to "fight the battle to the end regardless of his place in the rank and file." Charles had been sitting all alone in his room late one Saturday afternoon, meditating after the manner that we have just seen him; his room-mate, the quick-minded William Dodge, having quite an hour earlier completed the preparation of his lessons for Monday and gone for a walk along the *via sacra*. As Charles's thoughts culminated in the self-encouragement above set forth, and the words "fight the battle to the end regardless of my place in the rank and file" passed through his mind, he arose to his feet, and flung a chip which he had picked up from the hearth with force against the floor, as though to give emphasis to his words and vent to feelings, and said aloud, "No, I will never give up; I will never strike my colors until the battle is fought through to the end; I will never stoop to entertain the ghost of despair, for 'a man is a man if he is no bigger than my thumb.'"

Charles burst into a laugh at the oratorical figure he was cutting, and as he turned and caught sight of his auditory, his sole laughing self, reflected from the glass, he said, "That Ciceronian should have been saved to spout at Sparks to-night in the hall. He would have considered that a glorious peroration, and that 'no bigger than my thumb' business a homily of the first water." Sparks was the Sophomorical orator of college, loved and laughed at by all the students. He delighted in high-sounding periods and well-turned sentences, but he could not comprehend the mysteries of moral science and mixed mathematics.

Just in the midst of Charles's laugh at his own expense and that of the Sophomorical Sparks, there came a rap on his door. The laughing Charles, almost taken in the act of appearing ridiculous, quick as thought, smoothed out his countenance and brought his face to what a soldier would call a "carry arms," and assuming a dignity which he did not feel, cried out, "Come in!" The door opened, and who should enter but the veritable Sparks himself. Charles of course "took the grins" (which in college parlance means a smile that is not a smile; a kind of a little chick of a laugh that is not a laugh at all—a sort of spontaneous, spasmodic, inexpressible all-overishness that breaks out in spots and then spreads like a blanket).

The good-natured, unsuspecting Sparks mistook "the grin" for a smile of welcome, and said, "Come, Reed, dear old fellow. let's go for a walk, you will kill yourself with study. If you do not practice moderation you will moulder into musty meal, and become all brains and no bones."

"Too much rhetoric, Sparks; too much rhetoric to waste on so matter of fact an object as your humble servant. Save your flashes for a larger audience. You will have ample opportunity to-night when we meet in the joint discussion to break my poor bones."

"Well; get your hat and let's take a walk. It will do us both good; I have been reading the live-long day on that all-absorbing subject which we are to discuss to-night, and I feel anything but satisfied with the result of my researches. I have the Missouri Compromise, the Wilmot Proviso, the Henry Clay Omnibus bill of 1850, and the compromise of that year, so mixed up with the repeal of 1854, which we are to discuss, I am really afraid I shall never get it straight."

"I thought *nil desperandum est* was your motto, Sparks?"

"So it is, Reed; but my time is so short now I can but despair and dread the issue."

"I thought you had your speech already prepared?"

"So I have, Reed; but that is what is worrying me. I fear I have the facts somewhat mixed; and after you state them as they are, which I know you will do, my errors will be too manifest."

"Don't mind me, Sparks; you will have a rejoinder, if you wish, and if our statement of the facts should differ, the audience will hardly stay to consider who is in the right."

"Well, well; get your hat and let's go for a constitutional. It is too late to make any changes now; I will have to do as the cheeky lawyer did that I once heard addressing the court. He said, 'I don't know much about this case, your Honor, but I arise upon the dignity of the cause and float upon the sublimity of the occasion.'"

Reed burst into a good loud laugh at this happy turn of Sparks's depression, picked up his hat, and, arm in arm, the two young men passed down the hall and out upon the campus.

As the friends approached the gate which leads from the college grounds into the main road, and thence on to the *via sacra*—the fashionable promenade—they saw

William Dodge seated on a bench, with a group of students around him. Reed and Sparks knew, without being told, the meaning of that scene. Dodge was in his glory—he was telling an anecdote. As the two friends drew near, Dodge looked up, gave a smile of welcome to this addition to his audience, and said:

“I was telling a good joke on a friend of mine over in Washington. I was at school there in the fall of '54. Our school-house was situated out on the suburbs of the city, and as the building in which the school was held was very tall and rather contracted in size and the school-room was in the upper story, the boys dubbed the school ‘The Martin-Pole Academy.’ We organized a debating club among the scholars, and in order that we might appear very grand and very classic, we called the debating society, ‘The Martin-Pole Senatorium.’ ‘Young America’ seems to take very great delight in posing as an embryo statesman (just as we propose to do ourselves to-night, you know, Sparks). So it often happened, while the National Capitol was blazing with the fires of Charles Sumner’s eloquence, and resounding with the thunders of Bob Toombs’s phillipics, the rafters of the Martin-Pole would ring with our juvenile declamations touching the same subject-matter.

“One night we were discussing the question, ‘Should the general government take active steps to suppress the Kansas civil war by having the slavery agitators arrested?’ My friend (whose name was Brown, no doubt a son of old man Brown, and perhaps near of kin to John Brown, the leader of the agitation party,) was chief speaker for the affirmative of the question. My friend Brown was a very enthusiastic ultra pro-slavery Whig. He was fire and tow; all excitement and passion. That night the more he talked, the madder he got. He went up and up and up in circling flights, one after another, and the

higher he soared, the hotter he seemed—until he looked as though he would burst with indignation; and then, while in the very midst of his fury, we standing, as it were, on tip-toe, watching for the anti-climax, he almost screamed with passion, ‘Yes, Mr. President, yes, sir, the government ought to arrest the vile agitators—arrest them and punish them, the last one of them. Yes, Mr. President, if I were the government, I would kill the last one of them; I would put my pistol to their breasts and blow their brains out.’ ”

A perfect roar of laughter greeted the story of Brown’s bull; and hurrah for Dodge, hurrah for Brown, went ringing over the campus.

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That night the Union Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with the beauty, refinement and intelligence of College Hill; all in good humor, and all in anxious expectation, awaiting to hear the joint debate between representatives of the two literary societies. It had been agreed that there should be no society rivalry, so a Union and a “I hip” was pitted against a Union and a “Phip,” by which arrangement William Dodge and Charles Reed became antagonistic for the honors of the evening, they both being members of the Union Society. The question which the committee on debate had selected for the occasion was one which had engaged the most serious consideration of Congress and had there appeared as a rock against which the bitterest words of passion and prejudice had dashed with frightful fury; the dome of the National Capitol had rung with the clash of angry vituperation and sectional warfare, and the structure of the Federal government was shaken to its very foundations in the discussion of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. And now that bill, or the effect of that bill, was the target at which “Young America” proposed to shoot.

"Ought Congress to have repealed the Missouri Compromise?" was the wording of the question, and very few at that time, and not one in a thousand since, had stopped long enough to enquire as to whether the phraseology of the question correctly expressed what Congress actually did. So hot was the fever of passion, so mad the fury of the flames, so intense the heat of party spirit, so loud the roar of angry debate and terrible the storm of contention, none seemed to see the breakers upon which they were rushing, none seemed to regard the awful issue, none seemed to care where the ship would land. They were out on an angry ocean, and in their unhallowed frenzy they gloried in the storm.

Mr. Horace Greeley, of the *New York Tribune*, broke all the vials of his wrath, and poured all the bitterness of his soul upon the consuming fires of incendiarism. He urged upon the people of the North "unbending determination" against the Kansas-Nebraska bill. He denounced it as an "intolerable outrage," and "demanded in behalf of peace," "in behalf of freedom," "in behalf of justice and humanity," resistance to the last. "Better," he declared, "that confusion should ensue, better that discord reign in the National councils, better that Congress should break up in wild disorder; nay, better that the capitol itself should blaze by the torch of the incendiary, or fall and bury all its inmates beneath its crumbling ruins, than that this perfidy and wrong should be finally accomplished."

As the debate was to take place in the Union Hall, the Unions (with that courtesy which they knew so well how to extend and the Phips so gracefully to receive), placed a member of the Philanthropic Society in the chair as the presiding officer of the evening.

At an early hour, the hall began to be well filled, and the crowd continued to pour in until every nook and corner was occupied, and many gathered about the entrance.

It was a goodly crowd. It may be said that it was more than select. The dignified preceptors of the Theological Seminary were there, together with the students of that most venerable institution. The collegio professors had also joined the throng, and the members of the two literary societies were out *en masse*, and not a few of the legal profession from Prince Edward Courthouse and Farmville could be seen conspicuous among the assembly; and last, but not least, woman was there, lovely as the morning star, full of grace and abounding in beauty; ready to encourage with her approving smile, and fitted to shed selectest influence on the occasion. Man, the world over, loves to shine where beauty reigns, and no where in all the broad belt of the circling sun does this ambition burn with a brighter glow than here in old Virginia.

Charles Reed and William Dodge both felt the importance of the occasion, and fully appreciated the surroundings. Nor were the other two young men, who were to take a part in the debate, wanting in similar feelings. They all knew that they had been specially singled out and honored by their fellow-students, and that their respective friends and society members looked to them to win new laurels for their personal crowning, and to add new lustre to the literary fame of the noble societies which they were there to represent.

Ambition is a strange passion, and it affects men differently; and most diverse are the paths into which it leads, and contradictory its final results. To some, it is a beacon light, held out, as it were, from the windows of heaven to lead them onward and upward through the paths of duty to deeds of immortal glory. To others, it is but as the flame of burning brush kindled in the dark night of skeptic thought, or amid the gathering shades of ungoverned passion and self-indulgence, alluring its victims to the fire, only to scorch their wings and consume their souls.

Washington's ambition struck the chains of bondage from the hand of the British tyrant, and gave to the world the principle of self-government and constitutional liberty.

Napoleon's ambition engulfed France in a sea of human blood, which rolled a red deluge over hills, valleys and plains to float the bark of a hopeless dynasty.

Luther's ambition led him to go and stand his trial before the Diet of Worms, that he might dispel papistic darkness with the light of the Christian Reformation.

Tom Paine's ambition led him to dim the light and glow of a brilliant genius, trying to persuade himself of his own skepticism and defeat the immortality of his own soul.

Bob Ingersoll's ambition leads him to go forth to desecrate the holy Sabbath with his impious slang and blasphemous wit, cast in the face of the Saviour of the world, trying to drown the only hope that is worth hoping, and to fill his overflowing coffers with filthy lucre. Surely, surely, ambition leads men in diverse paths: crowns them with glory, or steeps them in shame.

Charles Reed and William Dodge were both ambitious; both sought the approbation of their fellow-man. Reed's ambition filled him with a longing to be something, do something, achieve something, be true and noble and good. Truth was the rule and guide and law of his life.

William Dodge was ambitious; he desired to shine as a bright star—brighter than the brightest in the belt of Orion. In the lustre of his light lesser lights must pale. Success served to tickle his vanity, which he had the good sense to conceal; triumphs sweetened his self-conceit, which he hid with studied complacency; prosperity propped up his abundant pride, which he knew was built upon a sandy foundation, and therefore protected it with the cloak of seeming indifference.



Promptly at eight o'clock Chester Hemphill stepped upon the platform and rapped the meeting to order. The secretary *pro tem.* then called the roll of the two societies; after which the president arose, and in a few words stated the rules which had been agreed upon for the evening, and proceeded to select three gentlemen from the audience to act as judges of the debate. He named three Seminars, who simply arose from their seats to signify their willingness to act.

Mr. Hemphill was from South Carolina, and possessed all the grace, ease, and elegance of the Southern gentleman. His presiding was faultless. Had he been in the halls of the National Capitol he could not have looked more in earnest, nor appeared more dignified.

The judges having been appointed, and it having appeared from the roll-call that all the participants in the debate were present, the secretary was ordered to read the question selected for discussion; whereupon, he arose and in a clear distinct voice read: "Ought Congress to have repealed the Missouri Compromise?" And continuing, said, "First debater for the affirmative, Mr. Walker, of North Carolina."

Mr. Walker was a ladies' man. "Calico," so-called, was indeed his heaviest ticket, and most diligent was he in the pursuit of it. The height of his ambition was to please the fair ones; their approval was all he desired. Little he cared for the merits or the morals of the Missouri Compromise. To say something pleasing, pleasant, and complimentary was the mission on which his soul was bent; and the heart was hard that resisted in *toto* the gallantry of his manner and his earnestness in the admiration of woman. On this line he was a pleasing speaker, and could say the nicest things in the nicest way imaginable. He could "curl," as the students say, and on this occasion he did "curl" to his heart's content. If

no one was captivated by his exposition of the Compromise question, certainly no one would attempt to repeal anything he said about the ladies.

He said that history showed conclusively that not a single woman had been consulted in regard to the Missouri Compromise, nor allowed to have a hand in it, and this of itself was *prima facie* evidence that it was wrong *ab initio*, and ought to have been repealed. The wonder to him was, that a thing so destitute of beauty was allowed to stand thirty minutes, much less thirty years. He said the only way he could account for its standing as long as it did, was because the "stickum" used was "Kentucky clay" (meaning Henry Clay's influence).

The secretary announced Mr. Sparks, of Texas, as the first speaker for the negative, and Mr. Sparks arose with all the dignity of one who felt the weight of empires resting on his shoulders; but despite his put on, it was manifest that he was nervous and ill at ease. This was very unlike Sparks generally, but what he had said to Charles Reed that afternoon must be the explanation. As a speaker, he was of the grandiloquent order, and his speech for the evening had been prepared after that style. Usually, he gloried in what he called "strong expressions," which consisted for the most part in stating a thing so positively and emphatically that it brooked no contradiction. This style of oratory, when the speaker is correct in his statements, is most effective, for the audience sympathizes with the earnest manner and is influenced by the sincerity of the advocate; but when the speaker is doubtful as to the facts, uncertain in regard to his statements, and dubious as to conclusions, the emphasis and positive expressions partake of the character of bombast and fall flat. This very uncertainty had taken possession of poor Sparks, and thus robbed him of his ease and disconcerted his manner.

He felt that he had fallen into a popular error in regard to the subject-matter of debate. He was sure of it, but it was now too late to recede; yet, it was dangerous to go forward. He had formed the idea that the Missouri Compromise was nothing more nor less than a plain agreement made and entered into by and between the North and the South, fixing the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude, as a boundary beyond which slavery should not pass. He thought the simple history of the compromise so-called was that in the year 1820, the anti- and pro-slavery advocates were contending for territory, and that in the midst of the dispute, when the two parties had grown angry from discussion, Henry Clay, the great statesman and orator, from Kentucky, had proposed this line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude as a fair and equitable division of the public domain, and that the disputants had received this proposition in a spirit of compromise and in good faith, had acted upon the same, as a full, fair and final settlement of the question. Mr. Sparks further understood and fully believed that the question so settled had been allowed to rest undisturbed for upwards of thirty years. He thought it had been rocked in the cradle of sweet repose, and that its slumbers had been full of peace, contentment and tranquility until the year 1854, when it had been disturbed by the rude hand of selfishness and repealed by Southern agitators. With this view of the subject, Mr. Sparks had prepared his speech, and it was well filled with resonant phrases and round sounding periods in which expressions such as "sacred pledge," "solemn compact," "plighted faith," "broken engagements" and "repudiated contracts," figured most conspicuously. And he was prepared with ready appropriate gesture and convincing emphasis to press home his argument to the heart; but since writing he had been reading—and ("a change had come over the spirit of his dream,") and now his (big) words did not

seem to fill the bill so fully, so he felt nervous and uneasy. As he was from the South and was to address a Southern audience he had been careful not to use any expression that would prove offensive, and so after thinking the matter over, seeing that it was too late to re-write his speech, he decided to do what was best under the circumstances, and that was, to deliver the speech as it was written, and to say with Patrick Henry, "if that be treason, make the most of it."

Mr. Sparks possessed a fine voice and graceful delivery, and as he proceeded with his argument his self-possession returned to him; and so, upon the whole, he made a good impression and acquitted himself very creditably.

At the conclusion of this speech a recess of a few moments was ordered, during which time the friends of the two young men who had spoken tendered their congratulations, and the fair appreciative ones sent forward cards and flowers.

During the intermission, while others were laughing and chatting and commenting, Mr. Reed stepped forward from a corner of the hall where he had been seated and laid two or three large leather-bound books upon one of the tables near the desk of the secretary; as he did this, one of the Seminarians, smiling, said to the President of the college, close to whom he was sitting, "Reed is going to lay down the law for us."

"If he does," replied the President, "he will do it right. Reed is unquestionably a very remarkable young man; for clearness of conception and accuracy of statement I have never known his superior, and I think I would be justified if I said I do not believe that I have ever met his equal."

"How about Dodge?" asked the Seminarian; "I thought he was the Orpheus of college in the matter of music and oratory."

"So he is; so he is. Dodge is a prodigy. He will flash like a meteor, dazzle you with his brilliancy, and blind you with his splendor. But Reed is a star that glows with a steady light. He will fill your heart with admiration and your head with wonder."

At this moment the meeting was called to order by the rapping of the gavel, and the secretary was requested to call the next speaker.

"Mr. Reed, of Virginia, second debater for the affirmative," responded the secretary.

Mr. Reed arose slowly from his seat, advanced to the table on which he had placed the books, rested his right hand carelessly upon the pile of books, and carried his left hand behind him. In this position he stood for a moment or more waiting, as it were, that every sound in the hall might cease and every attention be attentively fixed. The expression of his face was serious and thoughtful, and his eyes were bright with intelligence and steady with determination. There was no tremor, no excitement, no affectation; but natural dignity, calmness, born of self-forgetfulness. Every eye was fixed upon him, every ear was listening for his voice, every attention centered in his presence. The pause was the stroke of a master speaker. It told the audience that he was there to address himself to their understanding, and that he desired their attention. When the effect of the pause was perfect, Mr. Reed turned his face full to the platform, and looking straight at the presiding officer, said, in a voice full of clearness and musical enunciation:

Mr. President, truth is, or ought to be, the grand aim and object of every discussion. In the realms of pure thought, on the arena, where mind is made to clash against mind, if any other hope, any other feeling, any other purpose, any other ambition, save the sole desire to shed abroad the light of truth and advance the right, be

allowed, then and there errors may be fostered and wrongs may be done. We have met here, in this dear old hall to-night, to discuss a question, which but now agitates, and most deeply agitates, our whole common country. From Maine to Mexico, the angry waves of political warfare are deeply rolling. From the Rocky mountains to the great Atlantic shore, the storm of mad contention is furiously blowing. Every home has reared a partisan. Every fireside has been turned to a political campus. On the hustings and at the forum pleas have been made to passion and to prejudice. The pulpit and the bar have become party rostrums. From the sacred desk, where alone should be displayed the banner of the Prince of Peace, the red ensign of Mars is boldly bantering with the breeze, and this very question which we have met here to discuss is the occasion of it all. I would, Mr. President, that I could believe that truth and justice and right were the grand objects and highest aim of all, or even of the greater part of the thousand and one advocates, who are so ready to speak to this issue, and that selfishness and personal benefits played no part in the mad controversy.

With these facts before us, I trust I will be pardoned if in my efforts to sift the grains of truth from the heaping sands of error, I prove prosy and tedious. They tell me, Mr. President, that a pebble cast upon the water will start a wave that will widen as the circles roll and never be wholly lost until it breaks upon the farthest shores of the sea; and, as in the physical world, it may be in the mental realms, that a thought but lightly started will run a race to reach the deepest depths of mortal time. Then, who can tell what errors may be started, and what follies may flow from this, our friendly discussion, if the participants to-night rather strive for the laurel wreath of victory than for the golden crown of

truth. The man is indeed blind who stays to look upon the horoscope of the political planets newly risen above the horizon, and fails to note the threatening aspect of moral ideas; each party is waving with all the fury of dementing passion the blood-red ensign of Mars, shouting and screaming themselves hoarse—"Do it, if you dare"; "dare and you will be damned." The man is more than deaf, who sees the pitch-black clouds of sectional discord rolling, surging, and boiling clear around the circle of the political horizon, and does not hear the deep mutterings of gathering wrath, heralding the storm that is about to break forth with all the fury of civil war. This being so, Mr. President, it behooves us to be careful, lest even in our social debate we speak some word that will prove as fuel to the fire and thus agitate the passions which we would fain assuage.

For my part, I see no reasonable cause, nor just occasion for this commotion, and I believe in my soul that I could offer a most simple panacea for the dreadful malady. 'Tis one that ought to be preached and practiced the world over; 'tis the old golden rule paraphrased to read, "Let every man attend to his own business, and leave other folks' alone." A violation of this rule was the very foundation of what has been styled, "The Missouri Compromise." The return to the principles of this rule is the bed-rock of the Kansas-Nebraska bill—the alleged repealing act. The doctrine of the Missouri act was to dictate to people outside of the Federal Union as to what should be their course in a matter of morals. The tenets of the Kansas-Nebraska bill was, leave the people of the territories to decide for themselves the question of moral turpitude. And while I am speaking of this question of morals, let me say, Mr. President, if morality was the sole moving principle in the hearts of the advocates of the Missouri restriction, they were guilty of the most palpable and

unquestionable inconsistency that ever the demon of darkness used to hood-wink the half-willing proselytes to his power, for, while they proposed to play the philanthropist and prohibit slavery extension into the then unknown regions of the West north of the great parallel line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude, they knowingly and most willingly helped to re-rivet the chains of bondage upon the limbs of the poor black man, whose lot happened to be cast by the waves of fortune to the south of that imaginary line. But, Mr. President, no one can be deceived who will take the time and study the history of that act. No one who will carefully read the discussion of that question, and diligently peruse the speeches made by the advocates of restriction, cling to the idea that morals was the main moving cause that animated the breast of the anti-extension men. The object of that act was a division of the public territory between free and slave labor, and not a compromise of moral ideas; else, Mr. President, this so-called compromise must forever stand as a monument to the infamy and shame of the free-soil party; for who will deny that a compromise of conscience is, before man and in the sight of heaven, a moral degradation.

Missouri was admitted into the Union as a slave State by that act of compromise. The constitution of that Union stood plainly pledged to protect and perpetuate slavery; and if the promised protection and pledge of perpetuation of slavery be not a compromise of conscience in those who believed slavery to be wrong, then the livery of heaven was never stolen as a vestment in which Satan was to be served. There is nothing new, Mr. President, in this view of the subject; nothing new in the statement that the compromise was looked upon as a division of the public domain; nothing new in the idea that if not a compromise of territory but a compromise of morals, the act was a disgraceful tampering with good conscience; for no less a person than the distinguished



Mr. Kinsey, of New Jersey, in speaking to the House while the bill was pending, said: "Do our Southern brethren demand an equal division of this wide-spread fertile region—this common property, purchased with the common funds of the nation? No! They have agreed to surrender to the enterprising agriculturist of the North nine-tenths of the country in question. And to reject so reasonable a proposition we must have strong and powerful reasons to justify our refusal; and notwithstanding you plead your conscientious scruples, be it remembered you must shortly account to that august and stern tribunal the impartial history and the strict scrutiny of public opinion. Can you plead conscience in bar to such a compromise? If so, how reconcile votes you have on similar questions already given? When Mississippi in the last session was received into the Union your votes made slavery interminable.

"In persisting in our restrictions on Missouri, are we dealing to our brethren of the South the same measure we would be willing they should mete to us? When with magnanimity unparalleled they have conceded to us nine-tenths of this great common property, can we wish to deprive them of the remainder?"

This extract, Mr. President, from the speech of a Northern man, shows beyond all question, the light in which the subject was then viewed.

But let me draw nearer to the subject-matter of our discussion, and give in as few words as possible, and in terms as concise as the nature of the case will admit, the history of the several acts we are considering, as I find them made up in the records, and then, when we have been fully advised of all the facts, we will be much better fitted to pronounce judgment upon the merits of the question; and to lay the fault, if there be a fault at the feet of those who did the wrong.

In the year 1803, the United States purchased of France the large territory known as the "Louisiana cession."

One of the articles of the treaty of purchase, expressly stipulated in behalf of the inhabitants then residing within the territory, "that the ceded territory shall be incorporated into the United States as soon as possible, in accordance with the principles of the constitution, and shall enjoy all of the privileges, rights, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and in the meantime they shall be maintained and protected in the full and free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

African slavery then existed in the whole of this territory, and negro slaves were embraced in this treaty and placed upon the same footing as other property.

In pursuance of the stipulation in the treaty, as well as in accordance with the principles of the Federal constitution, the people of the territory of Missouri in the year 1818 made application to be admitted into the Union as a State. Missouri, as we all know, was embraced in the Louisiana cession. The application for admission was made in the usual form, and the bill for that purpose came up before the House of Representatives in the winter of 1819.

To that bill Mr. Tallmadge, of New York, moved an amendment in these words:

"And provided that the further introduction of slavery or involuntary servitude be prohibited, except for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been fully convicted; and that all children born within the said State after the admission thereof into the Union, shall be free at the age of twenty-five years."

This amendment presented three issues—the first between the advocates and the opposers of slavery; the second, the question of the power of the general government to abolish slavery in the territories, and third the question of the power of Congress to violate a treaty.

The debates and the votes show that this was the view taken of the matter.

The bill with the amendment passed the House and went to the Senate, where the restriction was stricken out. The House adhered to the restriction, the Senate would not recede, and so Missouri failed at that time to be admitted.

At the next session of Congress, the application was again renewed and a bill in the usual form reported; to this bill Mr. Taylor, of New York, moved an amendment similar to the restriction previously proposed by Mr. Tallmadge.

This amendment occasioned one of the warmest, stormiest and most angry debates that had ever taken place in the halls of Congress. The constitutional right of Congress to restrict slavery within the limits of a State was not claimed—not even by the most ultra abolitionist; the power of Congress to restrict slavery in territory proposed to be admitted into the Union as a State was expressly denied, and in this view of the matter many of the ablest and most distinguished statesmen of the North stood shoulder to shoulder with the South, in maintaining the doctrine of *non-interference* by Congress. The debate continued for some time. Several weeks passed during the consideration of the bill. The discussions were able, eloquent, and interesting; but they were full of passion and hot breath. The bill could not yet be passed.

On the 3rd of January, 1820, the House of Representatives passed a bill to admit the State of Maine into the Union. When this Maine bill came before the Senate a motion was made to tack on to the bill for the admission of Maine, a like bill for the admission of Missouri. To this proposition, Mr. Thomas, of Illinois, moved an amendment, which was as follows:

“And be it further enacted, that in all that territory ceded by France to the United States, under the name of Louisiana, which lies north of 36° 30' north latitude, ex-

cepting only such part thereof as is included within the limits of the State contemplated by this act, slavery and involuntary servitude, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall be, and is hereby, forever prohibited."

This bill for the admission of the States of Maine and Missouri, with the above amendment abolishing slavery in the whole of the Louisiana territory north of the parallel  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude, passed the Senate on the 17th day of February, 1820.

It will be noted that this bill placed no restriction on the State of Missouri, but absolutely abolished slavery north of the line  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , notwithstanding the terms of the treaty which provided for the protection of slave property, the same as other kinds of property.

When this Maine bill came back to the House with the Senate amendments to admit Missouri without any restriction, and to abolish slavery in the territories as above stated, the House disagreed to the bill by a vote of 159 to 18. The Senate sent a message to the House insisting on their amendment, but the House insisted on their disagreement to the Thomas amendment, and subsequently, on the 29th of February, 1820, the House passed its own bill to admit Missouri with the Taylor amendment restricting slavery within the proposed State.

This House bill was then sent to the Senate and while pending there, a conference committee proposed that the Senate and the House compromise the issue, and that the Senate recede from its amendments to the Maine bill and the House recede from the Taylor amendment of the House bill, and that both houses then pass the House bill for the admission of Missouri by striking out the restriction clause as to slavery in the State and substituting the Thomas amendment abolishing slavery in the territory. This proposition was agreed to by both Houses and this agreement, Mr. President, was the *so-called compromise*.

But, Mr. President, was this a compromise between the North and the South? It was not; indeed it was not, and yet it has been so stated and repeated over and over and over again by the people of the North, until I do believe that ninety and nine out of every hundred up there would be willing to swear to its truth.

The people of the North when they found they could not get restriction on the State of Missouri by reason of the fact that enough Northern members stood with the South, and resisted it upon constitutional grounds, flopped over and took what they could get—restriction on the territories—for be it known, and the record stands to speak the truth to the world, that the Southern members of Congress to the number of forty-two opposed the bill as it passed, because they believed it to be equally as unconstitutional for Congress to abolish slavery in the territories as it was to restrict it in the State, and the Northern members voted for the bill and passed it over the protest of the South.

But, Mr. President, for the sake of the argument, suppose we should admit that this was a compromise between the North and the South, would any one then say that the terms of the agreement were not to the effect that the territory lying north of the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude should be free soil, and that which lay to the south of that line should be slave territory? If that was the agreement, if that was the contract, if that was the compromise, so solemnly made, so sacredly pledged, so firmly agreed to as the scintillations of our friend Sparks would lead us to imagine, let us see who broke it.

In accordance with the act of Congress, Missouri in due time adopted a constitution, and in December, 1820, a resolution was introduced in Congress recognizing Missouri as a State in the Union; but strange to relate the motion was defeated, and that by the very men who had tried to force restriction upon her.

Again, in 1845, when it was proposed to annex Texas to the Union, although she lay wholly to the south of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , the restrictionists bitterly opposed the measure and utterly repudiated the compromise of 1820, just as they had done in 1836, when Arkansas was admitted. And the State of Massachusetts went so far in regard to the admission of Texas as to pass a resolution by the legislature threatening secession.

Again, Mr. President, in 1846, when Mr. Polk asked Congress for an appropriation of \$3,000,000 to enable him to negotiate a treaty with Mexico, based upon the policy of obtaining a cession of territory outside of the limits of Texas, and when a bill to grant the appropriation was introduced, Mr. David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, moved his celebrated "proviso" prohibiting slavery in any and all newly acquired territory, without any regard to what is known as the "Missouri Compromise Line" of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ . This Wilmot amendment to the appropriation bill read: "*Provided*, that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any territory which shall hereafter be acquired by, or be annexed to, the United States otherwise than in the punishment of crimes whereof the party shall have been duly convicted." This bill for appropriation with the amendment actually passed the House, although it was in direct terms a repudiation of the "Missouri Compromise," for the larger portion of the territory which the United States then proposed to treat for, and did afterwards treat for, lay to the south of the so-called compromise line.

When in '47 or '48 a territorial government was proposed for Oregon, a Southern man proposed to settle the whole question and extend the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  to the Pacific ocean, but the Northern members of Congress bitterly opposed the measure.

Thus the matter stood till 1850, when California applied for admission into the Union. Look at the map, Mr. President, and you will see that the line  $36^{\circ} 30'$

divides California in almost equal parts—one-half being north of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ , and the other half south of the line. At the same time that California applied for admission a territorial government was proposed for New Mexico. The map will show that almost the entire territory of New Mexico lies to the south of the line of  $36^{\circ} 30'$ . California had framed a constitution and declared her determination to abolish slavery and wanted to come into the Union as a free-soil State. The South was willing to that; but the South wanted to give to the people of New Mexico the right to say whether they would or would not have slavery exist within the territory, and whether she should or should not be allowed to choose her position and establish or abolish slavery when she was ready to be admitted as a State. This the people of the North most bitterly opposed, and did oppose by every means in their power. They utterly repudiated the Missouri line of 1820. But after a long and most angry discussion, the compromise of 1850 was agreed to, which was, that California should be admitted as a free-soil State, and the territory be allowed to make its own choice. Enough Northern members joined with the South and carried the bill which proposed these measures.

This brings us down to the act of 1854—the Kansas-Nebraska bill; the act which repealed the Missouri act, if the Missouri act was ever repealed.

Now, Mr. President, and you, ladies and gentlemen, indulge me for a few moments and let me recapitulate. I have stated the history of the Missouri act; shown you, that for the most part, it was opposed on constitutional grounds—that is, upon the ground that Congress had no right to pass the act and abolish slavery even in the territories, but I have shown you also that a few of the Southern members of the House, for the sake of peace and harmony, did consent to the compromise between the Senate and the House, because they were willing to a division of the public territory.

I have shown you that this Missouri act was more the act of the North than of the South. The North could not get all they demanded, because the Senate would not allow it; so they took all they could get, which was nine-tenths of the public domain.

I have shown you that if the line established was intended as a division by the North, that it was utterly and emphatically repudiated by the North in 1836, when Arkansas was admitted; that it was again repudiated by the restrictionists in 1845, when Texas was admitted; that it was again repudiated in 1846, when the Wilmot proviso passed the House; that it was again repudiated in 1848, when the Oregon question was before Congress; that the North again repudiated it in 1850 in the case of New Mexico. What ought the North to have asked or expected in 1854, when the question again came up as to the constitutional right of Congress to abolish slavery in the territories?

Suppose the South had for the sake of peace and harmony entered into the compromise of 1820, what was the peace they were allowed to enjoy? Who destroyed the harmony? Who agitated the question?

The South believed the Missouri act unconstitutional and many of the ablest and most distinguished statesmen of the North believed it unconstitutional, and so when the question was again presented by the bill to establish territorial governments for Kansas and Nebraska—the North having completely and emphatically repudiated the so-called compromise—the South was left but one duty to perform, and that could be none other than to vote in accordance with what they believed to be the true constitutional principle. And that was to leave the question of slavery to be settled by the people, within the limits of each State and territory.

Mr. President, will it astonish the world when I tell you that Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts, and Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, believed in the principle of non-



interference by Congress with slavery either in the States or in the territories, and both of them used their mighty influence and more than masterly eloquence in behalf of the principle of non-intervention? The last speech made in the Senate on this subject in the stormy session of 1850 was made by Mr. Webster, and he closed that most patriotic speech and grandly glorious specimen of American oratory with a peroration that rolled through the capitol and over the country, thrilling the hearts of the people as no speech ever had done before. He said: "My object is peace, my purpose is reconciliation, my desire is not to continue useless and irritating controversies. I am against agitators, North and South; I am against local ideas, and I am against all narrow and sectional contests. I am an American, and in America I know no locality. This is my home, my country; and my heart, my sentiments, my judgment demand of me that I shall ever pursue such a course as shall promote the good and the harmony and the union of the whole land. And this I shall do, God willing, to the end of the chapter."

Mr. President, will it astonish the world when I tell you that Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Iowa, joined with the South, in the Senate in 1850, and promulgated the doctrine of no congressional interference with slavery, anywhere in the territories, and that Massachusetts and New Hampshire were divided on the question, while Maine and the great State of New York, represented by William H. Seward, stood idly by and refused to vote?

Then, who can blame the South for voting after this, in 1854, for the Kansas-Nebraska bill to form territorial governments, although the bill in substance said that, "when the said territories or any portion of the same shall be admitted into the Union as a State or States, it shall be so received with or without slavery, as the people thereof may, by their constitution, declare to be their wish."

. The bill with this provision passed, and because the territory considered was north of the line of 36° 30' north latitude, it has been declared that this act repealed the Missouri compromise, when, in fact, it did no such thing. It declared that the State or States, which might thereafter be formed out of said territories, should have the constitutional right to enter the Union free from congressional restrictions.

Now, Mr. President, if indeed our national government, is a limited government, a government with limited powers, its powers are most unquestionably limited to such as are conferred by the constitution, and therefore, it follows most logically and unequivocally that any act not authorized by the constitution is unconstitutional, and so would be an act without authority, and as an act without authority it has no obligatory force, and need not be considered. And I think, I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the wildest advocate of liberal construction never dared to claim for the constitution of the United States absolute and unlimited power.

If then, Mr. President, Congress should pass an act not authorized by the constitution, who would be the proper party to judge of its unconstitutionality; to speak out and say that the act was unauthorized and therefore null and void? I trust I will not be called upon to argue, much less to prove, that the Supreme Court of the United States is, and of right, ought to be the final judge, and I do further trust that when the Supreme Court has thus spoken, that decision will be held conclusive, and be respected accordingly. To set our courts at naught and bid them defiance, to disobey their mandates and contravene their judgments, to obstruct their decrees and dispute their authority, to ridicule their ability and impeach their integrity, is to go back to the days of anarchy and invite bloody revolution. Now, if this be true (and let me say if there be any who are base enough to deny it, with such

you need only contend with the sword) we have the question we are here to discuss already decided. For recently, Mr. President, very recently, even since this debate was appointed, our Supreme Court—our Supreme Court of the United States—has rendered its decision in the Dred Scott case, and I have here before me the full and complete record, and that there may be no misunderstanding, no misquotation, no misconstruction, no misinterpretation, let me read just exactly what was decided. I read from 19 Howard, page 393, beginning at the fifth clause. This decision says:

“5th. That clause of the constitution which confers on Congress the power to dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property of the United States, is confined to the territory which at that time belonged to, or was claimed by, the United States, and can have no influence on territory afterwards acquired from a foreign government.

“6th. The constitution gives no express power to acquire new territory to be governed as colonies or territories, but it confers a power to admit new States into the Union, and under this power territory may be acquired which is intended to be admitted as new States, and which from the necessity of the case may be governed by Congress until fitted to be so admitted.

“7th. But Congress holds this territory in trust for the benefit of the people of the United States and is limited in its exercise of legislative power in such territory by all the restrictions which the constitution has imposed upon that body, in regard to the rights of persons and property generally.

“8th. It follows that Congress cannot by any attempt at legislation deprive a person of his property in such territory without due process of law or without compensation, and in this regard the right of property in slaves is as much protected by the constitution as other property.

“9th. Therefore the act of Congress of 1820 prohibiting slavery in the territory ceded by France north of  $36^{\circ} 30'$  north latitude is unconstitutional and void.”

It would seem to me, Mr. President, after this decision no more ought to be said; the question has been decided, the matter ought to stand settled, the controversy ought to cease, quiet ought to be restored, peace and harmony ought to prevail. There were nine judges presiding in the trial of that case. Seven of them concurred in the decision reached. What more conclusive could be asked? If the North acquiesces in this decision, then there can be no more controversy on the vexed question of slavery. If the North refuse, then may heaven protect our unhappy country.

I am no advocate of slavery, Mr. President, though I fail to see in it the deep and terrible wrong and injury to the black man, which seems to distress the hearts and distract the minds of the would-be philanthropists of the North. Standing here in the presence of a Southern audience, myself a Southern man, I will place my hand upon my heart, and give expression to a sentiment that I know will find an echoing response in the breast of many of the best and bravest of the sons of the South. I will say that I would hail that day as the most glorious in its dawning that ever yet filled the heavens with the light of peace and love, which should behold with safety to the mingling races, the black man disenthralled and regenerated by the genius of universal emancipation; but this dream of philanthropy would pre-suppose a Utopian empire, where every prejudice against race and color had been dethroned and love and charity ruled the world supreme. That land we will never find, so let us be content to yield obedience to the powers that be, and as Christian men and women fulfil to the best of our ability the mission which God has assigned us, trusting in His unbounded mercy to judge us according to the lights by which we are surrounded.

Mr. Reed resumed his seat, and for a moment there was a profound silence, and then a deep and prolonged applause burst forth from every part of the hall; it rolled from side to side like a mighty wave, then died away only to be taken up and repeated over and over again, until the President arose and said: "The audience will please come to order." And then, continuing, added: "The Secretary will call the next debater."

"The next speaker for the negative," responded the Secretary, "Mr. William Dodge, of Washington City."

Mr. Dodge arose, but it was apparent to Mr. Dodge as it was to everybody else, that the audience felt but little desire to listen to any further discussion of the question. The most profound attention had been paid Mr. Reed throughout his entire speech, and his best friends could not have wished him a more complete victory than he had gained. His triumph was perfect; Mr. Dodge saw it; Mr. Dodge more than felt it; Mr. Dodge under the circumstances could but feel embarrassed by it. The audience saw his embarrassment and became silent from sympathy. But sympathy could help him but little then; it could give him no ideas; it could not furnish him with language; it could not change facts; it could not rewrite history, and there was not a soul in that large audience that did not believe that Charles Reed had given a true and correct account of the history of the acts passed as they appeared of record, and there was no one who better understood the facts, as they had been clearly and concisely stated by Mr. Reed, than he who now arose to reply to the arguments made. Under the circumstances it might be said Mr. Dodge had made a fearful mistake, and he fully appreciated the sad consequences of his error. He was suffering from the humiliation of defeat even before he had put forth a single effort in behalf of the cause which he had so hopefully and confidently espoused. He, like his associate, Mr. Sparks, had prepared

his speech upon the hypothesis that the Missouri act was indeed a compromise act, made and entered into by the people of the North on one side and the people of the South on the other, through their duly accredited agents, the members of Congress; and that the North had in good faith kept the pledge and abided by the act, while the South had deliberately and wilfully and that without provocation repealed the act and repudiated the compromise. He had heard something of the Dred Scott decision, but he was utterly unaware that it had declared the very act which they were discussing to be unconstitutional. So knowing himself to be possessed of a graceful delivery and fine voice, and the powers of strong, forcible, ornate and eloquent language, he had confidently relied upon moving the hearts and captivating the approval of the audience by an appeal to what he believed to be truth, right, and justice. Henow felt that such an appeal would be inappropriate, out of place, and void of harmony.

The question of policy on the part of the South could have been the only ground on which they could have abstained from voting for the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and whether to yield a constitutional right to simple policy is ever to be regarded as questionable statesmanship.

Mr. Sparks had had his say and was out of danger. He had enjoyed a fair success and approving applause. Mr. Dodge was in a painful dilemma. What was he to do? What could he do? He was undecided. He had no time to think, and indecision is the most dangerous foe that man ever had. And so Mr. Dodge rambled on, and rambled in the dark; rambled and got lost; rambled with faint heart; rambled with increasing fear; rambled into deep water and foundered; rambled over difficulties and fell!

The debate closed and quite an ovation was given Charles Reed. His friends gathered around him and

beat his back and shook his hands and did other undignified acts as boys can do, but all intended to show approval and appreciation. Then the Professors of the Seminary and College came forward and tendered their hearty congratulations, and the ladies smiled and shook their handkerchiefs at him much to his gratification; and so the audience dispersed. Charles was carried off by some of his special friends to their room, where a nice little supper had been prepared, and here the young men passed a most enjoyable hour discussing the events of the evening.

William Dodge had taken advantage of the opportunity afforded by the notice which was bestowed upon Charles Reed, to slip away and leave the hall. He went out into the moonlight, and avoiding observation crossed the campus and turned into and adown the main road.

For some time he walked on in silence, his head bent down, his hands thrust into the pockets of his coat. His step was slow and his manner and bearing was that of one weary and worried. He was humiliated—deeply humiliated. He felt himself almost disgraced. His pride was painfully wounded; his heart was sad and sore. His soul was suffering the pangs of defeat—the first defeat his ambition had ever received—and for that reason all the harder to bear. He had been so used to success and triumph; so courted, caressed and flattered; so often approved and applauded, he had come to think of these as his natural rights and due possessions, that would not and could not be taken from him. Such a thing as defeat in that debate had never occurred to him. On the contrary, he had anticipated an easy triumph. He had just the place in the discussion which he had desired—the closing argument. He had thought that every advantage was his. Why should he have thought of defeat? He had not; and so when it had come—so sudden, so unexpected, so surprising—it came like a fall-

ing rock, crushing and breaking and bruising his spirits, and wounding his pride to the very death. He walked on in silence for some distance until he came to a large log near the roadside, and here he took a seat. The moon was high in the heavens and shining brightly, and showed him sitting there motionless as the dead trunk on which he was resting, his head bent low between his hands. For quite awhile he continued in this position, still and silent as the inanimate things around him. Above him the sky was beautiful, clear and bright, and full of the silver light of the round full moon that sailed on through the deep ethereal blue of heavenly loveliness like as a magic ship in spiritual waters, wafted away on some glad argosy of peace and joy, passing here and there a fleecy cloud, which seemed as a bright island in the silver-sheened ocean of the celestial realms. But he saw nothing of this beauty, nor did he hear the sweet music of the heavenly host as the gleaming stars sang the high mass of the midnight hour as they joined hands in circling around the great white throne of endless grace. There was bitterness in his soul—bitterness such as had never been there before; bitterness—bitter as the waters of Marah—with no power at hand to sweeten. In his disappointment and humiliation he had given away to his wrath; and in angry rebellion against virtue, smote the rock of pride with the rod of selfishness, and thus shut himself out forever from the land of promising prospects. It were better that that man had never been born who yields up his soul to become the garner-house of revenge, and his heart to be made the servile minion of the accursed shades of Nemesis. As he sat there, heedless of the beauty around him, and the evidences of mercy above him, a sigh—almost a groan—escaped his lips. He started, arose to his feet, and the moon shining full upon his face revealed the contortions of overpowering passion. "It was mean—it was mean of him. It was mean of Charles Reed," he exclaimed, the words fairly



hissing between his half-clinched teeth, "and on him I'll be avenged, and seek it 'till I find it, though I have to cross above the blasting flames of a boiling hell on a scorched and crimpling hair. I'll crush his heart into dust; I'll steep his soul in torturing anguish; I'll blast his hopes; I'll bend his pride; I'll destroy his ambition, and I'll blacken his name and memory. I know the way. I have the power. I will find the occasion, and I will do it. Yes; by the fabled god which he bends his back to worship, I will swear it shall be done. Hamilcar brought his son to the altar and made him swear eternal enmity to Rome; and so to-night I bind my soul with an oath doubly deeper than the deepest pits of perdition to wither the life and light, and love and peace, and hope and happiness of Charles Reed. Curse his slimy soul; curse his hateful, hideous heart, and ten thousand thousand curses on his pie-bald, pusillanimous life.

"I will strike him heavy and hard, and I'll strike him at every turn and crossing; but I will not stop there. I'll strike that dough-faced darling of his—his so-called sweet Helen Moore. And he will feel that, though he were made of bars of brass and braced with the stoutest steel. Ha! ha! that will be revenge worthy the queen of all the gods—the insatiable Nemesis!

"But stay. I must have a plan, else folly will foil me in my high *emprise*. And if I know the tricks of the trade, I take it that no foe is so apt of his chance to strike the death-blow as the friendly foe. So let me flatten out these frowns. 'Let grim-visaged war smooth his wrinkled front.' Then truthfully I can say that Shakespeare knew what Shakespeare writ when he preached that 'One can smile and smile and be a villain.' Let me teach Byron how to put it, and say:

'One glorious hour of sweet revenge  
Is worth an age without a name.'

After these most pious, Christian-like and charitable meditations, Mr. Dodge turned his face towards the college

and started to retrace his steps. As he walked along his thoughts continued to revolve themselves around the all-absorbing subject of his meditated revenge. And, again speaking half aloud to himself, he said: "I will never do to let any one know that I feel chagrined at my defeat. No, no, that would spoil my plan. I must wear a mask; I must play the don't care, and coquet with hypocrisy. I'll not go back to my room to-night; I'll go to the hotel and lodge there, and to-morrow I will wait until after services have begun and then I'll walk the aisle clear up to the amen-corner, and my voice shall be the clearest and fullest that helps to swell the music of the choir."

When Charles Reed and his friends had concluded the dainty repast, which had been prepared expressly as a complimentary surprise for Charles by his special friends, the company arose to separate for the night. As they did so, Charles took up a plate and began to fill it with the most choice fruits and sweet-meats that were to be had; all knew for whom it was intended, but there was not a single comment made. Not a word was said of him of whom they all were thinking; not a soul there but liked and admired William Dodge too much to feel any but regret at his failure. So the boys chatted on upon other subjects, and as they did so Chester Hemphill, who was one of the party, quietly took the plate from Charles's hand and continued to load it with good things until its safe carriage became difficult. He then handed it back to Charles, who bowed low and half singing, said, as he left the room: "We will meet you by the bright-light—by the bright-light in the morning!"

When Charles reached his room he was a little surprised not to find William Dodge there, but he concluded that Dodge had gone off with some of the boys and was perhaps then amusing them with some of his good stories of which his store seemed inexhaustible. So he placed the plate on the table, and as he felt tired lay down on

the bed without undressing, with a view not to go to sleep, but to await the coming of his friend. But nature has her demands as well as friendship; and so "Sleep, sweet balmy sleep!" crept in unawares and gently closed the eyes of the weary watcher. And so gently did he sleep and so light and peaceful was his slumbering, he did not awake, until the brazen tongue of the old big bell on the campus was sounding the six o'clock morning call.

As might be expected, this debate gave Charles Reed quite a reputation on College Hill as a speaker, and added greatly to the golden opinions which he had previously won as a profound thinker. So his friends met and determined at once to put him forward as a candidate for the debater's medal of the Union Society. To this move Charles earnestly protested; not because of any undue or light appreciation of the honor proposed, or unwilling to submit himself to the chances of defeat; but because his friend and room-mate, William Dodge, had from the very beginning of their college term been considered the especial aspirant for that honor, as well as for the honor of being the first graduate of his class. And Charles Reed had no desire to be the rival of his friend. Besides, Charles had on more than one occasion made use of such language as would justify William Dodge in thinking that Charles stood pledged to his support; so when the matter was mentioned and his name spoken of in connection with the medal he felt in honor bound to refuse to become a candidate. This he did in express terms, but thinking that some mention of the circumstance might be made to William Dodge, who possibly might not understand, he immediately sought out William Dodge, fully determined to tell him the whole story, and not only to declare his fixed resolve not to be a candidate, but to openly avow his determination to support his friend's claims.

Nearly a week had passed since the debate, and the two young men had been much together. Dodge seemed

to be as bright and cheerful as ever, and no less friendly ; but not once had he alluded to the debate, and under the circumstances, Charles felt that it would be indelicate for any one else to do so in his presence, so no mention of the matter had been made.

It was late one afternoon when the matter of the medal was first mentioned to Charles—something between dusk and dark. “No, boys, no!” Charles had said, when the subject was mentioned by three or four of the Unions, who had come to his room as a sort of nominating committee, representing quite a large number of the members of the society. “I cannot consent to that, it would not be friendly, indeed it would hardly be honorable,” and rising from his seat, and speaking with deep feeling, said: “You all know how much I love my friends, and how warm and sincere is my appreciation of their regard for me, and how truly grateful I am to you for this evidence of your favorable opinion, but I cannot consent to this proposition; I do not think it would be right, and while I do not mean to be tragical, I will say, I had rather be right than to be the medalist. So take back to my other friends my love and gratitude, my sincere thanks, and proud appreciation of their kindness, and tell them it will be one of the happiest days of my life on which I may be able to serve them, or any of them, but in this matter they must excuse me.”

Not another word was said. One after the other they pressed Charles’s hand, and with full hearts left the room. When they were gone Charles stood for a few moments looking at the now closed door. He then turned and leaned his head heavily against the mantel, and ever and anon his handkerchief went up to his face to brush away the silent tears that trickled down his cheek.

Blame him not, gentle reader. Do not call it a weakness. Do not say that tears only belong to woman. God made the human heart, yours and mine. He made the

fountains of love and filled them with the pure waters of affection; and tears of love, tears of affection, and tears of gratitude, like tears of repentance and tears of contrition, are the crystal dew-drops of heaven-born emotions, given to mortals to share with the angels by grace divine.

Thus Charles stood long in silence. No sound escaped him; but his lips moved, methinks it was in prayer—a prayer for strength to do the right—a prayer for strength to resist the wrong—a prayer for gratitude for God's mercy—a prayer for hope and high reward.

A few moments later William Dodge was found sitting alone in the library reading the story of "Amy Robsart's Wrongs," as told by Sir Walter Scott in Kenilworth. As Charles stopped and rested his hand on the table by which Dodge was sitting, the latter closed the book over his right hand and looked up into Charles's face, and, seeing that Charles was looking earnestly at the book, said: "Ambition! ambition! ambition!" And then, as he saw that Charles was about to make some commenting reply, stopped him, and said: "But I see from the expression of your face you have an object in seeking me. What is it?"

This rather terse but business-like inquiry, with its preface, somewhat dampened Charles's feelings, and for one moment he paused and looked at his friend, but he saw nothing in his expression to indicate incivility, and the tone of voice in which the question was put, showed no annoyance; only business—strict business—that, and nothing more. But even this, under all the circumstances, was well calculated to grate harshly upon the feelings of Charles Reed. He had come with his heart full of love, and his soul free from every selfish desire, to speak the words of true friendship and manly regard. He had been received, he hardly knew how, in a manner he did not understand, but he would not let this turn him away from his purpose.

He took a seat, uninvited, on the opposite side of the table, and picked up a paper-knife, and as he talked drew, marked, and made letters on the plush table-cover. He told Dodge of the young men's visit to his room, of their purpose, their proposition, their urgent entreaty; and then he told of his positive refusal and his fixed determination; and ended by stating his reasons and declaring his intentions to vote in the manner he had often indicated.

Mr. Dodge was silent during the entire time that Charles was talking, and even when Charles once or twice paused as though he had made an end of speaking, Dodge failed to offer any remark, but sat perfectly quiet, looking hard at the lamp-shade, occasionally closing tight his right eye and twisting the corner of his mouth up towards his ear, as though he meant to say, "This will help me to comprehend the profundity of your remarks." And finally when Charles quit talking altogether, for the absolute want of anything more to say, Dodge moved a little—just a little to one side—so as to examine the lamp-shade more closely, and speaking very slowly, said :

"And so *you* never heard of this move until to-day?"

The sentence was decidedly emphasized to mean something, and the emphasis fell on the words "*you*" and "*to-day*." Charles noticed this and replied quickly :

"Never ; no, never, until this hour."

To which Mr. Dodge replied even more slowly than he had yet spoken :

"Well—now—that—is—strange," subjecting the last words to great ductility.

Charles Reed could not fail to observe the doubt and incredulity expressed in the last remark. It was an implied impeachment of his veracity—a thing that had never happened to him before in all his life. He felt the hot blood surging to his cheeks, but he thought for

friendship's sake, "I will keep silent," and then, after a moment, he simply said, "Yet it is true."

The two young men continued seated for a half minute or more without further speech. And then Dodge arose, walked to the book-case, and placed the book he held in his hand on the shelf, and then coming back to the table stood with his hands behind him under his coat-skirt, and assuming a most cheerful and pleasant tone said:

"Not for the world, Reed, not for the world would I have you forego the great pleasure in prospect on my account. If you think the fruit is within such easy grasp by all means stretch forth your hand and take it. But if you will allow me the privilege to offer a piece of friendly advice I would tell you that if I were in your place, because I possessed a good memory, and had a good delivery, and could recite a good speech in good style, and had a good father, good enough to write *one* speech for me, I would not relinquish a gold medal that I might hereafter win on my own merit."

"What do you mean, Dodge? Surely"——

"Oh, nothing—nothing—nothing. If Reed can't read, then who can?"

"My father never saw that speech, nor any other living soul to this day; no, not so much as one word or line of the manuscript. Let the future prove who is its real author."

And more angry he had not been for many a long day, Charles Reed arose, and without another word left the room.

As Charles closed the door behind him Dodge burst into a good round laugh, and said: "I call that the first blood drawn in the sweet cause of the fair Nemesis"; and then, continuing, said: "He win the medal from me! I will show him that because he happened to get hold of the facts and I made a mistake that is no reason why he should be so elated. I know he will run for the medal now, and I will shake him like a dog with a rat."

"That timely insinuation as to the authorship of his speech will prove a rail for him to ride, and if I am any judge it will rack him sore. He will not dare allude to the matter among the students, for that would give wind to an ugly story; and yet, if he did, it would ruin me, for there is not a soul on this hill that would believe it. But I must be careful; I must not go too far; I must not forget my plan. I will be in the best of humors when we meet again."

Just as William Dodge had expected, Charles determined to take more interest in the society debates, and William Dodge soon had good reason to feel that it would have been better had he acted differently, for as the weeks rolled by and society nights came, Charles would come to the hall well prepared for the discussion, and more than once he made Dodge feel that here, at least, he had his match if not his master.

The students were quick to note the rivalry and watch it with much interest and no little enjoyment; and after a time one of the same party that had called on Charles at his room in regard to the medal ventured to mention the matter again. Charles heard him through to the end, and then said, "I told you that I could not be a candidate for the medal when you and my other friends so kindly called on me some time ago, but since then I have changed my mind. I need not state my reason why; that is not necessary. All who know me will believe that I was sincere in what I then said, and will, I hope, be satisfied when I say that I feel justified by subsequent circumstances in this change of purpose. So you may speak for me, and say if my friends still think favorably of my claims for the honor they have my consent to be guided by their own views and wishes in the matter."

William Dodge was unquestionably a fine speaker; he was fluent and easy and graceful, and could be witty or humorous or pathetic as he felt disposed: but as a debater



he was not the equal of Charles Reed. He did not possess that earnestness of manner, that deep feeling and pathos, that high and lofty appreciation of things grand and glorious, which makes oratory sublime. Dodge was the bright, sparkling, rippling stream flashing in the sunlight and dancing amid the moonbeams, pleasing the imagination and fascinating the heart.

Charles Reed was the river when the floods come and tears up opposition by the roots and bears it to the ocean upon the rushing waters of intense feeling. He stated his facts concisely; he placed them orderly, and drew his conclusions logically. He could be as the grand tilt hammer of the steam forge, so gentle and easy in manner as would scarcely crush an egg-shell, and then, when occasion demanded, come down with power and force that no opposition could withstand.

The debate of which we have given an account took place in the early part of the senior session of the two young men. They were to graduate in the following summer. William Dodge had continued to keep the lead in the recitation-room, but in the semi-annual examinations the thorough systematic work of Reed had been telling, and especially was this the case at the close of the junior year. Up to that time it had been confidently predicted by all, students and professors, that Dodge would bear off the honor of first graduate; but now there seems to be some doubt about the matter, for the steady-measured strides of Charles seemed to be bearing him nearer and nearer to the front. But so confident was Dodge of final triumph he did not seem to realize that defeat was among the things possible, either for the medal or the first honor.

Dodge had never made any direct apology for the offensive insinuation made in regard to the authorship of the speech on the Missouri Compromise question, but had conducted himself in a manner so friendly, so familiarly,

so kindly, Charles felt that an apology was expressed by his manner as fully as it could be made in words, and so his heart turned back to his friend as tenderly as in days gone by. And thus matters stood as the day for the election of medalist drew nigh. No one could tell positively how that election would go, for while quite a number had expressed their intentions, yet there were sufficient left who had maintained perfect silence, and these held the balance of power. So as the day for the election drew nearer and nearer the interest and excitement in the matter became intensified. But as the larger part of those members who had given no intimation as to how their vote would be cast were club-mates of Mr. Dodge, and, therefore, on intimate terms with him, that gentleman felt perfectly satisfied in mind and confident of victory, and, consequently, was all cheerfulness and affability. But hope is sometimes deceptive, and the brightest promise will occasionally take us up very high only to let us down very hard—and so William Dodge found it; for when the night of the election came, and the roll had been called, and the ballot taken, and the vote counted, the result showed that Charles Reed won the election by a plurality of five.

Disappointment goes hard with some people. It went hard with William Dodge. It struck him full in the face and fairly knocked him down. He was astonished; he was literally astounded. His first impulse was to arise and denounce the election a wilful fraud, and he even went so far as to attempt to get upon his feet for this purpose, and no doubt would have done so, much to his own shame and total disgrace in college, had not one of his club-mates, who happened to be sitting by him, noted the expression of his face, and thereby anticipating his purpose pulled him back.

What he would have said had he been allowed to go on is beyond conjecture; and go on he certainly would

have done had anger been the only result of his crushing disappointment; but, fortunately for him, it was not; the blow was so unexpected it struck the very life out of him. It seemed to stop the pulsations of his heart, and to make him limp and limber as a wet towel. A hot faint-like feeling rushed over him and the lights seemed to tremble and darken before his eyes. When the ballot was announced, Charles Reed arose, and in a few feeling but appropriate words thanked the society in general and his friends in particular for the distinguished honor that had been conferred upon him; and then in the most delicate manner complimented the opposition by saying that the only thought that marred the happiness of the hour and made it less than supreme was the conviction that one more worthy had been passed by and disregarded. When Reed resumed his seat, which he did amid prolonged applause, Dodge again made a feeble effort to get upon his feet, but he was again motioned back by his friend and club-mate alluded to, who immediately took the floor, and, addressing the chair, said: "Mr. President, the principle of this society is the principle, *vox populi, vox dei*. The popular voice has spoken and the voice we hear is to us a voice divine. The oracles this night have been consulted, and the answer is, that Charles Reed, of Virginia, is not the medalist of a party or a faction, but the medalist of the Union Society, and as such I name him, greet him, and will ever honor him. And as the years roll by and our spirits shall from time to time revisit this dear old hall to drink anew a deep libation to the divinity of letters we will weave a bright garland of the roses of love, and crown the cup of Charles Reed as we breath our grand old motto, *me socium summis adjungere rebus*."

This speech was greeted with almost wild applause, as being in good taste and feeling, and elegantly appropriate. Amid the uproar and confusion, the President de-

clared the society adjourned, and as he did so, all restraint having been broken, the hall was made to ring with "Hurrahs for Reed!" which went sounding down the stair-way and out upon the campus and there caught up by the *Phips* and repeated until the whole of College Hill seemed to shake with the shout of congratulation.

Dodge had by this time somewhat recovered himself. His physical weakness had in a measure passed away, and his anger was about to get the better of his chagrin; but his club-mate again came to his rescue, and, feeling a contempt which he threw into his voice, said, "Dodge, don't make yourself such a stinking fool."

This not very elegant but rather emphatic remark completely subdued Dodge for the time, so with what good grace he could command he joined the crowd and walked away to the old chapel where quite a sumptuous repast had been prepared for the occasion. He had a fine voice and could sing a pathetic sentimental song, or word a comic air, as circumstance seemed appropriate; and no sooner did the proper moment for toasts and songs arrive than he was loudly called for to sing. He had said but very little during the repast, and there was a kind of intuitive feeling which seemed to pervade the atmosphere, indicating that Dodge felt rather too keenly his defeat and was taking it most too hard to be manly. So the students with that charitable intuition and quick responsive sympathy, which prompts a boy to run for the salve to apply to a new sore, were now doing all they could to bring Dodge into notice and relieve his embarrassment. He had the good sense to see the object and pride enough left to profit by the opportunity offered, so he responded to the call and sang. The toast which preceded the call for the song was—

"*To the Ladies:* Ever fair, ever faithful, ever firm to maintain the right and resist the wrong."

This toast had been responded to by our friend Walker in his most felicitous style. The whole party was in

splendid spirits and high glee, and Dodge, having had ample time to think, had determined upon two things—the first was to stick to his plan and be cheerful and friendly; the other was to abide his time, and take a revenge deeper and darker than death. So when he was called upon to sing he affected no false modesty, but arose, and, with a smile on his face indicative of perfect good humor and self-possession, said: “As the ladies have been lauded not beyond their worth, but beyond all power of expression by any person present except the silver-tongued gentleman from the far sunny South, I trust it will not be inappropriate if I sing of the merry young girls who emerge from the school-room at the end of the lane in the afternoons and flit down the *via sacra* like water-nymphs, making that delightful promenade seem almost a walk to Paradise. And if it should seem to any that I sing the song with too much feeling, I trust they will forgive the weakness, when I confess that the words and the music are my own composition, put forth in a feeble effort to make a record of one chapter in my own uneventful life.”

He then cleared his throat after the manner of one who pretends as though he was going to sing something grand, but at the same time smiling pleasantly as a sort of contradiction to the throat-clearing, began the song in a melo-dramatic or operatic style, if the critics will allow the expression, highly appreciated by the audience.

#### THE SONG.

“THOSE MERRY LAUGHING GIRLS.”

“ Oh ! those merry laughing girls,  
Merry in bright beauty's glee,  
How they shake those golden curls,  
'Tis a trap they've set for me !  
Oh ! those merry, merry girls,  
Laughing, joyful as they flee,  
Oh ! those naughty, naughty girls,  
They have set a trap for me ! ”

- " Oh ! my heart 'tis entangled  
In those tresses touched with gold.  
Oh ! the sharpness of that arrow,  
Now, I feel it in my soul !  
Oh ! those sweet, bewitching girls,  
Sweet as only girls can be ;  
Oh ! those naughty, saucy girls,  
They have set a trap for me !"
- " Oh ! those lips, ripe as cherries,  
Ripe for coquetry and for kisses ;  
Oh ! those maidens mischief-making—  
Mischief-making, mocking misses.  
Oh ! those modest, blushing girls,  
Sweet in blushing modesty ;  
Oh ! those naughty, saucy girls,  
They have set a trap for me !"
- " Oh ! those mischief-making girls,  
Laughing, smiling as they flee.  
Now they're coy—now they're kissing,  
Now they're looking back at me.  
Oh ! those saucy, kissing girls,  
How could they so cruel be ;  
See my heart all entangled  
In the trap they've set for me !"

The song was greeted with vociferous applause, provoked in part by the inimitable style in which it was sung, mingling the sentimental and the humorous with good effect, and partly prompted by the strong desire which the students felt to alleviate any soreness which Dodge might feel in regard to the late election. There was no special merit in the words, but indeed very great merit in the singing. And no sooner had applause begun to subside than Mr. Sparks, who also possessed some musical talent, caught up the air and began again to sing the last stanza, in which he was soon joined by the whole company with such full voice that the old chapel fairly trembled with the words—

- " Oh ! those saucy, kissing girls,  
How could they so cruel be !  
Oh ! those naughty, saucy girls,  
They have set a trap for me !"

As the chorus ended all eyes were turned to the foot of the table, from where was heard—"They have set a trap

for me," squeaked by Tom Price, the dry wit of college, whose diminutive figure and ludicrously homely face, made more ludicrous by the sour taste which the words seemed to have for him—making the whole thing ridiculous in the extreme.

The squeaking echo was greeted with roars of laughter, amid which Price balled himself up in a hard knot and rolled under the table.

As the laughter over Price's echo subsided, Walker seized a glass of pump-water (the social beverage of sober-sided Hampden-Sidney), and mounting a chair exclaimed:

"A health to the naughty, saucy girls: May they capture, at will, the last mother's son of you lingering laggards in the light of love; and may they lash you to the car of woman's devotion, and there all the days of your life make you bear the palanquin of conjugal felicity, much to their peace and happiness and your improvement!"

Again the chapel rang with applause and cries of "Hear! hear!" and "Hurrah for Walker!" "Hurrah for the naughty, saucy girls!" The boys were having a good time, and fun was flowing fast, when, to the great surprise of all, up from beneath the table arose Tom Price, bearing on his head a small box with a red handkerchief thrown over it, and in the box seated a big rag-baby, while he, in his ventriloquizing squeak, cried: "I am got the palanquin of conjugal felicity! I am got the palanquin! I am got the felicity!" And as he went hobbling around the room beneath the weight of his "conjugal felicity," the fun was furious and fast. The whole company arose to their feet and cheered and cheered and cheered until the din and noise and scream seemed like a "rebel yell," amid which the feast ended and the company dispersed—some still cheering and hallooing, while here and there over the campus could be heard snatches of the song—

**"Oh! those naughty, saucy girls,  
They have set a trap for me!"**

## CHAPTER IV.

SOME months had passed since the events alluded to in the last chapter had taken place, and the time known in college-life as the senior vacation was nigh at hand. Senior vacation is the last two weeks of the session, immediately previous to commencement-day, and so called because the graduates are expected to complete their final examination before the beginning of the so-called senior vacation, and to spend two weeks in social enjoyment and the preparation of speeches, such as they may be called upon to make, while their examination papers are being overlooked by the Professors. And that the reader may understand certain incidents which will be hereafter related, it will be necessary that he be made acquainted with the fact that it is one of the rules of Hampden-Sidney, that any student who may wish to contest for the honor of first graduate must complete all of his examinations and pass up his papers before the beginning of this senior vacation, else it makes no difference how perfect his examination may prove he cannot be the recipient of the first honor.

After the election of medalist, William Dodge and Charles Reed had both doubled their exertions, as it were, and applied themselves with far more industry to their studies than at any former period of their college life. But the motives which prompted the two young men to subject themselves to this severe application were very different. Charles Reed was moved by the laudable ambition to learn all that he could learn in the time still left him and to become as thorough a scholar as circumstances would admit; and if at any time there was a thought of pride for the scholarly position to which he had attained,



it was not for himself he yielded to the indulgence, but because of the pleasure he knew his success would afford his father, and that other friend dearer to his heart than life itself. In her eyes it was not preferment, or honor, or distinction that he was after, it was worth; it was to prove himself worthy of that crowning glory in man's life, woman's love; that royal jewel, that princely diadem, which possessed brings to the peasant the wealth of empires—denied to the king, leaves him more destitute than the children of poverty. No man ever was or ever will be happy without woman's love. In money and means and the luxuries which these will bring him—in literature and learning and the high position which these will secure for him—in culture and talent and the fame which these may provide for him—he may find gratification and contentment; but without love in his soul to be given, and love in his life to be received, and mingled in the sweet measure of that dualized unit ordained of heaven in the merciful decree "yet twain shall be one," there is no happiness. The human heart, like the trailing vine, can never lift itself into the bright light of peaceful perfection unless its green tendrils can find something to cling to and to clasp.

'Tis God's decree that it should be so. Love is the end and aim of the perfect life; who loves not here on earth will never live to love in heaven.

How different the motive that urged William Dodge on to industrious study, and made him a slave to burning desire. The sole object and aim which now filled his heart was to humble and to humiliate Charles Reed. So intense had become his hatred—so deep his purpose of revenge—so consuming the fires of passion, all other incentives were burned up and consumed in this one fever of malignant desire. And so artful had he become—so skillful in deception—so trained in his deceitful wiles, that Charles Reed did not so much as suspect his purpose.

Day after day, week after week, and month after month, the two young men had roomed together, slept together, studied together, and mingled together in social intercourse without the escape of so much as one unguarded word to give a warning.

Reed was all kindness and affection—such was his nature. He even at times felt some degree of regret in the matter of the medal, but of this he never spoke. Dodge was all cheerfulness and affability. This may have been nature, too, for it is said that Satan laughs when a soul is lost.

Dodge did not doubt his ability to win the first honor, for he still maintained his lead in the class-room; but he did not now grossly underrate Reed's ability—experience had taught him a lesson. He could see that his roommate was putting in good work, and was making rapid strides in the right direction. Still, hope is delusive, and we often hug the phantom after the substance has slipped from our arms.

Dodge never had a doubt in his own mind as to what were the hopes and aims of Reed. He thought that Reed was unduly elated because of his election as medalist, an election which Dodge thought, or tried to think, was due in some mysterious way to partiality, if not to direct pecuniary persuasions. One of the peculiarities of ignoble minds is to judge others by their own standard. The suspicious mind has the source of suspicion from within. It is subjective, not objective, conscious of moral weakness. They take it that moral weakness belongs alike to all, and reasoning from this stand-point arrive at the conclusion that virtue is nothing but affectation, or at best the result of favorable or fortuitous surroundings. That man or woman who openly declares himself or herself a skeptic as to the fundamental principles of human virtue, and assumes the authority of a jury to convict and a judge to pass sentence in the matter of morals, against

all purity as a cardinal principle, draws from his own corrupted heart the evidence upon which the decree is pronounced. You cannot expect clean water to flow from a filthy fountain, nor can you look for pure thoughts to crystalize in a cesspool of moral corruption. William Dodge, in the deep disappointment of his heart, had allowed passion and prejudice to take possession of his soul, and over the mental vision of his brilliant intellect spread the disfiguring veil of skepticism. And now he saw nothing clearly. To him, Reed's friendship was falsehood, Reed's smile hypocrisy, Reed's affection dissimulation, and Reed's love a lie. And strange and paradoxical as it may seem, William Dodge justified his own conduct by quoting "you must fight the devil with fire," and thus persuaded himself that he was actually practicing a virtue by his dissimulation in order to punish the pride and defeat the aims of false ambition. So contradictory are the ways of wickedness, so varied its humors, and changeable its moods, what pleases it to-day to-morrow it will hate, because self-love is the foundation of every evil thought, and when the humor fails of its gratification and the mood miscarries of its object, passion steps in provoked by contradiction.

William Dodge knew that he was practicing deception, and judging Charles Reed according to the measure of concentrated self-love, he was fully persuaded that Charles was attempting the same game; and strange again as it may seem, while Dodge, though he saw through Charles Reed as through a tissue veil, he prided himself on the subtlety of his own concealment. And now that his line of action was clearly marked out, and the path to pursue fully determined upon, his task became an easy one. He felt no disgust at his conduct—no dissatisfaction with himself—no misgiving as to the right or the wrong of his action. He was pleasing himself. He was following the lead of his own inclination and yielding to the grati-

fication of his own desires. What more did he wish? What real wrong was he doing? What law was he violating? He had the right to beat Reed if he could. Nay, that was a duty, and it was no less a duty to take the starch of arrogance out of self-conceit, and so he said, "I will do it. I will teach him a lesson. I will pull down his F. F. V-ism. Bah! I hate that expression 'F. F. V.'; 'in a horn'—*First Families of Virginia!* Better mean False, Foolish and Vain. Pride of birth! The poorest pride in the world, and yet it borrows the most airs. Why should the accident of birth make him any better than I am? It strikes me that we both came into this world without so much as 'by your leave, sir,' and I opine we will go as we came, bringing nothing and taking as little away. If I have a feeling in regard to the 'accident,' by which I slipped into the world, so inopportunely for the fair name of my winsome mother, it is curiosity to know who might be the gay Lothario that enjoyed the privilege of sharing with my sometimes father the attractions of a comfortable bed. I confess the fault. The curiosity is rather annoying, and the puzzle is rather puzzling, when I explain, I am my father's son, but tar and blazes, who is the father of me his son? My mother's husband should have been the father of my mother's son, but if my mother's son brings no resembling evidence to prove my father's claim, non-suited might my father be. Well, well, let it pass, but some day I mean to know more of the tragic death of my mother's husband. And that there was a tragedy, I do know, and yet I know not how I know. My mother might explain, but she will not, and that ends the matter again, at least for the present." With such thoughts revolving through the mind of William Dodge, sometimes pricking his pride, sometimes hardening his heart, the days rolled by and final examinations came.

Charles Reed had stuck to his theory of thorough preparation, and it was about to bring its merited reward, for,

as one after another the examinations were passed, he found that his memory did not fail him in regard to the subject-matter of the studies in the Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes, and it now became apparent to all students and professors, that a general average would give the first honor to Charles Reed.

It was late one Saturday afternoon, before the beginning of the senior vacation, which commenced on the following Tuesday. Both William Dodge and Charles Reed had completed all of their respective examinations, except "senior math." Reed and Dodge were sitting alone in their room, Dodge deeply absorbed in a problem in differential calculus; Reed quietly amusing himself looking over the pictures, as they appeared in one of Harper's periodicals. The door standing ajar, a boy pushed it wide open, and entering handed Charles a note, which he read, and then rising, said: "President Atkinson wishes to see me a moment," laid the note on the table in front of Mr. Dodge, and left the room. Charles went direct to the President's house and found Doctor Atkinson awaiting him in the studio. As Reed entered, the Professor, who was ever remarkable for his courteous manners, arose to receive him, and coming forward, took Charles by the hand, and holding it in both of his, said: "I have just received a letter from your father, and as I am to answer by telegram at once, I wanted to see you before sending my reply. So you will excuse me if I have been obliged to interrupt you in your studies."

"No interruption, Doctor, none at all; I had put my books by for this week."

"Then be seated, and let me explain. You will find that cushioned rocker a comfortable chair. I call that 'my throne,' and use it when I am tired, which you look to be just now."

"Only a little fatigued, Doctor—nothing serious; nothing worth the mention."

"Well, I am glad of that, Charles; you must let me call you Charles now, for you are soon to go away from college and leave us, and it has been a pleasure to teach you." The good old man's face flushed with emotion, and Charles, feeling more than he could express, made no reply other than to slip his hand into that of the dear old Professor, who pressed it warmly and said, as the eyes of both showed the feelings of their hearts: "No longer student and preceptor, Charles—friends now, friends ever, I hope."

Again the heart of the young man was touched, and again words were denied him. He tried to speak, but his lips trembled; so actions had to speak the gratitude of his heart, and action was more eloquent than words, for the tender-hearted student took the hand of his dear old Professor and pressed it firmly. As he did so the benediction of a Christian heart was poured out in a deep and earnest blessing. The other hand of the good old man was laid upon the bended head of the warm-hearted student, as he said: "God bless you, my friend. May He guide you and guard you and lead you through life."

Charles continued for a moment with his head bent down, his handkerchief to his face, while the Professor arose from his chair and walked back and forth across the room, wiping away the silent tears that gathered in his eyes.

At length the Professor paused by the side of the chair in which Charles was still sitting, and, speaking slowly and with some effort, said: "Come, now, let me tell you why I sent for you. Your father is in Richmond and expects to start home to-night. He wants to come by and see you, but seems to be afraid that it might not be well for him to do so, as he thinks his coming might divert your mind from your studies while you are in the midst of your final examinations. I should have telegraphed him not to come, without consulting you, had it

not been that you have stood all of your examinations except your senior mathematics; and as mathematics is your special strong point, and comes to you as past-time, I see no objection to the proposed visit of your father if you desire it."

"By all means telegraph him to come, Doctor. I shall be so pleased to see him. Do write the telegram and let me go and forward it."

"Well, it shall be as you say; but I have one other thing to tell you before you go, and as your father is coming I feel that I ought to tell you now that you may not allow his coming to lead you to postpone your 'math' examination until after Monday. You know the rule. The first honor must pass all examinations before senior vacation. Tuesday is the beginning of senior vacation."

The Professor smiled as he said this, and looked hard at Charles to see if his meaning was understood.

Charles could but note the manner the sentence was emphasized, as well as the expressive smile. He saw at once what was intended, and for a moment his face was all aglow with pleasure and delight, and then a shadow came over it, and the gladness gave place to a sad expression. Charles said nothing, but looked down and began to pick at the fringe around the cover of the centre-table.

"Do you understand me, Charles? Do you understand what I am trying to tell you without more express words?"

"I think so, Doctor."

"Then why that sad, '*I think so, Doctor?*'"

"Because"——

"No 'because' now, friend Charles. You go; send this telegram to your father; and do you dine with me Tuesday, and I will be all attention to your 'because.' But, remember, you are to tell what you know about '*math*' on Monday."

"But, Doctor"——

"I'll butt you out of that door if you butt at me with another but. Come, you have been here long enough. I shall be busy now; besides, if you want to see your father that telegram must be on the go." So smiling, and waving his hand, he dismissed the reluctant Charles, who passed down the steps with so sad an expression he looked more like one who had been scolded than one who had been so honored and blessed.

The dignified and elegant Professor saw at once the drift of Charles's thoughts, and divined, without further parley, the half formed resolution that was taking shape in the mind of his young friend, and wishing to avoid an unpleasant discussion, plunged into that *butting* business as the safest and most summary way of dismissing the subject and preventing a sacrifice, which he felt that he could not and ought not to allow Charles to make.

As Charles passed down the steps and out on to the campus, the President looked after him through the window, and speaking half aloud to himself, said: "Noble boy; he loves his friend—would that I could think that friend fully worthy of such love as glows in that manly bosom. I may be mistaken, but I can't help thinking that there was something wrong about the examination on 'Paley's Evidences of Christianity.' At any rate this sacrifice for a sentiment must not, and shall not, be made. If it comes to the worst I will speak to his father."

As Charles walked across the campus towards the gate that leads into the main road, he met his friend Chester Hemphill, who greeted him with "Hey-day, old chap; why that melancholy brow—been pitched on calico? Not likely you would be pitched on anything else in old 'Hamp-Sids' curriculum.' So it must be calico, and yet the girl that would pitch you ought to be pickled and pitched into pitchdum."

"None of your nonsense now, Hemphill. I am in no humor for jesting; come go with me, I want to talk to you."



"I am agreeable on the going, but contifisticatilate your idiosyncratic humor, what do I care for that? When was Charles Reed ever in humor so bad as to make him ugly?"

"Come, Hemphill, don't make sport of me now. I am really in trouble."

"Faith and bejabbers, and sure it be trouble that ye are after getting in. Well and sure an' it be a real trouble ye are in? The same and up to me armpits, I am into it meself."

"Come, Hemphill, don't laugh at me; I am really worried."

"Well, to be serious, let me say that if there is any trouble, I know as well as I know that Chester Hemphill loves Charles Reed, that it is that heart of yours which is getting bigger than your head—big as we all know that to be—that is doing the work." With this Hemphill slipped his arm around Charles, and for a moment the two young men walked on in silence. Then Hemphill said, "Well, my friend, tell me what it is; you know I will help you if I can."

"I know that, Hemphill, and you can help me; at least you can advise me what to do."

"Advice is cheap, Reed; anybody could give that; but if there is really anything gone wrong, I hope I can be of service to you."

"Well, walk with me while I hunt a boy to send this telegram to father, then I will tell you all about it."

At the mention of sending a telegram to Mr. Reed, Hemphill became apprehensive and said, "Then is it really so serious as that, Charles, that you must acquaint your father with it? If so, pray forgive me for having made light of it when I first joined you."

"Oh! no; the telegram to father has nothing to do with it. He is in Richmond and wrote that he would

come by and see me if it would not interfere with my studies. The telegram is only to say 'be sure to come.'"

Just here they met a boy, and Charles taking out his purse, bargained with him to go to Farmville and take the telegram. A horse was secured at the livery stable, and the boy started. Then the young men turned away from the regular promenade and took a less frequented path. As soon as they were well out on the way Charles said, "I hardly know how to begin, but I suppose I ought first to say that you must consider what I tell you confidential."

"That is all right, Charles, you know that is all right."

"Well, this afternoon I received a note from Dr. Atkinson requesting me to come over to his studio. When I got there he told me he had just received a letter from father, saying he would come by and see me on his way home from Richmond if the Doctor thought it would not interfere with my examinations. We talked about it and agreed that he should come. Then the Doctor told me, or as good as told me, that if I would only stand my senior 'math' on Monday, I would receive the honor of first graduate."

"I am so glad, Charles, indeed I am so glad," and Hemphill again put his arm around Charles and gave him a regular school-boy squeeze.

"Indeed, Charles, old boy, I am delighted. You need not mind senior math; we all know that is your forte."

"Of course I don't mind that, Chester, 'math,' as you say, is my forte, and I could hardly fail on that if I should try, but that ain't the point. You know how Dodge has set his heart on the first honor. It will be such a disappointment to him."

"I expect he will take it right hard, Reed, but that you can't help."

"Yes, but I was thinking that may be I could help him, Chester, and ought to help him, and save him this pisappointment. You know I won the medal over him."

"Yes, you did; but I have always believed that he did something, or said something, which caused you to change your mind in that matter; so he has no right to blame you there."

"Well, never mind about that part of it now. I won the medal, and I know that he felt it, though he said nothing. In fact, his saying nothing on the subject makes me think he felt it then, and still feels it, but I really think he will feel the loss of the first honor, if I take it, far more than the loss of the medal. Hemphill, I really think he has set his whole heart and soul on winning this honor. You have no idea how hard he has studied since Xmas. Then, again, I feel sure that he is perfectly confident of success. He has no idea of being defeated."

"Well, I am sorry for him, Charles, but still I must say I am glad—real glad—that you are to be first nonor man of our class. I do not wish Dodge any bad luck, but Charles, old boy, I love you, and I know that you know it." Again Hemphill's arm was entwined around Reed's waist.

"Thank you, Chester; thank you very much. But you know that I love you, too, as well as you do me; and you know, also, that I love William Dodge, and because of that love I want to help him."

"But how can you help him, Charles? What can you do? You have proved yourself the best scholar by your examinations, and the rules of the school confer the honor. You do not take it from him; you could not give it to him if you would."

"There, you forget, Hemphill; for if I cannot actually give it to him, you remember there is a way that I can decline to win it, and this would leave the field open to him."

"What do you mean, Charles?" asked Hemphill, stopping short in their walk and facing his friend, who likewise came to a stand.

The rule, dear Hemphill, the rule," said Charles, speaking almost timidly. "The rule which requires the first graduate to complete *all* examinations before the beginning of senior vacation: and you know I have senior math to stand yet."

For a moment Hemphill stood and looked at Charles with an expression half incredulous and half provoked, while Charles stood with downcast eyes making marks in the sand with his foot.

"And you are proposing in your mind to 'cut' math until after Monday, and let Dodge stand the examination and so receive the honor?"

Yes," said Reed, still marking in the sand; "that is what I was thinking. Come, now, don't be angry with me. Do you not think I owe that much to love and friendship. Think how hard it will go with Dodge to be defeated."

"Charles Reed!" Hemphill paused, and Reed looked up. The eyes of the two young men met—the one full of displeasure; the other all tenderness and modesty. "Do you see yonder frog-pond covered with slime and moss, where the green-headed bulls are bellowing?" Again Hemphill paused and stood, pointing with his finger at the dirty pool made less attractive in the fading twilight.

"I say, Charles Reed, do you *see* that putrid pond, and do you *hear* those green heads croaking?"

"Yes," said Charles, faintly—looking off towards the water."

"Well, I have a mind to take you and stick you right in that dirty water among those dirty frogs."

"Don't be angry with me, Chester; I am sure I want to do what is right."

"I am mad with you, Charles; mad because I know that you are in earnest about this fool notion of cutting 'math' until Tuesday, in order to leave the way open to William Dodge. This weakness—this sentimentality—is

unworthy of you; for you, who have been my beau ideal of young manhood, to give way to such folly is sheer nonsense; but to cut the matter short, let me tell you plainly you are not to do it. Promise me to speak to your father, or I will promise you that I will."

"I mean to do that, Chester; of course I will explain to him fully."

"Well, now, Charles, that is all right. I know that settles it; but I am still half inclined to duck you in that dirty water. Now, don't you think a small dose—just a little small dose—would do you good?"

"Well, Hemphill, I dare say it would, and if to take the ducking would help me out in this matter, you would indeed do me a service to souse me under. You cannot know how hurtful it is to my feelings to think that I am to be the cause or the occasion of so painful a disappointment to one whom I love so tenderly. To be first honor man of a class that can boast of such students as you and others, Chester, is, indeed, a proud achievement, and I pray you do not think I value it lightly, but when I think of the deep and dreadful disappointment that I know the defeat will occasion William, all the pleasure—indeed every particle of the pleasure—is taken away."

"Well, don't let's talk about it any more, only permit me to say that if you give Dodge credit for possessing any pride (not to moot the question of honor) you must know that he could not consent to be a party to any such arrangement."

"I did not propose to mention the matter to him; but"——

"Well, well, Charles, you never will; you will speak to your father and there the matter will end. Now I want you to forget this disagreeable subject, and I have at hand a ready way to make you do it. You go with me to tea to-night, and I will introduce you to Miss Triplett, of Richmond, the prettiest girl in the State; she only

came this afternoon, and you were the very first person she inquired after. She said she had never seen you, but she was at school last winter with Miss Moore—Miss Helen Moore, I think, she said. What is the matter, Reed! Oh! you sly dog. Stop! turn that face this way. Now shine out, bright moon, and let me read the story. Well—well—well, I thought you loved me, Charles Reed. You said so; and yet you have not told me. Hush! I'll not force your confidence; for I, too, have been silent when I might have spoken. You will stay with me to-night, after we have paid our respects to the pride of Richmond, and we will vie with each other in the pleasing recitation of the 'old, old story.'"

Mr. Dabney Reed came the next morning. *Mr. Reed*, as he was called, for that was before the days of cheap titles; before the days in which a man could win a prefix by being made the boss of a saw-mill or the foreman of a still-house; before the days when every fifteen-shilling county court lawyer was dubbed colonel, the owner of a blacksmith shop called captain, the keeper of a cross-roads inn styled major, and the proprietor of a livery stable, or the owner of a fancy horse, elevated to the dignity of a general, while an itinerant sword-swallower, a traveling dog-trainer, or wandering slack-rope walker became a professor. Shoddyism and toadyism and boot-lickingism were not among the fashionable isms during the fifth decade of this glorious nineteenth century. To have been a colonel then a man was suspected to have been away from home some where during some time in his life, and to have heard something of the whisperings of musket balls, seen something of the flash of cannon, and learn to distinguish the smell of burnt powder from bad eggs; but *tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis*, and so the world wags on. Some say let her rock. Some say let her roll, but I say colonel me no county court lawyers; captain me no blacksmiths; major me no beer-

venders, and general me no horse-jockeys; and, oh, do for the love of decency, professor me no sword-swallowers, dog-trainers, or rope-dancers!

We were saying Mr. Reed came the next day. Charles, of course, was delighted to see him, and conducted him around from place to place, that every point of interest might be enjoyed; and much there was to see which delighted Mr. Reed, for Hampden-Sidney was his dear old alma mater; and that alumnus who loves not his alma mater, finds the love wanting only because his days spent there were days void of credit to him. They visited the old chapel, the lecture rooms and laboratory; then up and up the second stairway and into the two halls. When they entered the Union Hall, which they did last, at Mr. Reed's suggestion, there was an expression of pleasure that spread over his countenance and lit up his face, which made the splendid features of the brilliantly intellectual man almost divinely handsome. He looked around at the well-filled book-cases, up at the elegant chandeliers, across to the President's chair, along the walls at the various scenes beautifully illustrating Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and then up at the circling motto of the society, which he read aloud, "*Me socium summis adjungere rebus*;" and continuing, said, "How well I remember—how well I remember—just thirty years ago to-day since last I stood here in this dear old hall, and now the scene of that day comes back to me with all the freshness of the young manhood which was then upon me. Let me say, with Coleridge—

Oh 'how dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,  
When fond recollections present them to view.'

"Yes, truly, some of the most pleasant recollections of my life are associated with this dear old hall, and I shall never, no, never, forget them. As I stand here now the imagination can refill these chairs with the forms and

bring back to memory the faces of many loved friends, some of whom are now enjoying a nation's trust and confidence, and, alas, some sweetly sleeping the long dreamless sleep of death. To the first, I say again, as I said that day when we parted, 'I bid you godspeed—to the departed spirits I breathe *requiescat in pace*.'" Then for a moment Mr. Reed stood in silence, and then his lips moved, and again the words scarcely above a whisper escaped him, "*requiescat in pace*."

It had been arranged that Mr. Reed should dine with Dr. Atkinson, Charles declining an invitation, in order that his father and the Doctor might enjoy an uninterrupted chat about the good old days when they were "boys together."

After dinner, as Mr. Reed smoked his cigar on the porch, the Doctor took occasion to let Mr. Reed know that senior vacation would begin on Tuesday, and that for that reason it was important for Charles to stand his last examination the next day.

Mr. Reed understood, and showed his very great gratification at Charles's success, but said nothing that would cause the Doctor to give way, in explicit terms, a college secret before the time allowed the telling.

That night Mr. Reed and Charles attended service in the new chapel, after which they went to Charles's room, Mr. Dodge very thoughtfully absenting himself that father and son might be left alone together. Soon after they entered the room, Mr. Reed told Charles what Dr. Atkinson had said in regard to the examination for the next day, and then placing his hand on Charles's shoulder, told him how exceedingly pleased he was at his son's success. Charles said but very little until his father had ceased talking, and then he tried to tell him and explain to him, without coming right to the point, his wish to "cut" math the next day and stand the examination on Tuesday.



Mr. Reed did not understand Charles, simply because Charles had failed to speak out plainly. Charles had said right much about Mr. Dodge, his great love for his friend, the hurt that would be given Mr. Dodge's feelings to be defeated, and how painful it was for one friend to be the occasion of disappointment to another, &c., and so on; but still Mr. Reed did not take in the point aimed at, and as Mr. Reed had only been given a hint, and had been told nothing in direct terms, the two men talked at each other to disadvantage, but finally Mr. Reed came to comprehend Charles, and so soon as he did so, said, "Do I understand you to mean that it is your wish (I will not use the word intention) to postpone your last examination until after to-morrow in order to leave the field clear for Mr. Dodge to receive the first honor?"

Again Charles tried to avoid the direct issue and answered his father by answering the question, "Do you not think, father, it would be right for me to do so?"

"No," said Mr. Reed, emphatically, and with some sharpness; "and what is more, I will not allow it."

The eyes of the two men met, and the expression of Mr. Reed's was more displeased than, perhaps, Charles had ever seen them before. Charles felt hurt and wounded, and let his eyes fall to the floor. Mr. Reed stood a moment silent, then said in a tone much milder, "I ought to start home in the morning, Charles, but if you make it necessary, my son, I will stay until the evening train."

Charles said not a word in reply, but he arose without hesitation, and walked over to his father and put his arms around his neck. Mr. Reed clasped his son to his breast, and said, "God bless you, my noble boy."

The next morning Mr. Reed started for home, but not until after he had seen Mr. Dodge, and given him a special invitation to visit them whenever circumstances would make it convenient, which invitation Dodge promised to accept, and did accept, as we have seen in a previous chapter.

## CHAPTER V.

**T**UESDAY MORNING came bright and clear. Summer in the South is ever lovely. The first of June is the loveliest of the lovely seasons, and College Hill at dear old Hampden-Sidney is among the loveliest spots in all the lovely land of the Sunny South. Flowers and shade trees, grass, birds, bees, and gay-winged butterflies; sunshine overhead, sunshine in every home, sunshine in every heart, music in every breeze, poetry in every motion, peace in every soul, plenty at every door! Even the dear old bell that swings in the belfry to the steady pull of old John Dean, the venerable janitor, has a charm and a fascination, and finds a pleasing tone in which to tell the world that *here* on earth peace and good will reign among men. Where, oh, where, are my classmates that rolled on that grass with me, who yielded to the pleasant invitation of those waving, beckoning trees, who with me watched the play of the sunlight, saw the birds and heard the bees while we drank the cup of friendship and joined a circle of pleasing converse at dear old Hampden-Sidney, the home of health, high hopes and culture—happiness, peace and poesy!

To each of you, far, far away, scattered the wide world over, on the land or on the sea, in sickness or in health, in poverty or in wealth, in festive halls or in silent groves, I send a brother's greeting—a classmate's love.

How tenderly it touches the heart to go back to those days of the long ago. How it alternately gladdens and then grieves the soul to lift the veil from the past and look again upon the happy faces of loved companions, bright with the hopes of young manhood, and then turn

and gaze upon the same face, cold and pale in death. Life to the young is so sweet ; hope is so comforting ; faith is so strong. 'Tis hard to die, and yet to live and bear the vicissitudes of life is compensation poor for defeated hopes and ruined prospects. Oh ! that life could last and ever run the silvery stream of youth or the rippling brook of childhood. Then the soul pining in sorrow, or awaiting in sadness, would never sing—

“Backward, flow backward, oh ! time in your flight,  
Make me a child again just for to-night ;  
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,  
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.”

Tuesday morning came bright and clear and beautiful ; sunshine and gladness, fragrance and the sweet aroma of flowers filled the air. Nine o'clock came, and John Dean stood under the belfry and steadily pulled the rope, and out over the fresh morning atmosphere the tones of the old chapel bell floated, sounding the sweet hour of prayer : ringing, steadily ringing—calling, gently calling “come to prayer.” That old bell sounded no tocsin of war, no alarm of battle, no summons to strife, but to prayer, and the boys answered it with many a glad call, as they dropped the bat and the ball, left their marbles, quit the gymnasium, and joined in the march to the house of prayer. The good old Doctor came across the campus from his home towards the college building ; his hat on the back of his head, his books under his arm, his gold spectacles on his nose, his smile all over his face ; his steps hurried, he wants to be in his place prompt to the second. He almost takes the *grin*—that “little chick” of a laugh I told you about once before. He sees the boys consult their watches. He hears their familiar, friendly, playful comment, “two seconds behind.” Do you see him, boys ? You, I mean, old students of dear old Hampden-Sidney. You who knew him as I knew him, and loved him as I loved him. He is gone now, gone to his hap-

pier home, gone to hold prayer with those who preached Jesus and taught the love of Christ. God rest his soul ! He is gone—gone to his grave ; but the good he did will never die.

The Doctor entered the chapel, passed on to the platform, and opened the well-worn Old Testament, which had done service there for many a long year, read the xxi chapter of Revelations, that beautiful vision of the New Jerusalem, vouchsafed to St. John as a partial reward for the terrible agonies of body which he had been called upon to suffer for the cause of Christ ; after which he prayed a most impressive prayer, full of deep and earnest gratitude for the many blessings of the past, and invoking divine grace and guidance for the future.

The chapel was full of students—some hundred or more being present. There was no compulsion in the matter of attendance, and those who generally came did so either to seek daily comfort and guidance, or simply because they knew it to be the earnest wish of the faculty. That morning an unusually large number of students was present, attracted hither by interest or curiosity, because of an old custom for the President to announce at morning chapel, on the first day of senior vacation, the name of the successful competitor for the honor of first graduate.

When the prayer was ended—amen said—chapel service was over, but not a boy moved. Every eye was fixed on the Doctor ; every attention was engaged ; expectation stood earnestly waiting ; silence attended. The Doctor knew why the students lingered ; knew that he had a duty to perform, and yet he hesitated. Hesitated in part because of that great natural modesty which always ran and overtook him whenever he had anything special to say in public, the least out of the usual way, and partly because he knew and felt that in announcing the name of one he would crush the hopes and wound the feelings

of another. He perfectly understood the confident expectation of William Dodge; the full satisfaction and hope of success in which he rested contented. As the Doctor stood somewhat embarrassed by the circumstances, he glanced his eyes over to the left where Dodge was sitting with his arms thrown back on his seat, assuming an air of indifference, as though he had no personal interest in the matter about to be acted upon. The eyes of the two men met, and the Doctor feeling assured that the air of nonchalance was assumed, and that confidence was its support, could but feel some touch of pity. He showed it. Every student present saw it. The serious expression was almost, if not quite, a shadow of sadness. Dodge saw it, also, and a cold chill crept over him and stopped at his heart, but he continued to look straight at the Doctor so hard and earnest that the look almost became a stare. The Doctor fumbled with his books and papers for one moment, during which the silence became oppressive, and then selecting one as though it contained something he wished to read, said: "To-day is the beginning of senior vacation, and, according to custom, you are no doubt waiting to hear the name of the successful candidate for the honor of first graduate. The faculty met last night, and the vote was a unit. I fear it will be a surprise to some and the source of a great disappointment to one, but I trust the disappointment will be borne with proper fortitude, and that consolation can be found in the thought that brilliancy has only been overcome by superior industry joined with genius. I have the honor to name as the first graduate of this session, Charles Reed, of Virginia."

The name Charles Reed was scarcely out of the Doctor's mouth when the whole school leaped upon the benches and waved their hats and cheered in the wildest and most vociferous manner. Then the boys, as though moved by one impulse, rushed at Charles, beat his back

and shook his hands, and finally seized him and lifted him in the air, and bore him upon their shoulders out upon the campus, and then around and around the college building screaming and hallooing and cheering and laughing and throwing up hats in the wildest and most frenzied manner. There was nothing for Charles to do but submit, and this he did with as much grace as the circumstances would permit.

The demonstration made over Charles afforded an opportunity for William Dodge to slip away without attracting attention, but the few who were near him at the moment the decision in Charles's favor was announced, saw the effect it had upon Dodge, he turned pale as death, every particle of color fled from his face, and that ghastly, sickly, bluish pallor, which tells of the terrible anguish of heart and soul, spread over his countenance. His eyes popped open with a wild, vacant look, void of expression, his lips parted and his chin fell, and his hands dropped upon the desk in front of him. Hemphill, who stood near, thought he would faint and fall, and started toward him, but Dodge seemed to rally sufficient strength to rise and stagger out of the chapel.

As the crowd with Charles passed out at the eastern door, towards the front of the college building, Dodge turned west, passed in rear of the building, on to the fourth passage, then up the stairway to his room on the top floor, he closed and locked the door, then threw himself on the bed and burst into an angry fit of tears.

Three times the boys carried Charles around the college building; they cheering and hallooing and laughing; he smiling and waving his hat, submitting to the undignified frolic in the best of humor. As the crowd came around the third time and approached the fourth passage, the boys stopped and let Charles down from his triumphant position. The cheering ceased, and the students stood laughing and panting, warm from the run.

All at once, a terrible scream was heard, quickly repeated, with soul-freezing horror. All eyes were turned towards the top window of the fourth passage; for a moment three figures were seen. There was a scuffle, there was a shuffling of feet, and then one of the men appeared in the window, his face inwards, his feet resting on the sill; the two men back of him holding him by the arms. My God! he will fall. 'Tis Dodge, his coat and hat are recognized; every soul was congealed with horror, every heart stood still, every hair stood on end, every foot stood rooted to the ground, every eye seemed to start from its socket. The agony of years rushed into that single moment of time—that moment of death and suspense—blood-curdling suspense. The body swayed; the two men could not keep their hold; again the body swayed—one piercing shriek—then arms flew up, and down—down—down like a flash the figure came and struck the ground with an awful thud. Oh! my God, went up from every lip. The students rushed towards the fallen man; they turned him on his back, and then there was a pause. A loud laugh sounded from the upper window; Tom Price stood there. The man that fell was made of—straw! And the crowd, like you, my readers, was sold.

The boys made a rush for Price, and could they have gotten at him, a ducking would have paid the penalty of his cruel joke; but the double bars and the strong lock on his door stood the pressure of many a hard lick, and saved Tom and his companion a bath in the frog pond. Tom enjoyed the laugh; he appeared at the window, and as Walker shook his fist at him, Tom put an old bonnet on the head of his companion, and shouted to Walker, "I am got the 'palanquin!' I am got the 'conjugal felicity!' I am lashed to the 'car of woman's devotion!' Don't mind me, boys; just take care of that coat and hat I accidentally borrowed from Dodge. He is all right; I'll stand treat when you catch me unhitched from the 'car of conjugal felicity!'"

With this tender of atonement to the soreheads below, he wound his arms around the neck of his "conjugal felicity" and disappeared from the window.

During the entire forenoon, William Dodge kept to his room with the door securely locked—now lying on the bed weeping and crying in fits of hysterics; now walking to and fro across the room in a perfect frenzy of passion. One moment he would be humiliated to the very dust; the next, the raging whirlwind of fiendish anger would bear him upward to the seventh heaven of gratifying revenge. He would stand with his hands clinched until the nails seemed buried in the flesh, and shake his fist at the corner as though Charles Reed stood cowering there; now uttering the blackest and most blasting curses that fury could fashion. His eyes glared like the eyes of an infuriated wild beast, and great knots stood out on his forehead as though every muscle in his body would burst with the terrible tension to which it was subjected. His face almost foamed with perspiration, and the froth gathered at the corners of his mouth like that of a run-mad dog. He was no longer William Dodge. He was an embodied demon, capable of the darkest deed that could be hatched in the hottest hole in hell. He was furious; his soul was a consuming fire; he had wished for revenge; he thirsted for it now, and with a thirst so hot and parching, it sapped every fountain of humanity that had ever moistened in his heart. If there ever had been one particle of affection in his nature it was turned now to ashes and cinders, harder and drier than Vesuvian lava. If he had pledged himself to revenge before, he swore it now with all the bitter blasphemy of defiant infidelity. He fairly hissed his words between his half-locked teeth, and his oaths were so hot with passion they seemed to blister his tongue. In his fury he beat his hands against the table, tore his hair and rent his clothes from his body. No wild beast trans-



ported with frightful passion ever beat the bars of his cage with more fury than did Dodge lash his own body in his demon-like anger. The spirit of destruction was upon him, and he turned from side to side for some object on which he could lay his hand and vent his wrath, until at length he saw his face, made hideous with the contortions of passion, reflected from the mirror. He seized a stick of wood, and rushing at the mirror shattered it into a million of pieces, and then his rage getting the better of him, he fell upon the floor and sobbed and cried, as though his very soul would burst. In this state he continued until nature gave way from sheer physical exhaustion and he passed into a feverish sleep.

Several times during the day Charles Reed and other of Dodge's friends came to look him up, thinking to show him due respect, but finding the door locked, concluded that he had dropped to sleep and went away believing that rest and quiet were the best for him.

Late that afternoon Dodge got up, bathed his face and set the room to rights. The broken glass he swept into the fire-place; he then unlocked the door and took a seat at the open window. He felt miserable; he was weak and feverish, his hands were hot, and his face burned, and his tongue seemed greatly swollen; his breath was bad, and there was a disgusting taste in his mouth. His face was turned to the open window, and his gaze any one might have thought was fixed upon the lovely landscape that lay spread out before him, but for the sad, care-worn expression of his countenance. This told, alas! too plainly that he was not thinking of anything half so pleasing as the beautiful picture of hills and homes, green fields, grazing cattle, and forest back-ground.

Long he sat there motionless, sad and silent; then a deep sigh heaved his breast, he rested his elbow on the window, leaned his head on his hand, and said, half aloud: "It all seems like a frightful dream, yet I know it

is not a dream, but a sad, sad reality." Then a long pause, and again, "I do believe I am going to be sick—I feel so strange and badly." Then another long pause, the while he sat still gazing out through the open window. Finally he arose and walked to and fro across the room, his hands locked behind him, his head bent low. Then he said in a voice calm, but sad, "Well, be it so. He has triumphed for the present, but some day the tables will turn. I have sworn the vendetta. Him and his I will pursue down to the end of the last chapter."



## CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES REED dined with the President, in accordance with the previous invitation; but there were no "because" to be attended to. They had an old Virginia dinner, and to know just what that means, reader, you must come down from the frozen North or up from the sultry South and eat one. Bring a good appetite. You will find the dinner hot and the welcome warm. Delmonico may get them up more fancy—give his dishes long French names, and place them in better style—but he can't beat an old Virginia country dinner on being good; for Delmonico never did know, and never will know, how to cook that royal feast in a single dish—that king of kingly dishes—an old Virginia Brunswick stew.

Later in the afternoon Chester Hemphill called by the President's for Charles, and the two young men took a walk. They returned to college just before dusk and went at once in search of Dodge. They found him in his room lying on the bed in a partial doze. He expressed himself as glad to see them, but said he was not feeling well—in fact, slept but little the night before, and had been feeling badly all day. Hemphill took hold of Dodge's hand, and was much surprised to find it burning hot. Charles went at once to call a physician, and meeting Dr. Metteur, who happened to be passing across the campus, they hastened back to the room. The Doctor made a careful examination of Dodge's tongue, chest and stomach, the two young men standing by with serious faces, thinking it took the Doctor a long time to make up his mind what was the matter; but at length he spoke (but in that hesitating way the doctors have, which leaves the friends of the patient to think they are not telling the whole story), and said, "He certainly has considerable fever." He then asked Dodge quite a number of ques-

tions, but received no information further than that the patient did not rest well the night before, and had been feeling badly all day.

The Doctor then told Dodge that he was afraid he was threatened with typhoid fever, and advised him to lose no time but to hasten home while he was yet able to travel, adding that in case it was not typhoid fever the trip would do him good, and he could return in ample time for the commencement exercises. This advice seemed to meet with Dodge's approval, for he consented at once to go, and said he had plenty of time to catch the nine o'clock train at Farmville, and so be home to breakfast the next morning. Both Charles and Chester offered to accompany him home, but Dodge declined their offer, saying it was unnecessary, that he felt fully able to make the trip alone.

A hack was ordered which came promptly, and the three men despite Dodge's protestations accompanied him as far as Farmville and saw him safely aboard the cars, where they bade him good-bye; not, however, without many earnest wishes from all three that he would soon be well and safely back in full time for the commencement exercises; Charles adding, "but, Dodge, in case you can't come back and be with us at the commencement, don't forget your promise to visit me at my home at a day just as early as you possibly can."

Dodge promised. The train started and the two young men were separated, to meet again, it is true, but under very different circumstances, as we have seen in the opening chapter of this narration.

Dodge had quite a spell of sickness. He never returned to college. Charles received the degrees and the honors which he had fairly won, and returned home and began at once to read law under his father's guidance, and never saw William Dodge again until he came to himself after that terrible fall from his horse, to which time the reader must now go back and take up the story where we then left it.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE home of Colonel Moore was famed far and wide for its splendor of compartments, elegance of appointments, picturesque surroundings, and genuine whole-souled hospitality. The stranger found here a friend, and the friend found here a second home. Truly it might be said that "the latch-string hung on the outside of the door," while within bright blazed the fire which gave welcome and warmth to the weary traveler, to the passing stranger, the loved friend, or the boon companion. The Grove had been the home of the Moore family from a period far back into Colonial times. Ashby Moore, the great-grandfather of Beverly Moore, received his title-deeds direct from the hands of George III, and with them the blessing and best wishes of that most unfortunate but Christian monarch. Ashby Moore claimed for himself the hospitality of royalty, and most royally he knew how to bestow it in return. Nor could it be said that the Moores of the present generation "were degenerate sons of noble sires."

Beverly Moore was indeed the Virginia gentleman in the full meaning of all that those words imply. He was affectionate as a child, liberal as a prince, true as a knight, and noble as a Roman. There was no guile in his heart, no selfishness in his nature, no meanness in his soul, no suspicion in his breast. Fair, open, and candid to all the world, he expected the same of all the world towards himself.

The very light of his life was love. The sky above him, the earth beneath him, the air around him, were to him the gifts of love. And out from his soul true filial affection and Christian gratitude rolled unceasing as the waters of the sea. He loved his neighbors; he loved his friends; he loved his country; he loved his native State;

he loved his servants; ne loved his child, his own beautiful daughter—his matchless Helen. On her cheek he saw again the bloom and the blush of the maiden modesty that first wooed his young heart to the fountains of affection, whose waters sweetened on his lips as might have done the kiss of an angel. In the beaming eye of his much-loved child he saw the bright light and radiant joy of her sainted mother, and in her voice heard the sweet echoes that floated down from the high courts of heaven where swelled the celestial choir. He loved his servants; they were his father's old friends, his own playmates, and his trusted companions. How could there be aught save love, mutual trust and fatherly protection between him and them? Towards them kindness was the rule and guide of his life, and protection the duty which, as the days rolled by, he bowed his head and fervently prayed for strength and wisdom to enable him to know, to keep and perform.

They loved him, too. From the full fountain of their affectionate natures there flowed no stinted stream. Their love was pure, sincere, and sweet as the heavenly melody in which their voices mingled to sing their Maker's praises. They saw in him their best friend; the instinct of their natures told them he was their guardian and their protector. By precept and example they saw that he taught them the true lessons of Godliness and Christian virtue. They saw and they heeded—they heard and they understood. They knew far back in the history of their race their ancestors were the helpless victims of ignorant blindness—the worshipers of reptiles; the eaters of human flesh; and in the deep sincerity of their hearts they thanked God that they had been permitted to pass under the yoke of servitude, and there released from heathen blindness and pagan idolatry, and given to behold the light of Christian hope.

They were contented; they sighed not for the flesh pots of their native Africa. They believed not in the cant

and echoless song of slavery's degradation. They had heard the oft-whispered story of John Brown's martyrdom; his saint-like death for their regeneration, the shouts and songs and jubilees of the genius of Universal Emancipation, but these calls awakened no echo in their hearts, received no response from their souls, nor disturbed the sweet serenity of their joyful spirits. They loved old master and fairly worshiped sweet Miss Helen. And they had no faith in that religion which taught John Brown it was a Christian duty to leave his home in the wild west and come down here in "old Virginny," and try to kill old master, burn his home, confiscate his property, and set the darky free. 'Twas a new religion to them; a very new kind of gospel; the Bible did not teach it; the Apostles did not preach it, though they lived in the midst of slaves. And so, when the good old darkies knelt and prayed for old master and dear Miss Helen, the prayer was not that fires of destruction might be kindled around their beds while they slept the sweet sleep of contentment and security, but God bless dear old master! God bless sweet Miss Helen! may peace and joy and health and hope and happiness long be granted unto them, and may sickness and sorrow and sadness and pain and death be far, far removed. Every voice trembled with the word amen; every breast sent forth the feeling amen, and every heart felt the deep, sincere amen which rolled through the secret chambers of these loving souls. Greeley and Lundy and Beecher and Phillips and Giddings and Garrison had invoked the genius of eloquence, vituperation, enmity and bitterness to name a curse that would curse with an everlasting curse the accursed slave holder; but the slave himself responded with a prayer, asking a blessing and beseeching mercy, goodness and guidance for dear old master's soul, while that old master, in all the simplicity of his heaven-born faith, bowed low his head and prayed, "Thy will, oh! Lord, let thy will be done."

## CHAPTER VIII.

**H**ELEN MOORE was the true type of that style of Southern beauty which has so often been the admiration of the Northern beau and the envy of the Northern belle. It would be impossible to describe her—better attempt to paint the lily or burnish again the glories of the summer sky. The charm of her person; the fascination of her presence, you could see and feel, and you could know that your own heart was made glad in the contemplation; but the delicacy and perfection of her features; the sweetness of her expression; the refinement of her manners; the lady-like gentleness of bearing, were above words to tell. We can name some of her attractions. We can speak of her features, but there our power ends. In figure she was tall—above the medium height—spare, but beautifully formed; delicate hands and feet, shapely as the sculptor's model. Her hair was brown—dark brown—profuse in quantity and glossy in the richness of its color. Her complexion was as the soft delicate glow of ripening fruit, clear, bright, with that waxen translucent appearance which renders the effect of coloring perfect. Her teeth were brilliant as pearls, even and regular, and made matchless the expression of her shapely mouth, wreathed in smiles; while her eyes were large, bright and brown, full of light, full of intellect and full of joy and kindness. Her every movement was graceful, as her every action was free from affectation. But beautiful as she was, her beauty was not her chief charm, nor the half of her attraction. It was the simplicity and elegance of her manner, the sweetness of her disposition, the radiance of her expression, the joy of her laugh, the bewitching



fascination of her smile, and the glow of her spirits, that formed the halo of light that circled around her. It was that which you can see but cannot define; that which you feel but cannot express. On her brow modesty's mark was seen in the glowing blush, while around the corners of her mouth good humor and the fascination of innocent mischief would at times play Peek-a-Bo.

Then again when her mood changed to serious thought or gentle argument, her brilliant intellectual endowments would shine out through the material form from the divinity of soul that dwelt within; while her voice wooed you as the evening zephyr, or wafted your spirit far away to bright realms of endless joy and never-fading bliss. She seem to move the very centre of light and love; around her the atmosphere was made pure and sweet from mingling with her breath. She was no star to be gazed at in silent admiration, to be worshiped afar off in the cold inaccessible firmament of heaven; but she was one of us—a human being—to love and be loved, who could sympathize with us in our sorrows and rejoice with us in our joy. The touch of her hand could soothe the brow of aching pain. While her smile was a realm of pure light, where the dark shades of sorrow could not abide.

Those who knew her best loved her the most, and in the contemplation of her character caught a glimmering of that better land beyond the sky where God reigns in glory and the spirit is at rest.

Such was Helen Moore when we saw her for the first time in the twenty-first year of her age. She was by the side of Charles Reed, while he pointed out the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

They were standing on a gently-sloping hill near Helen's home. Charles had recovered from the effects of his fall, which did not prove to be very serious, though he was unconscious for some hours, and while there was lit-

tle that Helen could do during these hours of insensibility, she attended him with all the tenderness that love could suggest during the days of his convalescence. She bestowed upon him those little delicate attentions—half caresses, which a loving woman can give and man receive as a solace in the hour of painful wounds. This was their first walk since the mishap, and now they stood side by side, their hands clasped together, but falling carelessly between them. Helen was particularly bright and cheerful; she rejoiced in the thought that her lover had been given back to her in health and strength, and her heart was overflowing with gratitude.

Just at the foot of the hill in front of them rolled the bright clear waters of the noble James, while behind them, toward the west, rose up dark and high the towering heights of the Blue Ridge mountains. Helen, like Charles, loved beautiful scenery. The mountains and the hills seem in some way associated with all the pleasant reminiscences of their lives, while the beautiful James had ever been as a companion whose murmuring waters possessed a voice that could woo them away from sadness. Charles had been speaking of the picturesque appearance of the woods on the hill to their left, and commenting upon the beauty and variety displayed in the mingling and blending autumn leaves. Then he turned and gazed in silence upon the flowing river, for quite a little while, and then he spoke, more after the manner of an apostrophe, than to Helen, and said: "Roll on, thou bright blue waters, roll, and bear thy tribute to the sea," and then looking at Helen, continued. "How like to a river is this life of ours, on and on, and on it rolls; it never stops, it never turns back, it never undoes what it once has done, but on its bosom bears the good and the bad together to the great ocean—the ocean of eternity! The ocean gave these waters to these hills, and now these hills must give back these waters to the ocean again. And

see," he said, as he pointed to a dark object floating down the stream, "it bears as a tribute to the sea the roots and rubbish it has gathered up on its way, and just so we too must bear back to God the spirit He gave us, and with it we must carry for weal or for woe the deeds done in the body." He ceased speaking, but continued to gaze at the dark object floating down the river, while his countenance changed to deeper thought and silent meditation. Helen drew nearer to his side, took his hand in both of hers, and looking up into his face, said:

"But we, unlike yon river, bear our burdens to a throne of mercy."

"True, Helen, that is true," he replied; "and that thought—that sweet assurance—is the comfort of this life."

He raised her hand to his lips and expressed his thanks for the comfort her suggestion afforded, and as he did so their eyes met. A beaming smile like the ripple of the ocean dancing in the sunlight broke over Helen's face, and the heart of each was filled with the light of hope and the sweet assurance of joys secured on earth and crowns laid up in heaven.

They turned from the river and started slowly to retrace their steps for home. As they did so, their faces were towards the mountain. The view was most commanding from the elevated plateau along which they were walking. The varied scenery of hill, mountain, and vale, here and there covered with heavy forest trees, whose leaves presented a thousand tints of autumn's coloring, which, sparkling in the mellow light of the declining sun, made the scene more lovely than a panoramic picture. The sun was low in the horizon, just above the mountain tops, and seemed to linger as though loth to leave the beautiful hills to be wrapped in shades and darkness; back over the landscape he flung his parting rays, his evening touch, his good-night kiss, and in his

parting moments played the alchemist, and turned the rolling hills to heaps of shining gold.

Helen and Charles paused and gazed in rapt delight upon the glowing scene until the last rays of the golden light faded from the hills.

"Oh!" exclaimed Charles, "what beauty, what grandeur there; what light, what glorious coloring is yonder pictured on that sky. See it seems to change even now from bright to brighter hues. I can imagine that just such light as that would flash from the wings of some radiant angel, who had thrown aside his shining robes as he flew onward and upward, leaving his smile upon the golden gates of Hesperus, as he passed a joyful messenger from earth to heaven bearing the glad tidings of some sinner saved—some spirit made perfect through faith—grandest and most glorious in death," cried Charles, his breast heaving with emotion. "Oh! that my last hour, my leave of time may be like that of yon dying sun. He was beautifully bright during the day, but oh! how grand—how glorious in death. If I may but die thus, the last words my faltering tongue shall utter will be, Oh! death, where is thy sting; Oh! grave where is thy victory."

He stood and continued to gaze in rapt silence for a moment. Then, feeling the hand of Helen tremble on his arm, he turned and looked at her. Tears had gathered in her eyes, and were now stealing down her cheek. He knew the one word which he had spoken which had touched her heart like a finger of ice, and brought these tears to her eyes—*death*—cold, cold death; for only yesterday, as it were, she had seen him brought home a heap of lifeless clay. Now when he spoke of death, she seemed to see him with the death-wound on his brow. She knew he was by her side; she knew that he was given back to her again; she knew that the bloom of health was still upon his cheek; yet when he spoke of death the tide of

feeling flowed back with such painful force to the hour when she saw him borne to her home wounded, bleeding, insensible, and, as she thought, dead to all the world, and lost to her forever. The agony of that hour we pass over in silence, because no pen could describe the anguish of heart and soul that she then suffered. The hurt yielded to medical skill, and after a time the patient returned to consciousness. But the agony—the terrible agony—the dreadful anguish—lingered like the remembrance of a frightful dream.

Helen had learned to love Charles, even in her childhood. She could not, had she tried, trace their love back to its origin. Among the first and earliest pleasing recollections of her life were the joy of his companionship. They had played together in childhood, joined hands in youthful pursuits, mingled their affections in the same stream, and suffered it to crystalize in the same fountain. He was the master architect who built for her such fine frog-houses in the sand, and she was the little lady cook that baked for him such nice mud-pies. He was the good doctor who came galloping on his big stick horse to see her poor little dolly that was so sick with the croup. And she was the tender-hearted little mother who administered to dear, sick baby his bread pills and quinine flour.

Those were the happy days of make-believe. And all the sunshine of prosperity, all the glory of successful endeavor, and all the reward of splendid achievement, cannot bring to the heart the light and joy, the peace and pure contentment of those happy days of childhood—"make-believe." Then purity and innocence crown the young life with unadulterated joys, and contentment wreathes her lovely wreath around the brow, while pure, spotless souls and uncontaminated spirits shine out through the material form from the heaven-born light that glows within.

As companions they played "company come"—"hide and seek"—"puss in the corner," and "lady house-keep-

er," until the flowers of childhood budded into maiden life and youthful aspiration; and then on, down the stream of time which flowed without a jar and without a ripple, their little boat is wafted until the sea of summer life is reached, where the maiden bud and youthful flower burst into the glory of full-blown perfection, and the fruits of those flowers were the perfect trust, the perfect confidence, the perfect love that germinated in childhood and ripened in the summer of mature life.

Helen looked upon her companion as the very embodiment of all that was noble, generous, true, and manly, while he regarded her as the emblem of purity, refinement and virtue.

She had never seen him sick; she had never heard him groan with pain; she had never known him to be weak from wounds before. True, once long ago, she had seen him smile with a crushed arm, on the occasion when he threw himself in the path of the huge rock that rolled from its place on the hill, which would have struck and perhaps crushed her to death but for his timely interposition. But why should he have not smiled at such a time? What was a bruised arm, or even a broken limb, to him compared to the preservation of Helen's life and the boon of Helen's love?

But on that dreadful afternoon when she saw him with the blood on his brow, his arms fall limp and lifeless at his side, and the pale ashen hue of death on his cheek; when his eyes would not open to her call, when his lips would not smile at her tender caress, she seemed to have realized for the first time that he was mortal and could die—die and be taken from her forever—die and be laid in the cold and silent grave—die and leave her in sorrow, in anguish, and in despair. And so when he spoke of death the recollections of that dreadful hour rolled back upon her like a returning wave, and filled her heart with sickening sorrow.

Helen Moore was not superstitious; she did not believe in presentiments; she could not be called timid, nor said to be of a nervous temperament; but she was a woman, and could love—and loving felt the deepest solicitude for the safety and welfare of the object of her affections. The hurt which Charles had received and the circumstances attending thereto made such a vivid impression on her mind, more than once she had seen him in her dreams lying bleeding and wounded, and sometimes even when awake she could not dispel the dreadful vision.

Philosophers, theologians, and psychologists, metaphysicians and charlatans have for ages past, and no doubt will for ages to come, argue and dispute, debate and wrangle over the question of visionary phenomena. They all admit the facts, confess the premises, but dispute over the conclusion. Some call it spritual manifestation, some call it second sight; some mediumistic revelations, and some remarkable coincidences. These attribute the faith of those to ignorance and superstition, while those attribute the disbelief of these to prejudice and contumacious self-conceit. The one in support of the faith, which is firmly fixed in the mind as the stars in the heavens, conscientiously recite well-established facts—unquestionable incidences and indisputable evidences. You may call them feverish dreams, optical illusions, or say that they are the result of vague, weak, fleeting phantasmagoria, still the mental phenomena is just the same. Friends have seen friends that were known to be far away at the moment of the fearful peril, or in the very agonies of death. So, too, the veil of futurity has been swept aside, and scenes yet to be enacted in days or months or years to come have been revealed in the pleasing dreams of refreshing sleep, or in the frightful tortures of the nightmare. The theory of remarkable coincidence may account to some minds as a satisfactory solution of these most extraordinary mental phenomena, but this

still leaves the question open and undecided, for nothing is proved.

What relation the mind has to the material body—the soul to the mind—the spirit to the soul, and time and place to the spirit, are questions too deep to be fathomed by the finite mind.

'Tis said the artist can look upon the blank surface of the canvas and there see the matchless beauty of the Madonna, even as Pygmalion is said to have looked upon the rough uncut marble and saw the bewitching face and splendid form of his future bride. "Mental creations," these cry "formed and fashioned by purpose, or design"; "spiritual creations," these reply "revealed by love—called up by genius." The argument proves nothing, but the disputants wax warm in mutual contempt. And each one leaves the arena with less of wisdom and less of patience. So spread out the canvas to the full extent of our mental vision, and with one wide sweep embrace the whole circle in the arms of charity, and we find ourselves still standing upon the rock of admitted facts with the waves of an unknown sea breaking around us. And so, whether we believe in mystic revelations—disentombed spirits—dream-like presentiments, or float over the troubled waters in a bark built of absolute skepticism, there are some truths we cannot deny. We cannot deny that there are times when a feeling of fear will come over us, and a vague, uncertain, inexplicable dread take possession of us. We feel the danger approaching, even afar off, and the cords of agonizing suspense tightening around our hearts, and we cannot shake the dread of danger from our limbs, nor roll back the shadows that gather around us. We feel that some unseen hand has winged an arrow barbed with sin or sickness, pain or sorrow, and shot it forth with unerring aim soon to quiver in our hearts. And at such times human courage is impotent to resist the fear, and human reason becomes as baseless



for hope as the shifting shadows of the mountain mist.

Helen Moore was no philosopher, though intelligent in the highest degree. She had read much and studied profitably, but the subtleties of metaphysics had no charms for her, and spiritualism and mesmerism as embodied and promulgated in the so-called speculative philosophy were to her the doctrines of sacrilege and impious curiosity. But she was human. She had long known that she could love, and now of late she had learned that she could fear. Her mother had died long years before, when Helen was quite an infant, at a period too early in the life of the child to leave any painful recollections upon her mind. So until that moment of dreadful anguish when she saw the one whom she loved with all the sincerity of her nature dead, as she thought, she had never experienced one moment of real fear—real anguish—real sorrow. She had looked upon death for those she loved as a thing afar off, and even then not to be dreaded, but as the entrance into a higher, holier, and better life. But when she thought it had come, and that, too, to take the one she loved the most of all the world, the blow fell and crushed her like a rock upon a rose-leaf, and left a bruise that would not heal. The hurt followed her to her sleep and disturbed her in her slumbers. More than once she had seen him in her dreams stretched upon the ground bleeding and lifeless. Nor was the scene always the same. Sometimes she saw him just as she saw him that afternoon when he was brought to her home surrounded by friends—only one of those friends seemed to have two faces, two voices, and two hearts, and that strange face with the double life seemed to be in part superhuman. He possessed the power to heal and the power to wound—the power to attract and the power to repel. One of those faces was beautiful, the other frightful; one full of noble candor and open manliness, the other rigid with enmity, selfishness, and fiendish hate. And likewise the two

voices of the strange friend differed the same as the two faces—one was soft, sweet, gentle, and full of melody, the other harsh and painfully discordant. And his two hearts were more unlike than his two faces. One was full of love, tenderness, and sympathy; the other the incarnation of corruption—the embodiment of vile deceit—a cesspool of filthy falsehood.

Then, again, she saw her lover far away in some strange place, lying as before, wounded, bleeding, lifeless. The same strange friend was there, but with him many, very many, others, and there seemed to be great excitement—men rushing here and there: horses without riders speeding over the plain, and there was a terrible smoke like to a dark cloud, and lightnings flashed and blazed, and deep thunders rolled and echoed along the sky and seemed to shake the hills in their foundations; and mingling with the deep roll of the thunders came the wild shouts of men and the sharp cry of pain; and some of those who stood around gathered there had their faces bathed in tears; some seemed all excitement and joyfully exultant, while some were rushing to and fro with shining guns or flashing sabres in their hands.

Helen could not understand what it all meant, so full of incongruity was the scene. But she felt a sickening fear at her heart and a cold chill creep over her limbs, and the same dreadful agony which crushed her life when she first saw her wounded lover lying pale, limp and lifeless. In vain did she tell herself in her wakeful moments that it was all a dream—a foolish dream—and that it would be an unpardonable weakness to yield even to one moment of fear, or entertain the thought that it was a real presentiment to be followed by reality. And what would be still more unpardonable, to think of that strange friend with the double life, and imagine that she could trace some resemblance to the handsome face of William Dodge, who had been and still

was so dear to Charles. She would say "such a thought is unworthy of me, unchristian like, uncharitable in the extreme, and must not be thought of again." Still, resolve as she might resolve, the vision had its effect, and Helen, despite her best endeavors, felt at times nervous and depressed.

She had never spoken to Charles on the subject. How could she. The secret, if it could be called a secret, was the first and only one she had ever kept from him. How could she confess such weakness to him in whose eyes she wanted to be everything that was noble, true, good and strong. He would laugh at such folly, if only to frighten away the blues from her—and a laugh to the tender, sensitive heart of love is next to, if not worse than, a scolding. So she tried to laugh at herself, and determined to dream no more such wicked dreams if she could help it; and if she could not, she resolved to bear it as a merited punishment for such folly. But it is easier far to make resolutions than it is to keep them, and so Helen found it. Old sensitive sores will sometimes hurt despite our every precaution, and so it was that Helen found it as she stood by her lover's side that afternoon and heard him speak of death.

Charles could not understand why his words should have affected Helen so deeply as to move her to tears. He felt mystified for a moment, but his love for her was too strong to leave him silent. So he took both her hands in his and said, "Come, precious, no tears now; I am not worth one of those jewels I see sparkling on your cheek, and besides," he continued, smiling a rather mischievous smile, "I have too much to live for, just now, to think of dying. Three months from to-day—you promised it this morning—just three months from this very day—. Blushes now; a smile—a little shower and then the sunshine and beauty is more beautiful still."

"Hush, you flatterer; I am half in mind to say three years instead of three months."

"Just to be unkind for *once* in your life?"

"You flatter yourself, Mr. Consistency. Why should I be in a hurry to wed one who says of himself he is not worth so much as a foolish tear?"

And she looked at him with a smile, while Peek-a-Bo played at the corners of her mouth as much as to say: "Now, Mr. Pleader, what is your reply to that?"

He looked at her in silence, his face all beaming with smiles, while his eyes expressed the admiration which his heart felt. Then he carried both of her hands to his lips and kissed the tips of her fingers, but he said nothing. She continued to look at him, her face wreathed in the same mischievous smile, and asked:

"Does your law books furnish you with a rejoinder?"

"No," he said, shaking his head; "but it does furnish me with a knowledge of what is the proper thing to do."

"Well," she said, still smiling, "the proper thing is the right thing, and the right thing should prevail. I will help you that much. The court will hear you, Mr. Consistency. What have you to say?"

Charles looked serious for a moment, and then said: "Submit to judgment and plead for mercy," and he bent his head in well-feigned humility.

"The court hears your prayer, and will consider the same," said Helen, assuming a mock dignity; "and inasmuch as you have plead guilty and thrown yourself upon the mercy of the court, the full penalty of the law ought not to be imposed, which, as you know, is imprisonment and hard labor, or perpetual banishment from our realms. So, therefore, in tender consideration of your prayer, it is considered and ordered by the court that you, Charles Reed, be allowed ninety days from this day that you may suitable arrangements make of your bachelor affairs; and that at the expiration of said ninety days you be taken by such person or persons as the court may appoint to the home of one Helen Moore, and then and there, be-

tween the hours of six and eight in the afternoon, be bound in golden chains or silken meshes in the royal service of the said Helen Moore for and during the term of your natural life."

"Amen! amen!" cried Charles, and they both broke into a merry laugh.

It was then ordered that the court stanp adjourned, and the lovers started for the Grove.

The home of Colonel Moore, known as the Grove, was a large, old-fashioned brick house, built something near a century ago, when heavy architecture was the prevailing idea. There were long, large columns of brick in front, supporting a high, upper porch. The halls were unusually wide, and the ceiling high, as compared with the present style. The building was two stories. The rooms, ten in all, were large and commodious, and were furnished in a manner more properly described as splendid than elegant. Almost the entire furniture bore the marks of anti-Revolutionary taste and English manufacture. Ashby Moore, the great-grandfather of Beverly Moore, had fitted up his American home according to his English pride, and Beverly Moore entertained too much reverence for the memory of his ancestors to feel a wish or entertain a thought of displacing the dear old heirlooms which had descended to him with the landed estate.

He left those things just as he found them, and exercised scrupulous care to preserve them free from decay or abuse. Grandfather's chair, and grandfather's clock, and grandfather's bed, were good enough for Beverly Moore; and the old-fashioned, heavy-made mahogany wardrobes, high-back sofas and half-round tables had a home-like appearance, and stood around with a dignified, aristocratic air; while the silver service and hand-painted china were the same his great-grandfather had set with pride before George III. in merry old England, and now seemed sufficiently elegant to satisfy the taste of a plain

Virginia country gentleman. And Helen Moore felt far more delight in seeing her father pleased than she would have been had all the elegance of the new style, both in plate and furniture, been allowed to usurp the places of those dear old heirlooms.

The house stood in the midst of a large grove of venerable old oaks, from which the estate took its name. They lifted their heads high in the air, waved their branches as though proud of their position, ready to stand bravely up to the storms that were to come as they had done the blasts of the past.

To the right, and some little distance back, was a neat row of negro cabins, sixteen in all, each one being the home of a family of colored people—all slaves—all bound to servitude, but all happy and contented. Just in front of the row of cabins was a double row of locust trees, while to the rear of each house was an acre or more of garden ground, in some of which rose-bushes and big sun-flowers mingled with the vegetable production, contrasting pleasingly with the white-washed cabins, and presenting all together a most comfortable and picturesque appearance.

To the left of the grove there was a large orchard of most choice fruit, just now ripe for the gathering, and just below this the majestic James rolled peacefully along, lending his bright, sparkling waters to complete the picture, and make beautiful and attractive this happy, hospitable home.

When Charles and Helen reached the house they found Mr. Dodge and Colonel Moore sitting on the porch in earnest conversation. The face of Colonel Moore was calm and thoughtful, expressive of serious reflection, like one who has listened to an eloquent discourse advocating views not wholly understood, nor altogether acquiesced in, or approved, but which the listener feels unable to dispute, and unprepared to contradict and refute, while the flushed face of Mr. Dodge showed the excitement of animated

discussion. It has been before remarked that Mr. Dodge was a most brilliant conversationalist. There was about him a charm of manner that it was impossible to resist. His voice was remarkably sweet, clear as a crystal, full of melody, and when he wished to make it so, deeply impressive. His enunciation was perfect, his gestures easy and graceful, and his vocabulary abundant, all of which added to the power of happy illustration, fine figure and handsome face enabled him to captivate the mind and fascinate the heart, and that seemingly without an effort, and without design and seemingly unconscious of the effect produced.

The play of his imagination was like the flash of a diamond. His wit sparkled like phosphorescent light in rippling waves, and his eloquence was couched in such subtle logic that it was impossible to contradict, though your mind might not assent. The fascination of the man, the mesmeric influence which he exerted, the attraction and charm of his conversation, seem to lie in the fact that there was no special effort to please, no conquest desired, no victory sought, no object to be gained, no self-laudation, no self-aggrandizement. It seemed as natural for him to be bright and interesting and unaffected as it was for the stars to shine, and in this seeming self-forgetfulness and utter abnegation lay hid the power that attracted you and the principle which bound you.

The Colonel and Mr. Dodge arose as Helen and Charles entered the porch. "I see," said Charles, addressing Colonel Moore, "you have been subjecting yourself to the delightful fascination of my friend Dodge. What pray has been the subject-matter of his bewitching conversation this afternoon?" But before Colonel Moore could reply, who did not appear in a hurry to do so, Mr. Dodge spoke and said:

"Come, no flattery, friend Reed; leave the graceful turn of compliment for those whose real merit can approve

it," and he turned his eyes to Helen with the most profound respect.

Helen bowed her head, in silent acknowledgment of the implied compliment, but inwardly wished she had escaped the courtesy. The party continued standing, and Mr. Dodge speaking rather as a reply to Charles's question to Colonel Moore, said, "I have been giving the Colonel some account of our college life; I told him what a good student you were and how gracefully and triumphantly you bore off the honors at the final celebrations. But I also had to tell, in order to paint the picture more to life, of some of the mischief and pranks into which we less studious boys led you." And here Mr. Dodge again recited for the benefit of Miss Helen some of the anecdotes he had been telling Colonel Moore, to which he added some others, all of which he told in such inimitable style and ludicrous manner, the whole party was convulsed with laughter. In the midst of which Colonel Moore took occasion to slip away, rather glad that he was thus relieved from answering Charles's question, which, to speak truly, was rather an embarrassing one, for at the moment the question was asked he was not thinking of the anecdotes that Dodge had told him earlier in the evening, but of what Dodge was saying just before Charles and Helen came in.

When Colonel Moore reached his sitting-room he closed the door behind him, stirred the warm embers on the hearth, and then sat down to think. For the first time in his life he felt his pride wounded by self-accusation. He had allowed himself to listen to a dissertation which he could not approve. He was mystified and to some extent felt subdued. He felt humiliated and over-powered. His mind told him there was some error, some design, some fallacy. His heart felt it so, but his intellect could not grasp the full truth and tear away the vail of deception. He could not refute, but he would not give credence to the folly of spiritualism.



Colonel Moore had passed the prime of life; he was on the shady slope, gently gliding on down towards his "three-score years and ten." In early life he was a soldier and won his epaulets on the frontier in the wars against the hostile Indians. But he soon tired of a soldier's life and returned from the army to enjoy the quiet and peace of his elegant home and the society of his wife. He had married, at the age of twenty-five, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Berkley Page, of Albemarle, whose delightful home was in sight of the classic shades of the University of Virginia. Mr. Page was a finished scholar, brilliant, successful lawyer, and shrewd politician. He had represented his district several times in Congress with distinguished ability, and had gained quite a reputation as a ready debator. But his gallantries were often the subject of comment, and especially just before his death, which was both mysterious and tragic in the extreme. He was sitting one day in his office talking to a client, when some one knocked at the door. The office-boy stepped forward and opened the door, and as he did so a tall man, apparently a stranger to all present, entered the room. Mr. Page arose to receive his visitor, and as he did so the stranger advanced several paces towards him, and, without saying a word or moving his lips, raised his right arm and fired a pistol, which he had carried concealed behind him, straight at Mr. Page, and then, without waiting a moment to see the result of his shot, placed the muzzle of the pistol against his own temple and fired the second barrel. The two men, facing each other, fell forward and expired without a groan, the hand of the stranger clutching the arm of Mr. Page in the agonies of death. The sound of the shots and the screams of the office-boy echoed through the building and sounded down the stairway and out on the streets. Crowds rushed up the steps in the wildest excitement, only to behold the ghastly spectacle. The blood of the

two men was scattered over the floor, and mingling in a pool between them, while from the forehead of one and the temple of the other their brains were slowly oozing out. "What is this?" "What does it mean?" "Who did it?" came in quick, hot breath from every lip, and the gathering crowd stood stupified with horror, gazing first at the dead men and then at the client, who was standing more horrified than any, with gaping mouth and demented eyes, gazing with the expression of a maniac at the crowd that came rushing in; while the office-boy writhed in the very agonies of fear. "What does it mean?" shouted the crowd, advancing, and some of them took hold of the client, who still stood standing like a pillar of stone. But he could not answer, nor has any one been able to answer to this day.

After a time the client and the office-boy were able to tell what happened in the office, but more than this they did not know and could not tell. And so the secret sleeps, if indeed there was any secret, and perhaps will continue to sleep to the end of time. Every effort was made to unravel the mystery, but the most skillful endeavors were fruitless of result. All that could be learned of the murderer and suicide was that he had been seen once or twice walking past Mr. Page's office-door, and was observed to stop and read the sign and then look up the steps as though waiting for some one to come down.

His dress indicated means, with something of taste and care. His hands showed no marks of manual labor, and his skin indicated that he had not been subjected to the heat of the sun. Those who had noticed him said the expression of his face was sad, and his manner rather abstracted and melancholy. He was about fifty years of age, and on his clothes were found the initials "W. D." There were no papers found on his person, nor in fact anything that could give the slightest clue as to who he was or whence he came. He wore on his shirt-front a

small gold badge, the sign of the compass and the square, and this was evidence enough for the Masons that he might be an unfortunate brother, and so they took his body and buried it with decency and respect. And as they stood around the grave silent and thoughtful each one as he dropped a flower in the grave thought, Who knows but that he suffered some deep grievance? Who knows but that he had been given some heavy burthen to bear which petrified his heart and made life intolerable? Who could say that it was not some deep wrong done to a wife or a daughter that death alone could avenge? None can know. Then let all spread over the grave the veil of charity, and leave the unknown brother to the mercy of his Maker.

The death of her father was a terrible shock to Mrs. Moore. It broke her spirits and undermined her health, and for some years it was feared she would fall a victim to melancholy. But when there came a hope that she would become a mother, her spirits revived, and for a time she seemed to take a new lease on life. Colonel Moore from first to last had done all for her that love could suggest. He fairly worshiped his invalid wife. The bright sunshine of glorious summer was not half so full of light as was her radiant smile. And when he saw her spirits revive and she blushing told him the secret of her joy his happiness knew no bounds. He clasped her to his heart and pressed his lips to her's in one long, silent kiss.

In due time baby was born; and there was no name so dear to his heart as that of his own precious wife—his lovely Helen. So baby must have mother's name, and he would love them as one. But "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," and so the strength that was given to the baby was taken from the mother; and when the spring came and the flowers bloomed and the birds sang the spirit of Mrs. Moore soared away to bask in the

light of redeeming love, and to mingle her voice in a sweeter choir.

We will pass over in silence the grief of Colonel Moore. He had loved with a devotion, he now mourned with a sorrow which the world can never know. Strong man as he was, he was crushed to the very dust. He bowed his head with Christian humility, but his heart felt the death wound to hope.

As the years passed by and Helen grew from childhood to mature years, he saw in her the ever-increasing resemblance to her mother, and though he had lavished his affections upon her from the first, she came nearer and nearer to his heart as this resemblance developed, until she was, indeed, the very center of his soul. He lived for the happiness of his child, the welfare of his servants, and the glory of his State—the grand old Commonwealth of Virginia. And to do his whole duty to each of these was the full tide of his ambition. He had not aspired to be a great scholar, though he was strong-minded and resolute. He had never dabbled in politics, and least of all things had he taken any interest in “isms.” He yielded not to the schismatic erudition or scholastic lore as was then set forth in the popular mania of spirit rapping, table walking, animal magnetism, and electro-mesmerism. He heard these matters discussed; he saw many who confessed themselves proselytes to the strange idea that an immortal soul, to amuse a lot of idle girls, would materialize itself into the pine legs of a deal table and tell which fool would be guilty of the first folly. These manifestations he considered nothing more than simple deception, and the record of them nothing less than the jargon of half-crazy cranks; they were the imbecile illusions of monomania, or the diabolical trickery of charlatans. But when he heard William Dodge, the friend of Charles Reed; William Dodge, the elegant, accomplished gentleman; William Dodge, the master of elo-

quence and the personification of refinement; William Dodge, the unselfish, liberal-minded philanthropist; William Dodge, the soul of chivalry and the ensign of moral courage, speak the unquestionably laudations of spiritualism, and assert with commendable candor the revelations which he had enjoyed and the wonderful manifestations which he had witnessed, what could he say? How could he doubt? How could he question the veracity of William Dodge? How could he deny, or disbelieve, or dispute the logical conclusions that had been drawn? How could the intelligence of William Dodge be deceived? How could his gigantic mind be hoodwinked? The result was inevitable. The conclusion was indisputable. There was something in spiritualism, or there was fraud somewhere. Thus he was brought to the stand. He was made to face the alternative. He was too conscientious to assert what he had no evidence to establish, and too sensible to admit a dogma founded on simple assertion; and thus he vacillated between the dictations of his heart and the evidences which his reason could not refute; and so his proud spirit chafed while it struggled in the meshes of the inexplicable dilemma. He could see no reason why William Dodge should wish to deceive him. Then, too, how could William Dodge know anything of the grand secret of his life.

Besides the qualifications already alluded to there were others which William Dodge possessed in a very remarkable degree, which, for private reasons of his own, he most studiously avoided displaying. These were his keen observation of persons and peculiarities. Besides, he was a profound judge of human nature. He seemed to know the human heart as a master pianist knows the keyboard of his instrument.

He could touch what cords he pleased. He could awaken the softest and sweetest harmonies, or he could sweep with a wild dash of his hand the full gamut of

the human heart, and call forth the storms of consuming passion from the deepest hidden recesses of the soul.

It was a part of the plan of William Dodge to subject Colonel Moore to his will, and to bring him into surveillance to aid him in supplanting Charles in the affections of Helen Moore.

William Dodge did not know Helen Moore, neither did he know the strength of woman's love; when woman's love is love. It never had, it never can enter into the mind of men like William Dodge the power to understand women like Helen Moore. The depth of a true woman's soul is too deep to be fathomed by the sounding bar of unprincipled sensuality. William Dodge judged woman as he would a butterfly—a bright gaudy thing flitting from tree to flower, ready to leave the beauty of the rose if it can find another more brilliant bud—and so he thought he might dazzle Helen's eyes and eclipse Charles; not that he cared for Helen's affections; he could not appreciate them if he could win them; to him they were only as beautiful flowers to be plucked by the wayside of life to be dissected as a thing of curiosity, or enjoyed as something of novelty and then to be cast aside, or, which was nearer the truth in this case, a means to forward his purpose and assist in his dark designs.

He had been cheated—robbed—foiled by Charles Reed and in the full flow of his wrath he had opened a vein in his arm and let out his blood after the manner of the ancients, and swore, as he sipped the red fluid, that he would be avenged on Charles Reed; and that vow he would keep, though the surging cauldrons of hell rolled hot between him and his object.

What was the faith of William Dodge no human being could tell. He professed christianity, he practiced charity, he advocated morality, taught sobriety, and wore the robes of humility; but wherefore none could tell. No one had ever heard him speak of heavenly bliss, nor

allude to the immortality of the soul. These were subjects about which his lips were sealed, and though always courteous, even to the menial and the slave, he had his way of silencing every allusion to the subject made in his presence, outside of the pulpit. There was in this a seeming contradiction to his whole life, but it was passed over by his friends as his one eccentricity. They thought it might be associated with some painful incident in his life, and so did not obtrude.

When Colonel Moore retired to his sitting room, leaving the young people standing on the porch, they turned and passed into the parlor. As they entered the room, Charles said, "Come, Dodge, you have never yet sung for Miss Helen; you must favor us with a song."

"Oh! do, Mr. Dodge, I shall be so pleased to hear you sing," said Helen. "Mr. Reed says you have a fine voice."

As Helen spoke, she walked to the centre-table and turned up the lamp which the house-maid had placed there; Charles in the meantime advanced and opened the piano.

"My friend Charles is a partial critic, Miss Moore," said Dodge, "or else he is a poor judge of music, for I am only a moderately indifferent performer."

"Then Miss Helen shall judge for herself as to the merits of your music," said Charles, "and her judgment will convict or acquit me of being a partial critic or a poor judge, of which I now stand accused."

"That is fair, Mr. Dodge," said Helen, "so now we will have the song."

"It seems that I must submit," replied Mr. Dodge, "for a 'Daniel has come to judgment,' and as he walked to the piano and took his seat, he smiled and added, "a Daniel as fair as the fair Portia herself."

"Thank you," said Helen, and she too tried to smile, but it was not the smile which lighted up her face when her heart was glad, for she enjoyed compliments only

when they came from those she loved and knew loved her.

Mr. Dodge swept his hands over the keys, striking various chords, and producing various harmonious sounds, but no special tune, and then paused and asked, "What shall I sing?"

"Your own favorite, Mr. Dodge," replied Helen; "let that be the first."

Mr. Dodge raised his left hand to his face, and passed it across his brow as though to brush away the cobwebs of uncertainty and fix upon some certain song, and then said, "You must not mind then if it be something that appeals to the heart when the soul is full of feeling. I will sing a song which I wrote myself, suggested by seeing a cold-hearted but beautiful woman refuse to grant a poor heart-broken man to whom she had once been engaged an interview, which he had most humbly craved."

He then sung the song which he called, "Hear me, Love;" and he sang it in the most masterly manner. He threw his whole soul into the music, and the song as he rendered it was the wild wail of a broken heart.

### THE SONG.

Hear me, love, I pray thee, hear me !  
For my heart is truly thine,  
For my soul hath never faltered  
Though my soul in sadness pine.  
Though all my life is filled with gloom,  
Thou canst that life with radiance fill;  
Then hear me, love, I pray thee, hear me—  
God doth know I love thee still !

Long in foreign lands I've wandered,  
My cruel fate hath made me roam,  
But in all my dread misfortune  
My soul hath not one falsehood known.  
Oh ! bid me live, for I am dying,  
Bid light, my life with radiance fill ;  
Oh ! hear me, love, I pray thee, hear me—  
God doth know I love thee still !



In every pleasing dream I've seen thee  
Radiant as the morning star,  
Matchless as the queen of beauty,  
Crowned with roses sweet and fair.  
Thy smile to me is like the glory  
Of the sunset over the hill;  
Then hear me, love I pray thee, hear me—  
God doth know I love thee still !

The song sung as it was in the most pathetic manner could but touch the sympathetic cords of Helen's heart and bedewed her eyes with the flow of tenderness. She moved her position as the singer ceased so as to place her back to the light and thus shade her face; for a single moment she was silent, and then she said, "I will have to acquit Mr. Reed of your grave charges."

"Thank you, Miss Moore," replied Mr. Dodge, "I shall treasure up that delicate compliment," and he looked down as though he was trying to conceal an appreciation which he dared not express.

"I too must thank you, Dodge" said Charles; "I never heard you sing that song before. Some day Miss Helen will no doubt sing for you in return as reward for us both, but we must be riding now; I promised father to be home to tea, and yon star glimmering in the West you see through the window heralds the approach of evening."

Helen invited the gentlemen to stay to tea, but Charles declined, saying, "I am in filial duty to be home early to-night. Father expects to leave for Richmond in the morning and said he wished to speak with me on matters of business before he leaves." As Charles said this the young people walked out on the porch, and Mr. Dodge as though profoundly considerate of love's inclination for an unwitnessed parting, walked to the further end of the porch, and pretended to be deeply interested in astronomical observations. Just then the tea-bell sounded, and Helen renewed her invitation to tea, but Charles, laughing, said, "Nay, no time is to be lost; it is needful that I go to

arrange my bachelor affairs," and he pressed Helen's hand.

Mr. Dodge heard the remark, and coming forward, said "Be careful; no inuendoes—no conspiracy—no plotting against the whites."

Helen laughed her merry ringing laugh, and said, "Have him arrested, Mr. Dodge; his mind is on mischief bent."

The gentlemen then took their leave and soon the quick clatter of horses' feet told of rapid riding for Melrose Abbey, the home of Dabney Reed.



## CHAPTER IX.

AT the time Charles was hurt by the fall from his horse, he was carried, as we have seen, to the Grove by Uncle Ben and William Dodge, the Grove being much nearer than the Abbey, the home of Mr. Reed. Charles's father was sent for at once, and medical aid quickly summoned. Mr. Reed and Doctor Hall both came as quickly as possible. When Charles fell his head struck a rock, which produced concussion of the brain, which rendered him insensible for some hours. He was not seriously, but painfully hurt, so much that he could not be taken home for several days, during which time he was nursed with all the tenderness of love and affection.

Mr. Dodge had shown himself the most anxious and sorrowful of friends. He was unremiss in his attentions and most tender in his nursing. He seemed to feel that he was to some extent the cause of the mishap, and this afforded ample occasion to show his anxiety for the safety and welfare of the wounded friend.

As soon as he told his name all knew well who he was, and Mr. Reed as soon as he arrived recognized him at once. He said he was on his way to make Charles a visit in accordance with his promise at the time they parted. He had gotten off the packet-boat and started to walk to Melrose Abbey, as the distance was short and the weather fine, and had just stopped for a moment to rest and enjoy the scenery when he saw Charles coming, and recognizing him at once, in the joy of his heart started up quickly to speak to Charles, and most unexpectedly and unintentionally became the occasion of the unfortunate fall. He

said he had not written Charles to apprise him of the proposed visit, because he was not certain until the last moment that he would be able to get off. Besides, he wished to give his friend a regular surprise.

Neither Helen, Colonel Moore, or Mr. Reed entertained for one moment the slightest suspicion as to the correctness of Mr. Dodge's statement, nor questioned the sincerity of his grief.

Uncle Ben told what he knew in regard to the matter, which did not materially conflict with anything Mr. Dodge said on the subject. "He did not see Mars Charles fall, and only came 'long by chance to fetch him home and save his life." But he shook his head and looked serious when any one spoke of Mr. Dodge. He did not see Mr. Dodge do anything wrong. It was what Mr. Dodge did not do that bothered the old negro. So when he saw how attentive and careful Mr. Dodge waited on Charles, how sorry he looked, and how concerned he seemed, the old man was more than ever puzzled. He would turn away his face, set his head to one side, and look thoughtful, as though to say, "There is something I can't understand." And when night came on he insisted that "He, too, would stay up and be on hand in case Mars Charles should come round and want something. 'Twant right for Miss Helen to be up, and Mars Beverly and Mars Dabney wan't used to bein' up late, and he knowed the Doctor would go to sleep, and Mr. Dodge was a stranger and couldn't find nothing if 'twas wanted." So he said, "I'm gwine to stay up jest in case anybody should want something, 'cause I knows most whar everything is, any-way."

Mr. Dodge would have been most pleased to have dispensed with the old negro's company during the silent vigils of the night, and with a view to conciliation attempted to place a half-dollar in the old negro's hand, saying as he did so in the kindest voice imaginable, "I

am younger than you are. If you should drop to sleep I will wake you if you are needed." But old Ben drew back his hand and said, "Please, Boss, but I rather do this for love than money." And he gave Mr. Dodge a look full of sadness and full of inquiry.

The old negro's heart was troubled. His instincts were at work. He would say to himself, "Somethin' is whispering to me, but so low I can't catch all the words. My mind is atellin' me somethin', but I can't jist make out what he say. I don't know how 'tis, but I'm gwine to see what I see dis night!" and he was faithful to that resolution.

The old man's eyes followed Mr. Dodge as he moved about the room, and noted the slightest thing that was done. For the first time in all his life the brilliant, fascinating William Dodge had met his match, and he felt embarrassed beneath the sad but respectful gaze of the old servant.

Reader, did you ever feel yourself the object of suspicion? Did you ever feel that you were constantly watched? Did you ever feel that your every movement was closely noted, and that every expression of your face and tone of your voice was subjected to the closest scrutiny? And you unable to escape it, and powerless to resist or resent it? If so, you have known what it is to be perfectly miserable.

There is such a thing as a conscience even in a dog. If you don't believe it wait until you have detected a dog in the act of killing a sheep or sucking an egg, and then look at him, and if the expression of his eye and the drop of his tail don't satisfy you that he feels that he has been caught doing a mean thing, then skip the balance of this chapter, and claim that you have won the debate.

William Dodge would not live over again the agonies of that night for all the jewels of the British Crown. He felt that the instinct of that old illiterate slave had at last pierced the veil, which had been used to baffle edu-

cated reason and refined culture, and that his heart had now become an open book of vile pictures subject to the gaze of at least that old black negro.

When day dawned, he resigned his place by the bedside of Charles to Mr. Reed, and retired to the room assigned him, ostensibly to sleep; but sleep found no place with him. He closed the door, and turning looked in the glass. He was startled by the ghastly pallor of his cheeks and haggard expression. He was frightened; he felt detected; he felt undone, ruined, disgraced. He stood a moment and gazed at himself reflected from the mirror. Then his fear gave place to anger, and anger to infuriated passion. He ground his teeth and clinched his hands like a raving maniac, and cursed, with the bitterest and most blasphemous curse, the "base black soul of the old slave. But for him that medicine might have gone to the slop-bowl, and my mission here possibly half accomplished. With these nails I could tear out that accursed life, and with these hands I could pluck that foul tongue from his throat. And by the demon of darkness, I'll do it. Hell take my soul if I don't."



## CHAPTER X.

MELROSE ABBEY was something over a mile from the Grove. The two plantations joined each other, only the river separating them. They were both elegant farms, and were considered among the most productive and best cultivated in all the State; and the respective owners, Dabney Reed and Beverly Moore, had been life-long friends. They differed in many respects, but they were both high-toned, high-minded, honorable men, and the heart of either would have withered at the thought of being guilty of a low, or mean act. They belonged to the same church, and voted the same ticket in politics. They believed in the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy, which had been taught them by their fathers, and with them a principle was fixed and immutable. Men may change, ideas may change, circumstances may change, and policy may change; but principles never change, they are as fixed as the shining stars. Policy is one thing, principle another. Principle once settled, is settled for all time, and to violate a principle is to degrade the soul.

History told them that the doctrine of the Jeffersonian Democracy was clearly, concisely and unequivocally set forth in the Kentucky resolutions of '98 and the Virginia resolutions of '99, and that the doctrine of these resolutions was overwhelmingly endorsed and clearly settled by the election of Thomas Jefferson to the presidency in 1800 as the principles of the Federal constitution; and no power on earth could change those principles and no human being could violate them without injustice, and where injustice is done wrong is inflicted.

What the constitution spoke then, and intended to speak, must be spoken and intended until the constitution is changed, for written documents never vary their meaning. A contract to do or not to do, stands a contract to do or not to do for all time. What the framers of the constitution intended is the obligation which they undertook. The obligation which they undertook is the obligation imposed upon every man, woman and child who claims the protection of that sacred instrument. The constitution could be changed. It can be changed now. There was a way provided to change it. There is still a way by which it may be changed. But until that change is made the principle first intended is the principle still obligatory.

Don't let us say one thing and mean another. Don't let us mean one thing and do another. Don't let us do one thing and preach another. The gist of every contract is the intent, and there is no rule of construction so infallible as that the parties who make a contract are the most competent to speak as to the intent, and when the makers of a contract have spoken and declared the intent, no power on earth has the right to change the interpretation.

The constitution of the United States was adopted in the year 1789. The resolutions known as the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of '98 and '99, was a political interpretation of the constitution, and that interpretation was overwhelmingly voiced in the election of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency in the year 1800, and re-elected four years later, and again endorsed by the election of Mr. Madison for two terms, at the expiration of Mr. Jefferson's terms of service, for Mr. Jefferson was the author of the Kentucky resolutions, and the Virginia resolutions were written by Mr. Madison.

It is hardly necessary to tell an American reader, that the doctrine set forth in these Kentucky and Virginia resolutions is the doctrine properly known as "Jeffersonian Democracy."



Then to be brief, Jeffersonian Democracy means a strict construction of the constitution of the United States. It means that the Federal government has no power except delegated powers. That all powers not delegated to the Federal constitution are reserved to the States. It means that the States, at the time of the adoption of the Federal constitution were free, sovereign and independent States, and that they did not surrender their sovereignty by acceding to, or adopting the Federal constitution; and as free sovereign and independent States, each State has the right to judge for itself, not only as to infractions of the constitution by Congress or by a sister State, but also the manner of redress.

That the reader may fully understand the nature of the Kentucky resolutions, and see for him or herself the grounds on which the States-right doctrine rest, the author, even at the risk of proving tedious to some, ventures to give a verbatim copy of the first of these resolutions; for upon the principles embodied in them, the right of secession rest. The resolutions were as follows:

“That the several States, composing the United States of America, are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government; but that by compact, under the style and title of a constitution for the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers reserving each State to itself, the residuary mass of right to their own self-government. And that whensoever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no force. That to this compact, each State acceded as a State, and is an integral part, its co-States forming as to itself the other party. That this government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself. Since that would have made its discretion,

and not the constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress."

These resolutions were written by Mr. Jefferson for the Kentucky Legislature, and passed by that body, and intended as a rebuke to Mr. Adams, who had shown by his administration a tendency towards consolidation. The country endorsed Mr. Jefferson, and elevated him to the presidency.

These events took place in the infancy of the Republic. The men who made the constitution were still alive; they knew what they intended. Then there can be no doubt but that the Kentucky resolutions were in strict accord with the spirit and intent of the constitution. The principle cannot change. Change the constitution if it does not suit you; but do not change the meaning until you change the compact.

Such were the politics of Beverly Moore and such were the politics of Dabney Reed; but the two men differed in many other respects. They differed in temperament, they differed in habits, they differed in taste, they differed in the bent of their intellectuality, and in many other characteristics. Beverly Moore was mild, amiable, gentle, sympathetic, warm-hearted and impulsive; liberal to a fault, quick to forgive, candid and open. He dealt honestly with the world. He never entertained a suspicion, and was ever ready to compromise a right rather than to take the risk of inflicting a wrong.

Dabney Reed was firm, resolute, determined, often impetuous, though ever generous. What was due him, he wanted, though he might take it with one hand and give it back with the other. What was due to others, he yielded up with a more than willing spirit. Where his mind was in doubt, he was neither austere nor arrogant;

but what he knew to be his right, he exacted down to the last scruple, and in this respect he looked upon a compromise as a quasi false confession.

He was the leading lawyer in all his section of the State, and enjoyed a wide and lucrative practice. Congressional honors had been repeatedly tendered him, but all of these he had politely, but firmly declined, because between the political role and the legal profession, he considered the latter the most honorable. He had no inclination to elbow for place and preferment; he enjoyed his independence and appreciated the liberty of action. He was ever ready to serve his native State if she desired his services. That was a duty as well as a pleasure; to serve his State was like the privilege to serve his dear old mother, it was an honor, and when he did come to render his service, it was her good and her glory that invoked the inspiration. The laurel wreath was for her brow, the crown was for her adornment.

In the presidential canvass, which had just closed, and which had resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Reed had taken a deep interest and active part; he had advocated the claims of Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and he had brought to the support of that claimant all the powers of his eloquence and the patriotism of his heart.

He spoke in many parts of the State, and the splendor of his declamation, coupled with the inexorable logic of facts borne on and pressed forward with all the intense earnestness of his nature and the burning enthusiasm of his heart, elicited the profoundest respect and commanded the highest admiration.

He advocated the claims of Douglas because he thought there had been a departure from Democratic usage in the disruption of the Charleston Convention. He advocated the claims of Douglas because he believed the platform of that ticket was in accord with the spirit of compromise of

1850, and he advocated the carrying out of that compromise, because he believed that equity and good conscience required that terms of adjustment in the matter of a disputed claim, once agreed upon and clearly defined, should be kept in good faith as a principle of political morals. He advocated the claims of Douglas because he believed that his election would be more conducive to the peace and harmony of the whole Union. Douglas stood the mean between the extreme aggressive abolition idea of the North and the red-hot defiance of the South; he believed the Douglas platform was the only ground upon which the Union could rest secure, and his election the only election that could assuage the surging passions of sectional discord; but his efforts were in vain, the storm of passion raged with dreadful fury; the deep thunders of gathering wrath rolled and muttered in angry cadence all along the political sky, and brave men held their breath in painful silence and anxious suspense, waiting to see where the lightnings would strike.

The spirit of compromise was dead—Lincoln himself had said so; he had declared "that the time had come when the Union could not endure half slave and half free," and Seward had echoed back the cry and sent the defiance forth, demanding the gage of battle upon the plain of "the irrepressible conflict," declaring "that the United States must and will become entirely slave-holding or entirely free-labor."

Such words from such sources meant death to constitutional guarantees—death to the institution of the South—death to her sons, and desecration to her soil. Of all the millions of people North and South, there was not one who imagined for one single moment that Mr. Lincoln entertained the remotest idea that the North would ever become slave territory. No! he meant death to the institution of slavery, and that by the strong arm of war, if he meant anything, and he was not a man likely to

indulge in gasconades, for he knew that the South was not ready to advocate emancipation. Such was the language of Mr. Lincoln, made in a political speech at Springfield, Illinois, on the 17th day of June, 1858, and endorsed and approved and re-echoed by William H. Seward, at Rochester, New York, on the 25th day of October of the same year. And yet, despite this language of Mr. Lincoln, despite this declaration of war, despite this open hostility to the interests and institutions of one half of the States of the Union, despite this fixed purpose, freely expressed and loudly proclaimed, to force the opinions of the North over the barriers of the constitution, and down the throats of the people of the South, this was the man that the Republican party had, in the very face of such expressions, nominated for president of the United States, and elected him to be the chief magistrate of the National Republic. Twelve States did not give him a single solitary vote, and the three States of Virginia (then including West Virginia), Maryland and Delaware, combined, with a voting population of *three hundred and twenty-one thousand*, only gave him eight thousand votes.

South Carolina was furious with indignation, while the whole South stood amazed at the rapid advance of fanaticism. The candid reader would do well to pause and contemplate. Fifteen States of the Union were slave-holding States. What was the South to do? How could she feel secure? Thirteen of the States, which had voted for Mr. Lincoln, had openly and avowedly disregarded their obligations under that clause of the constitution which provided for the rendition of fugitive slaves. There can be no dispute about the facts. The North admitted the breach of contract; admitted the violation of the constitution; declared they could not and would not keep the terms nor the spirit of the obligation. They justified their acts on conscientious grounds. Liberty of con-

science they demanded ; liberty of conscience they denied to the South. Again, what was the South to do, if the resolutions of '98 and '99 were a true exposition of the principles of the constitution, and a correct expression of the rights of the States, then the South had the right to judge, as well of the infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress. If she had the right and exercised it, who had the right to oppose it? Who will say, to deny a right is not to inflict a wrong?

Such were the thoughts and feelings and opinions of Dabney Reed. Such was his political creed, formed and fixed after deep study, full and laborious investigation, and a sincere desire to find the truth and do the right; and Charles Reed had drunk at the same fountain with his father, and imbibed the same ideas, and now shared with him the same political principles: and it may be truthfully said, that with but slight variation in the matter of policy, the opinions and politics of Dabney Reed, as here set forth, reflected the political creed of ninety-nine one-hundredths of the entire citizens of the South, since the record shows that the vote stood 321,000 to 8,000 in Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware, while not a single vote was cast for Mr. Lincoln in the other twelve cotton States.



## CHAPTER XI.

SUPPER was announced soon after the young men reached Melrose Abbey, and when they entered the dining-room they found that Mr. Reed had company to tea in the person of the worthy Dr. Hall, the family physician: if indeed it can be properly said Mr. Reed had any family physician, since he and Charles were all that were left—his wife having died many years before, and shortly thereafter his only daughter. But Mr. Reed was the owner of quite a number of servants, and it was to attend to these that the professional visits of the doctor were made.

The four gentlemen took their seats at the table, and Dr. Hall—doctor like—took the lead in the conversation. He told such matters of neighborhood news as he had gathered in the rounds of his practice, indulging the while in such comments thereon as circumstances suggested. Just as the meal was ended the post-boy brought in the mail and handed it to Mr. Reed, who looked it over and distributed the letters. There were two for Charles, both from old college friends—one from Chester Hemphill, of South Carolina, and the other from Mr. Sparks. There was also a letter for Mr. Dodge, post-marked Washington, D. C., which he opened, glanced at its contents, and then put it in his pocket.

Mr. Reed's letters, with one exception, were business letters relating to professional matters. This one was from his warm, personal friend, John T. Thornton, of Cumberland county, who had been an elector on the Breckinridge ticket.

Mr. Reed read the letter aloud. It was eminently con-

servative and full of feeling. There was no gush nor passion about it, but the whole letter breathed a tone of sadness and regret which showed the sincerity of the writer. He fully appreciated the fact that our country was in the midst of a terrible crisis, and he freely confessed that he could not see any way clear that would lead out of the troubles.

After speaking at some length with much regret in regard to the unfortunate differences between the two wings of the Democratic party and the disruption of the Charleston Convention, which, he said, ought never to have occurred, and the late platform of the Whig party, which was simply that they would have no special platform other than "A resolution to sustain, uphold and keep inviolate the constitution of the United States," he closed his letter by saying:

"We who believe in the constitution, who desire that it shall be construed according to the letter and the principles of '98 and '99, and who believe the Union ought not and cannot be continued upon any other principle than 'the constitution kept,' have lost this fight by our folly. While we were wasting our time elbowing for place at a side-show the Black Republicans have rushed in and occupied our seats in the main building, for the election returns show that Mr. Lincoln has only received 1,857,000 of the popular vote, while the other candidates have received in the aggregate 2,804,000; but under the law Mr. Lincoln is elected, and now the question is what is to be done.

"For my part, I say let us commit no more follies. Let us do nothing rashly. Let us unite our hands, the same as our hearts are united, for the good of our whole land and the peace of our common country."

"You have much influence in the North and much influence in the South. Write to your friends in both sections and join me in the prayer for conciliation. Do



what you can to cast oil upon the troubled waters before the waves rise too high and the good ship founders in the storm."

"I believe if the North will only stay the hand of fanaticism and show a willingness to guarantee constitutional rights—repeal their obnoxious 'fugitive slave acts' and 'liberty bills,' which they know and admit are unconstitutional—and the South can only be induced to stay all action until angry passion has had time to cool, there will be no disunion."

"But if we cannot induce the North to stay and pursue the path of justice, and give to us the rights which they admit the constitution pledges; then, by all means, if we must act, let us act in harmony. I look upon it in any case as actually essential, and of the very highest importance, that the South shall act as a unit."

"I beg, then, that you will especially write to your friends of South Carolina and urge them not to be hasty; not to be rash; not to be precipitate; but to wait and co-operate with the other Southern States, for what is done by one should be done by all; else better that nothing be done by any. Time is requisite to co-operation; co-operation then means time gained; time gained affords opportunity for meditation; meditation will cool the blood, and prove profitable employment, and thus the North, too, may be induced to stop and think."

"Let us take care that we do not mistake passion and prejudice and partisan purposes for principle. Let us take care that we do not mistake the fury of fever and the madness of monomania for the glow of patriotism."

Mr. Reed arose to his feet, as he finished reading this most loyal and truly patriotic letter, and walked the floor in manifest agitation, his countenance aglow with the light of intellectual excitement.

"Thornton is right," he said; "yes, Thornton is right—right in his head and right in his heart. This letter

breathes the spirit of lofty patriotism, moral courage, and glorious manhood. We have suffered deep wrong beyond a question; we have been reviled, abused, slandered, vilified and insulted by the pulpit and the press, by the people, and by incendiary pamphlets. We have been called infidels, heretics and heathens. We have been denounced as slave-hunters, slave-drivers, slave-sellers, slave-killers; called traffickers of human blood and barterers of human souls. We have been read outside of the pale of christianity and steeped in the very dregs of barbarism. Every word that can insult and every epithet that can degrade has been applied to us. The lash of moral correction has been laid upon our naked backs until manhood revolts at the scourge. Mockery and ridicule and hatred have been poured out upon our heads in one unbroken stream of vituperation for fifty years. Their statute books glow with the rhetoric of denunciation against us; and that in admitted violation of the national constitution, they have flooded our country with their flaming pamphlets, kindling the fires of insurrection among our slaves, and inciting them to attempt to walk to the goal of freedom over the blood of our slaughtered babes and through the smoke of our burning homes. They have sent their emissaries among us with fire and sword to levy war, and teach us the rules of morality. The echoes of John Brown's guns have hardly yet hushed their reverberations through yonder blue hills, and the blood of our massacred citizens is hardly dry upon the sacred soil of Virginia, and now to crown the climax they elect to be our master the man who declares that 'the time has come when the Union cannot endure half slave and half free;' and this—all this—is preached as the cause of morality and the virtue of christian humility. My God! to what period in the world's history does such teaching and such preaching belong."

Mr. Reed ceased speaking, but continued to walk the

floor, with his hands clinched and his lips compressed, exhibiting the most intense indignation. He continued his walk for some moments in silence, and then pausing turned and faced the company, and in a milder tone said: "Yet I am for conciliation. I am for peace. I am for the Union if the Union can be saved. If it were a personal matter I would die before I would yield; but it is for my country, and for my country I will bear the burthen. The fanatics of the North shall not destroy the glorious heritage of our fathers if any effort or any sacrifice of mine can save it."

"Yes, I am for peace. I am for harmony. I am for conciliation. I am for the Union on constitutional grounds and honorable terms. I want no discord, and, above all things, I want no civil war. There are too many good and true men at the North; too many high-minded, honorable, christian gentlemen; too many pure, noble, patriotic citizens up there, who love truth and justice, and who hate and abhor wrong and dishonesty, in religion and in politics, too well to suffer the blind passion of prejudice and the mad fanaticism of Black Republicanism to execute such designs upon the institutions of the South as were shadowed forth in the speech of Mr. Lincoln made at Springfield and that of Mr. Seward made at Rochester."

"Yes, I will do what I can to secure harmony and save this Union. I will join my best efforts with those of my friend Thornton, and I will even vie with him in my endeavors to assuage the angry waters that are now dashing on the sea of passion."

"Doctor, I believe in my heart that if the good, true, patriotic, Union-loving people of the North and South, who really desire to place the Union upon the bed-rock of constitutional government, and right and truth and justice and virtue upon the everlasting foundations of christian morality, will only join hands even now and

unite our hearts in one firm, faithful endeavor, we can build an arch over this widening chasm and save the glorious structure of republican constitutional liberty."

"Then let us not only write, but go and visit our friends in the North. Let us invoke their aid and co-operation in this patriotic work. Let the North hew out the keystone for the arch from the adamant rock of constitutional principles; and let the South, in the name of Washington who fought, and Jefferson who wrote, and Franklin who prayed, place it in position."

"I confess I have a moderate amount of worldly ambition. I desire the approbation of my fellow-citizens and the sanction and approval of my fellow-man; but the first ambition of my life is to do my duty, and my highest and most holy desire is to win, through christian faith, the crown of godliness. But if in the eyes of Black Republicanism, I am a heathen and a heretic, a despotic barbarian, an unfeeling, inhuman dog, a barterer of christian souls, and a butcher of defenseless slaves, I cannot help it."

"It is not a pleasant thing to hear yourself abused, vilified, cursed, and grossly insulted, but it is a sweet comfort in the midst of it all to feel that there is beating in your breast a true heart and in your soul there is a clear conscience, and that God himself is the final judge of the rectitude of your acts and the deeds of your hands. If I thought African slavery, as it now exists in the South, wrong; if I believed it productive of more evil than good to that branch of the human race; if I believed that immediate or gradual emancipation would tend to the happiness, christianizing, or general prosperity of the Virginia slaves, I would bend every energy of my body and every power of my mind to hasten and secure manumission."

"But I believe in the superiority of the Caucasian over the African race; I believe that God in his own inscruta-

ble wisdom made it so; I believe that the natural relation of the two races, where mingling together under the same government, is that of master and servant; I believe that what is natural is natural because it has the impress of God's approval upon it, and what God approves is right, anything to the contrary that Radical Republicanism may say notwithstanding."

"The people of the North seem to think that the question of African slavery at the South is nothing more nor less than the question of dollars and cents; and they are most anxious to have us believe that the doctrine of abolitionism is the conception of virtue, wedded to a high standard of moral rectitude and nurtured in the atmosphere of purifying, unselfish humanity. This may be true, but if so, it does seem to me most remarkable that throughout the entire christianized world wherever the wings of civilization have wafted the leaves of American literature, the word Yankee is a synonym for close dealing and sharp practice, while the word Southerner carries with it the idea of a warm-hearted, open-handed, liberal-minded people, full of courage, jealous of their honor, and possessed of unfained, whole-souled, genuine hospitality."

Mr. Reed paused for a moment and looked at Dr. Hall, and then smiling, continued:

"It may be that there are no genuine Yankees in the Republican party, and that the 106,353 citizens of Massachusetts who voted for Mr. Lincoln are all humanitarians, while the 5,939 fellows who voted for my friend Breckinridge, of Kentucky, are the Yankees who gave old Massachusetts her reputation."

At this little turn of humor the gentlemen all laughed, and Mr. Reed said, as it subsided, "Let's retire to the sitting-room. We will find a better fire there and brighter lights."

The gentlemen took seats around the centre table, and

Charles asked to be excused for reading his letters, and turning to Mr. Dodge, said: "This one is from our friend Chester Hemphill, of Columbia. He will probably give us some account of what is going on in South Carolina. You remember what a fascination politics possessed for him."

As Charles opened the letter, which was quite a long one, several newspaper clips fell out, which he picked up and held in his hand, while he proceeded to read the letter. His face flushed almost the instant he begun the perusal, which Mr. Dodge noticed and asked:

"What is it, friend Charles? Let us have the important political details which saddens your expression and mantles your brow with the flush of discontent."

Dr. Hall and Mr. Reed both looked at Charles and noted his agitation, and Dr. Hall said:

"What is it, Charles? Read aloud if it is political matter, and not confidential."

Whereupon Charles drew a little nearer to the lamp and read aloud:

"COLUMBIA, S. C., November 8, 1860.

*"My Dear Charles:*

"From the whirl of tumultuous events and the dash of political waters by which I am surrounded, I will try to withdraw myself long enough to write you a few lines. For two days excitement here has been at fever heat. Bells have been ringing, cannon have been firing, flags have been waving, crowds have been gathering, soldiers marching and people cheering, while statesmen and orators have held forth from a thousand rostrums. But whether this outpouring of political sentiment and this tolling of church and fire bells be the funeral service of a dismembered empire or the joyful exultation over the birth of a nation born is more than I can tell.

"For my part I do not seek to lift the veil of futurity. But it is evident that, in the administration of

political affairs, we have arrived at the initial point of a new departure.

"There are two paths before us, and upon one or the other of these we are bound to enter, and that beyond all question and cavil. For in the issue which must now be decided there can be no delay, no middle ground, no evasion. There can be no repose—no slumbering moment in the empire of change. Mighty events, as it were, are trembling upon a pivot; and issues as vast and important are now to be decided as those which led Cæsar to cross the Rubicon, or Alexander to plunge into the foaming waters of the Granicus. All that is dear, all that is sacred, all that is precious in this life, now lies before us to guard and protect, life, fortune, name, fame, and history. For weal or for woe, for honor or for shame, the sacred trust is now committed to our keeping."

"Then, in brief, what is the question? It is, shall we do our duty, so that those who come after us shall see that we were not unworthy of the great trust confided to our care, and not unequal to the great exigencies by which we are being tried."

"Above all things let the whole South be of one mind. We are agreed as to our wrongs. Let us be agreed as to our remedy. Let us sacrifice our personal differences and individual prejudices upon the sacred altar of patriotism. In the glorious circle that is to gather around the fires of liberty and watch and keep its flames forever bright and pure, let the whole South join hands. Then despotism will hide away in shame, and wrong and oppression will cower in conscious guilt. With the principles of right to stand upon, and the canopy of truth and justice to cover us, and the God of nature and of nations to inspire our hearts with courage and fill our minds with wisdom and understanding, the banner of the South will be the banner of liberty, the battle of the South will be the battle of the right, and the cause of the South the cause of victory."

"In all the circle of the sun its bright rays shine not upon the heads of a more God-fearing, liberty-loving people. Their hearts are warmed by the balmy air for good and for glory, and in this golden clime their spirits brighten for honorable rivalry and deeds of daring."

"I will not in this brief letter undertake to set forth the wrongs and indignities which have been heaped upon us. They are all too well known to you. It would almost be an insult to your intelligence to name them, and a rebuke to your manhood to question your feeling of resentment. The remedy and the redress are the only questions open for consideration, and in my opinion there can be but one adequate redress."

"Why stand upon the walls of the citadel and shout Peace, peace, when there is no peace? Why 'lie supine' upon our backs 'hugging the delusive phantom of hope,' when there is no hope? The lines of the enemy are tightening around us like a cordon. Why wait until we are bound fast and helpless? The galling links are pressing into our very flesh, and before our very faces they are brandishing the torch of insult and the flags of defiance. Can the South submit? Will she cower? Must she bend the suppliant knee? Shall she, like a hungry dog, silently beg with a slobbering mouth the already well-stripped bone? I say never—I repeat it, never—and every hill and valley, from Delaware bay to Florida reefs, will echo the cry and send back the swelling word, never!"

"But I have said enough. I grow indignant when I contemplate Black Republican effrontery. I will close my letter and go and play a game of croquet with my pet sister, May. Her bright smile and gentle voice will cool my hot blood and prove to me, despite Yankeedom, that there is still some goodness left in this wicked world of ours."



"The weather is perfectly delightful here. The air is as sweet as the breath of spring. You could not realize that it is almost the middle of November."

"I send you several clips taken from our morning papers. You know that our Legislature is in session here now. Yesterday a resolution was offered in the House of Representatives calling a convention to meet on the 17th day of December. The clips I send you were speeches made pending that resolution. They will stir you up some, I opine, and convince you, I think, that all the hot blood in the South does not flow in the veins of your true friend and loving classmate,"

"CHESTER HEMPHILL."

The tone and temper of this letter could not be mistaken. It was eloquent in its hot indignation, which the writer felt, and showed much force of thought and aptness of expression, and manifested a keen insight into the subtleties of human nature. It touched the cords of passion, and while they were vibrating with strong feeling it rather suggested than declared which course was proper to pursue.

When Charles ceased reading, the silence that followed was almost painful. Mr. Reed had paid the closest attention from the beginning to the end of the letter. He fully understood the feeling and motive of the writer, and while he could not condemn the burning indignation which seemed to light up in every word, he could not approve the hot haste with which things seemed about to be precipitated. The accord in the indignation and the discord in the judgment clashed in his own breast, and became painful.

Charles had always admired the genius of his classmate for oratory, and oratory is ever pleasing. But this letter, eloquent as it was, had given him more pain than pleasure, while Dr. Hall sat silent with the look of amaze-

ment on his face, like one who has unexpectedly received a blow which may or may not be intended as an insult.

Mr. Dodge was silent because he was not yet certain what would be the proper thing to say. There was no ripple started on the waters which flowed through his heart; genuine emotion would have been as much a stranger in his breast as blooming roses on the ice-clad cliffs of Norway. Yet he was the first to speak and break the silence, and with that divinity of luck or with that stroke of genius which ever seemed to hold him embalmed in the fragrance of good fortune, he said the proper thing:

"That letter is just like Chester Hemphill. I think I would have recognized its author without being told the name. Few men of his age are so gifted in the powers of expression, and none that I have ever seen are so graceful in delivery. He will make a most brilliant man if he lives, unless his warm, impulsive nature leads him into some thoughtless indiscretion. But, Charles, let us hear what the clips say. We may find food for reflection there."

This turning of the attention to the personal characteristics of Chester Hemphill and away from the subject matter of his letter was most opportune, and perhaps prevented some burst of indignation from Mr. Reed.

"Yes," said Charles, "the clips may serve to point or suggest the path of duty. Here, Dodge, you read them for us, and if they prove rhetorical, as Hemphill seems to imply, we can profit by your graceful rendering."

Mr. Dodge carelessly took the clips which Charles handed him, as though he had not heard the complimentary part of the remark, drew his chair a little nearer to the light, and after a moment's pause in order to secure full attention began the reading of the clip, which proved to be a speech by the Hon. McGowan Rhett.

Mr. Dodge was a splendid reader ; his voice was clear, his articulation perfect, and his enunciation faultless. He read the speech with great effect. Mr. Rhett said :

*“ Mr. Speaker :*

“ The resolution before the House is to the effect that a convention be called to consider the exigencies of the times, and to provide such remedies for the evils we suffer and such redress for the wrongs we bear as shall seem meet and proper to the sovereign, independent people of South Carolina.”

“ I am for the convention ! We as a legislative body, though we may see the evil and may feel the wrong, have no power to employ the remedy, nor apply the redress which I think the circumstances demand. In my humble opinion, Mr. Speaker, there is but one adequate remedy—I speak it to the hearing of the whole civilized world—there is but one sure, certain and effectual remedy ; and if that remedy, that redress, be a secret, I take into my bosom as my special confidants to-night the forty millions of human souls that now live under the government of the United States of America. For forty years the people of the South have asked of that government and the people of the North that the constitution may be construed in accordance with its express provisions and not in accordance with prejudiced implications and sectional selfish aims. For forty years the people of the South have asked that the rights guaranteed by the constitution shall be respected—rights ever admitted—never denied even by the blackest Black Republican that ever blackened with his black record the black pages of Radical fanaticism ; and for forty years selfishness under the cloak of religion, and personal aims under the garb of humanity, have ridiculed the demand and laughed to scorn the most reasonable request. From year to year for forty years these spotless humanitarians—these saintly-souled socialists—virtuous

vituperators—have grown bolder and bolder in their approaches, and viler and viler in their vituperation, and more and more defiant in their encroachment upon the constitution, until in the arrogance of their slimy souls they preach it to the world that it is their divine mission to christianize the South and root out from our minds the seeds of “semi-barbarism” and the “hellish heathenism of African slavery.” They sent their ships to the shores of Africa; they enticed with sugar and shiny shackles the poor negro on board their boats; then sailed away for the sunny land of the South, and here sold the jabbering black man to bless him with christian knowledge; got the glittering gold, hied to their homes in moral Massachusetts, washed their hands, changed their clothes to clean out the smell of contamination, shut their doors and went to the upper windows of their mighty mansions, looked to the South, and cried, ‘You slave-driver! You slave-killer! You barterer of human flesh! You debaser of human souls!’ And after all this, Mr. Speaker, we of the South are expected to sit still and be schooled in the catechism of political morals by Yankee-doodledum. We call upon them to keep the provisions of the Constitution, and yield up to us the fugitive slave which they once sold us but now hide, and they throw up their hands in holy horror and cry, ‘We can’t do it; we can’t do it; it would be a sin; we know the constitution says we must, but the constitution was made a long time ago, when our ships were engaged in the African slave trade; was made when the North owned slaves and little negroes passed current for change. But we are better now; we are more moral, more patriotic, got a bigger bump of humanity, got more religion, and feel a change of heart.’ My God! Better than their forefathers, Mr. Speaker, who made the constitution! More moral, more patriotic than the men who resisted the stamp act, who dashed the tea into the surging sea, who rushed to Lex-

ington and rallied the battle of Bunker Hill! Braver, truer, nobler, purer than the men whose bleeding feet stained red the snows of Delaware and faced the storm of battle at the fords on the Brandywine! 'Tis a subterfuge, Mr. Speaker, a mean, base, cowardly subterfuge, to hide the serpent of selfishness that lurks in the shadows of slavery restriction."

"We ask them to construe the constitution strictly according to the wording of the instrument, and give us protection to our institutions in the territories. They say, 'Oh, no! we want that reserved for free-soil emigration societies. The iniquity of slavery must never be allowed to go there, else our emigrants might be contaminated.' We ask them to abide by the decision of the United States Supreme Court as set forth in the Dred Scott case, and old Horace Greeley, their Magnus Apollo, tells us in good plain English, 'We won't do it,' and assigns as his reason that 'neither Chief Justice Taney nor any of the six associate judges who agreed with him were ever presumed to be qualified, either by nature or attainments, for judicial eminence, and that the Chief Justice in rendering the decision defied both history and common sense.' And Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, with more candor, more decency and more principle, has told us plainly and emphatically that the Republican party could not and would not obey that decision of the Supreme Court.

"Then, Mr. Speaker, I ask in the name of all that is high and holy what are we to do? We have appealed to their honor; they reply with mocking scorn. We have pointed to the constitution, and they say 'tis a covenant with the devil. We appeal to the courts, and they treat the decision with more contempt than they treat the Pope's manifesto fulminated against the comet. The decision of the Supreme Court is as impotent to protect us against the overflow of Black Republican

prejudice as was the order of King Canute to stay the tides that rolled upon the beach. If they will not obey the constitution; if they will not obey the voice of justice; if they will not keep the covenant made by Washington and Adams and Morris and Hamilton and Jefferson and such men who lived during 'the days that tried men's souls,' we would be recreant to every principle of manhood if we bowed our heads and bent our knees in humble supplication and still bared our backs for the lash. Shall we do it? Never! never! I cry. This scene that greets me here to-night tells me that the sons of Carolina are yet brave, and a voice whispers in my ear that Southern chivalry is not yet gone. From the mountains to the seaboard South Carolina is heaving with unsuppressed indignation. From her hills and heights the shout of defiance goes up; and down through her valleys and over her plains the resounding echoes roll until the mighty voice of defiance mingles with the roar of the wrathful ocean."

"All over this land the people are aroused, and they speak now with no uncertain sound. In the Union or out of the Union we mean to have our rights, and not one jot nor one tittle shall they abate. In the Union for forty years we have sought them, begged for them, prayed for them, sought them in the council and before the courts, sought them in the forum of reason and on the plains of the political arena, sought them with the soul of earnestness and the tongue of eloquence; but petitions and pleadings and prayers all alike have been as 'sweets wasted on the desert air,' or, what is worse, lost amid the selfish souls of deaf fanaticism.

"Our forbearance has not been counted to us for righteousness nor our prayers for justification. They have mocked at our calamity and laughed when our fear cometh. They love neither the constitution nor the Union, else they would obey the one and try to preserve

the other. They recognize no precedent nor reverence any principle. They construe the constitution and administer the government not by the law which has been decided by the courts, not by the practice of the fathers of our country, not by the rules laid down by the framers of the fundamental law of the land and the patriots who guided the affairs of the nation seventy years ago, but by rules drawn from their blind passion and debased by their partisan prejudices."

"I give New England credit for what she has done. She has conquered a sterile soil. She has conquered an uncongenial climate. She has conquered the waves and the winds and chained the blue lightning's flash, but she has yet to learn to conquer her passions and subdue her prejudices. Go preach repentance to the swarthy mummies of the Egyptian catacombs. Go sing psalms to the grinning skulls of Golgotha, but spare yourself the further waste of breath preaching conciliation to the stone deaf ears of Black Republicanism."

"Mr. Speaker, is there one in this hall, is there one in this State, is there one in all the South, so blinded by hope as to believe that the political wave which has swept every Northern State into the gulf of Black Republicanism can now be stopped or rolled back by the gentle breeze of Southern conciliation? No, Mr. Speaker. Mr. Lincoln himself has made the issue plain, 'These States shall be all slave or all free labor,' is the text of his political creed; and the safety of our institutions, the honor of our name and the glory of our past history demand that we shall take up the gage which he has tendered. Liberty which the constitution guaranteed is the liberty which we asked; liberty which the constitution pledged is the liberty they deny. The constitutional pledge refused is the constitution violated; the constitution violated is the Constitution broken; a constitution broken is a covenant not binding upon the innocent party. Who

is willing to stand bound by a broken covenant? Who is willing to stand and take the lash of correction when endurance ceases to be a virtue and has become the badge of dishonor?"

"From our fathers we received the glorious escutcheon of South Carolina without a spot and without a blemish. Then let us remit it to our posterity immaculate as the shining shield of Minerva. Not a vote in South Carolina has been cast to make Abraham Lincoln President of the United States, and not a voice will be raised to proclaim him our chief magistrate. Then what is our duty? Call the convention and let the sovereign people of South Carolina speak; and her brave sons, with one mind and one spirit, will obey her high behest."

When Mr. Dodge finished reading this speech, so full of indignant feeling toward the abolitionists of the North, and so full of manly courage and fixedness of purpose, and so full of determination to do that which the speaker conscientiously believed to be his duty, Mr. Reed arose excitedly and walked back and forth across the room. The working muscles of his face and compressed lips showed plainly the deep feelings which were struggling in his breast for mastery. All eyes were turned upon him, awaiting, in silent expectation, to hear his comments. For a moment he seemed oblivious of all present, and then, perceiving that he was expected to speak, walked up to Mr. Dodge and said, "Well, what more? Let us have it all." Whereupon Mr. Dodge read the comments of the editor of the paper, which were, in effect, that Mr. Rhett's speech had created a profound sensation in the House and had been greeted by prolonged applause.

Mr. Dodge then read the next speech, which was made by Judge William Hemphill, the brother of Chester Hemphill, which, though not quite so passionate, was no less firm in a fixed determination not to submit to further wrongs.



Judge Hemphill made a strong appeal for co-operation, and, speaking to the pending resolution for a call for a convention, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I agree with the distinguished gentleman who has so eloquently addressed the House, in much that he has said, if not in all that he has so forcibly expressed. I am not sure that there is any real difference of opinion between us upon the all-absorbing subject which now claims the attention of the House. In the recognition of the wrongs which we have suffered, the indignation which I feel and the redress we ought to seek, he has but expressed my feelings and the opinions which I entertain."

"But, Mr. Speaker, in regard to the time and manner of the redress, I think there is a difference between us, and it is to this difference I shall address my remarks. South Carolina is not the only member of the Union that has rights to defend and wrongs to redress. The whole South is interested in this matter; and, in my opinion, the whole South ought to join in concert of action. 'In a multiplicity of counsel there is much wisdom.' In unity of purpose there is force of determination and in concert of action there is much strength."

"Co-operation has been the fixed policy of South Carolina for the last fifty years, and we should not now, without full consideration and special cause, turn aside from that policy. We have long been satisfied that the tendency of the North to encroach upon our rights would ultimately drive us to seek safety and the protection of our institutions in a dissolution of the Union. We have seen what was coming, and have awaited the concert of action of our sister States of the South. Then it would be strange, now that the issue is upon us—now when our need is the most urgent—that we should ignore our past policy in the very crisis of our conflict, and cease to ask co-operation. We have more need, more inducements,

more necessities for co-operation than any people who have lived in all the tide of time. We of the South are as one in soil and climate, one in productions and practice, one in institutions, one in principles and more than one in wrongs under the constitution, and we ought to be one in our redress and one in the remedy we employ.

"The history of the world is full of admonitions as to the necessity of co-operation. Classic Greece, dismembered Poland and modern Italy cry out the warning for united action; and ill-fated Mexico lifts her tear-bedewed eyes and her hands stained with her own blood in attestation of the principle. Let us unite the whole South in one grand confederacy. Let us enlist the hearts and join the hands of all the brave people who have suffered wrong at the instance of abolition encroachments. Then our flag will float honored on every sea, our banner will flutter triumphant in every breeze, and our every citizen, as he stands beneath the sacred folds of the glorious ensign, will feel sure of protection and safe from oppression.

"Mr. Speaker, South Carolina has been accused of an undue desire to lead the councils of the South. Let us repel by our action the unfounded accusation; let us take no false step; let us omit nothing that might tend to make our efforts more certain and assure us success. It will strengthen our arms and inspire our hearts if we can feel that our action is the action of determination and our cause the cause of co-operation. Let us in good faith and with all due respect ask co-operation of our Southern sisters. Then if we shall fail in that, and a convention is called, we will stand by the action of that convention as one man. And if South Carolina, by such a convention, shall deliberately decide to secede from the Union separate and alone, with or without co-operation; shall cut herself loose from her old moorings and launch her bark on the wide seas of nationality, I will

be one of the crew, and in common with every true son of Carolina will endeavor, with all the powers that God has given me, to spread all her canvas to the breeze—

“ ‘Set every thread-bare sail,  
And give her to the god of storms,  
The lightning and the gale.’ ”

“I recognize, Mr. Speaker, no allegiance paramount to that which the citizens of South Carolina owe to the State of their birth or their adoption. I now here declare, and with it let it be distinctly understood, that I hold myself bound by the highest obligation to obey the mandate or behest of my native State; and my obedience shall be as earnest as my love for her is warm. And if the sacred soil of South Carolina shall be polluted by the footsteps of an invader, or be stained by the blood of her citizens shed in her defense, I trust to Almighty God that no son of hers, native or adopted, who has been nurtured at her bosom or cherished by her bounty, will be found raising a parricidal arm against our common mother. And even should she stand alone in this great struggle for constitutional liberty I trust that there will not be found in all the wide limits of the State one recreant son who will not fly to the rescue, and be ready if need be to lay down even his life in her defense. I feel that South Carolina cannot be drawn down from her proud eminence except by the hand of her own children. But if I misjudge her strength, and she be destined to fail, after making the efforts due to her honor and the great cause she shall undertake, the bitter fruits of that failure will attest her virtue, and her heroic efforts in that cause will leave the names of her martyred slain embalmed in the memory of immortality.”

“South Carolina will not wait for co-operation,” said Mr. Reed, as Mr. Dodge laid down the paper. “I see it in the earnestness of that appeal. I cannot blame her, and yet I feel in my heart it would be best if she could

be induced to wait for some act of the incoming administration which would show what policy they propose."

"I agree with you, father," said Charles. "She will not wait. She seems to covet the glory of being the first to secede, but I believe she is guided in the matter by her confident belief that she will be followed by the other Southern States. I hate to see this Union broken up. I have been taught by you, father, from my very childhood to love the Union and to look upon it with pride. I never read the history of the Revolution, but I feel my heart glow with patriotism. If the citizens of the New England and Northern States loved right and truth and justice and virtue, and hated tyranny and oppression as they did in the days they met to resist the stamp act, and to covenant not to use or purchase British wares, there would be no violated constitution. If they were as little disposed to interfere with the institutions of the South now as they were then not to allow the British government to interfere with theirs, there would be no cause for secession.

"Why can't they leave the South to look after her own morals and to control her own institutions and to administer her own domestic affairs in her own way? Why do they feel called upon to agitate the question of emancipation? And above all things, by what strange rules of humanity are they governed when they send down their secret emissaries and incendiary circulars inciting domestic insurrection. I cannot understand it! Indeed, I cannot understand it! If African slavery appears to them such a terrible wrong, and they in any way feel that they are responsible for the evil, why do they not take some more christian-like way to correct the sin? Why attempt it by abuse, by curses, by scurrility, and even by insurrection and war, as John Brown did when he invaded Virginia, and who, when overcome and captured, was made the special object of sympathizing mass-meet-

ings all over the North? They never seem to stop and consider either the nature or the characteristics of the colored race nor the circumstances which would attend emancipation. Can they be such blind pursuers after one idea as not to see the consequences which would inevitably flow from their acts, even if they should be successful. It is a law of the political, moral, social and physical world that where opposing powers meet and clash, the greater must prevail. Intelligence will triumph over ignorance; right will triumph over wrong; the refined will triumph over the coarse, and the strong will triumph over the weak. If the two races are separate and distinct; if they ought not and cannot and will not intermarry and become as one race, they must remain separate and distinct; and they can no more live under the same government as separate and distinct races without representing separate and distinct powers than you can mingle pure water and oil in the same vessel and bid them coalesce. And I think, for the people of the North to instil in the minds of the slaves the notion of freedom is only tending to array the weaker race against the stronger and inaugurate a war of opinions, if, indeed, not a war of fire and sword; and sooner or later the white race will drive out the black. There are some States in the Union in which the black race is more numerous than the white, and there are many counties in Virginia in which the negro race largely predominates. In cases of this kind what is to be done? If the negro is first to be emancipated and then enfranchised, what will be the consequence? They would be sure to vote the same ticket, and thus the color line would become the party line and the two forces would inevitably clash. And right here I would like to ask if the Republicans of the North, in their wildest dream of misguided humanity, have ever for one moment supposed that the white man will submit to be ruled and governed by the negro race?"

"Right, my son; you are right there," said Mr. Reed. "That is the keynote to the whole Southern sentiment. African slavery is far, very far, from being the profitable institution the North think it is, else why have the people of the North grown so much richer than the people of the South? Why have they been able to build so many magnificent cities and construct so many internal improvements? These things are the evidences of prosperity, and they show where the money is. I own almost a hundred slaves, and I require all of them, who are able, to work, and they do work, and I will say cheerfully and faithfully; but it takes all they make, and about all that I make besides, to supply them with food and clothing, to build them cabins and pay their doctors' bills. What the young, able-bodied men and women make go to support the children and the superannuated.

"I love my servants, and sincerely believe that they love me in return; but I am no devotee to slavery. I know that there are some mean masters; but this ought not to be considered good cause to condemn the institution, for there are some mean fathers and husbands; some men who can't be anything but mean. Shall we for that reason condemn the marriage contract and fly to free love? Hardly. I believe the relation of master and servant, like the relation of husband and wife, is productive of far more good than evil. I will challenge the whole of Yankeedom to name a class of laboring people where the men, women and children, old and young, are so well fed, so well clothed, so well sheltered and so well medically attended as the slaves of the South. There are more half-starving women and children among the families of the poorly-paid laborers of the North to-day than there are hungry servants in the South. The negroes of the South eat more bread, and far more meat, than do the citizens of Germany, with all her refinement and with all her intelligence. And the statistics show that there

are fewer children born in the South outside of the bonds of wedlock, even among the slaves, than there are in Paris, the city of chivalry and the city of fashion. I need not speak of Ireland, for the world knows that the laboring people of 'the Emerald Isle,' as it is called, live for the most part on dry bread and cold potatoes.

"But enough of this for one night. I must be off for Richmond early in the morning; and I must write friend Thornton at least a short letter before I start, and assure him of my willingness to join most heartily in the course he has kindly suggested.

"I see that there is no hope of checking South Carolina in her determination to secede, so we must turn our attention to the North, and do what we can to prevent any overt act that will tend to widen the breach. And if we do not fail in this, I trust that South Carolina can be brought back into the Union, even though she may secede.

"Virginia must stand and arbitrate between the two extremes, for I believe if the Union is saved, the salvation must be the work of this grand old Commonwealth. Dear old State! May God bless her, and give her power and wisdom and influence while truth may yet have its attractions and reason controls the judgment of men.

"You will excuse me, gentlemen; I must go and write to Thornton. I will ask him to meet me in Richmond. We will go North, and we will do what we can in the cause of peace, good will, harmony and conciliation."

Mr. Reed then invited Dr. Hall to spend the night; but the doctor declined, saying he had one more professional visit to make, and must be riding—and he took his departure. Mr. Dodge at the same time passed out and went to his room.

## CHAPTER XII.

WHEN Colonel Moore reached his sitting-room after his somewhat unceremonious withdrawal he took his seat in the big old arm-chair and gave himself up to reflections. The fire had burned low on the hearth and formed a heap of smouldering coals, giving forth more heat than light, thus leaving the room in semi-darkness. A servant who had seen him enter the room followed him and started to light the lamp, but the Colonel looked up and perceiving her purpose turned to her and said: "Thank you, Mary, I believe I would rather you do not light the lamp just yet. I do not feel quite well; the light would be unpleasant to my eyes. I will sit here and enjoy the fire; I like the firelight best at this hour. I will call you if I need you."

The good old servant felt dismissed and quietly withdrew from the room, but not without noticing the sad, subdued tone in which her master had addressed her.

"Yes," said the Colonel, speaking half aloud to himself; "I like the firelight, and especially at this hour of the day. These fading fires, that flickering flame, speak to me in unmistakable terms. They teach me an important lesson; they tell me it matters not how bright the lamp of life may burn, it, too, must some day pale and flicker in the socket; and somehow I feel that the lamp of life does not burn so brightly with me of late as in days gone by. I do not feel sick, but I do not feel as strong as I used to feel; and somehow I seem to live more in the past than in the future. This has been especially the case for the last few days, and they say this is the sign of the beginning of the end."

When the bell sounded for supper Colonel Moore excused himself, and said he did not care for anything.



He said he would retire early; so when Helen came to say good-night she found his door locked and the room dark, but the Colonel was sitting by the fire silent, thoughtful, seriously meditative. Long he sat watching the lights and shadows made on the smouldering coals as the fire burned lower and lower on the hearth. He was thinking. The strange conversation he had held with Mr. Dodge that afternoon had first excited his mind and then saddened his thoughts. Supernatural agencies he had ever regarded as myths. It could not be said that he had thought very much on the subject, for he considered it too trivial for serious attention. That the power to call up the spirits of departed friends for the purpose of revealing the secret things of the past or the hidden things of the future by one who practiced the trick for pay was to him too absurd to engage his practical thoughts. Far back in the pre-historic days, before the waters of the deluge covered the earth, such things may have been done; and even since then, on down through the period of the Patriarchs and the Prophets and the days of Apostolic teaching and preaching, God in His own wisdom had seen fit to point out the future in dreams prophetic, and given warning to the wicked in the midst of revelry and song of danger near at hand and of death almost at the door. He knew the history of Babylon; the story of the handwriting on the wall; Belshazzar's scepter like his cup had dropped from his nerveless grasp, and his life like his soul had been weighed in the balance and found wanting; the witch of Endor had called up the spirit of Samuel to speak to Saul, and Daniel had told King Nebuchadnezzar the interpretation of his wonderful dream. But this was God's work to will and to do according to His own good pleasure; His plan divine laid with the foundations of the world. "But," said the Colonel, speaking half aloud to himself, "what is this that I am now asked to believe? Spiritualistic mediums; and what does that mean? That

there are those among us, like us seemingly in every respect, in flesh and blood, in thought and feeling, in aims and hopes and desires, but who differ from us in the power to pass into a so-called trance at will, and then in that semi-conscious state to dive back into the depths of the past or to pierce the veil of futurity through a mystic communication with departed souls. Can it be possible that if it were in the power of that departed spirit, whose memory is still loved far more dearly than I love the breath of life, to come back to me even for one moment, she would have left me so long comfortless? If her sweet spirit is now hovering in the air near me, and she can hear my voice and know my heart and feel my love, can it be that she who never hid from me her lightest thoughts would wound me with deep, endless, hopeless longing for one word of comfort—one more expression of her love? Oh, Helen! Helen! Pray to the Father; pray that I may come and be with thee in that sweet land of rest."

The murmuring sounds died upon the old man's lips. He raised his hand and pressed it to his brow. The tears gathered in his eyes and silently rolled down his cheeks, and thus for a time he sat motionless and silent, and then he clasped his hands and bent his head, and with a voice calm and full of earnest pleading, he said: "But not my will, oh Lord! let Thine be done."

The fire in the grate burned lower; the fading light flickered with a feebler flame; the shadows on the dying coals came and went, weaving fantastic figures; the harmless cricket crept from his corner, greeted his mate, and chirped his love song in the gloaming. But the good old man heard not the song of love, nor saw the moving figures on the fire. He heeded not the sigh of the dying coals, nor the chilly breath that crept along the floor. His spirit was holding sweet communion with the spirit of his angel wife, and in his soul the light of hope was making radiant the realms of redeeming love.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**A**MONG the many elegant family portraits which hung from the walls of the spacious parlor of the Grove was one of Mrs. Moore, taken in the prime of her life. It was the work of the most skillful artist of the day, and it was a masterly production of the divine art of portrait painting. At the time that it was taken it was intended more for the personal pleasure and private enjoyment of Colonel Moore than for the public eye. In accord with his wishes, it was painted to represent her not in full or costly costume, but in a light-blue silk wrapper, with her hair flowing and her person entirely free from jewelry, for in the loving eyes of the worshiping husband, the lovely wife was never so lovely as when her loveliness was least adorned. The artist had conceived the happy idea of painting the picture as though the figure was in motion, in order that the costume might seem the more appropriate; and so well had he succeeded in the execution that you, knowing the picture to be a picture, and nothing more, would almost be startled by the seeming advance of the picture as you approached it.

Mr. Dodge had noticed this portrait, and although he had never made it the subject of the slightest comment, he had taken occasion to examine it closely. It was not necessary to be told who it was intended to represent, for the striking resemblance between mother and daughter was too manifest to be mistaken, and a careless observer would possibly have supposed that it was taken for Helen herself. Mr. Dodge had also noticed with what tender, loving eyes Colonel Moore often regarded the picture; and even one less skilled in the ways of the human

heart could have seen that his love for the sweet departed wife was still the ruling passion of the husband. He never spoke of her if it could be well avoided, not even to Helen; but this only showed the lingering tenderness of his affections.

When Mr. Dodge first saw the picture he was struck not only with the almost matchless beauty of the person it was intended to represent, but also with the exquisite manner in which the artist had executed his design. As you looked at it, and then perhaps walked towards it to examine it more closely, the whole figure seemed to be a moving, breathing embodiment of life. Mr. Dodge was an artist himself in a small way, and although he never boasted of his skill in handling the brush, still he was far from being ignorant of his power.

One afternoon he was left alone in the parlor. No sooner than he found himself free from observation he arose and closed the door and walked across the room and stood for some time looking at the picture; but the expression of his face showed that he was not so much lost in admiration at its beauty or the skill of the artist as he was engaged in trying to give definite shape to some thought that was passing through his mind. At length he said to himself, "Yes, I believe I can do it. At any rate, I'll try; and when I try, you know—. But that will do. More anon. Yes," he said, changing somewhat his expression and tone, "she must have been a beautiful woman. I like that eye; I like that brow; I like that mouth. Somehow, they seem familiar. If I were not a modest man, claiming few pretensions, I do believe I could say they have some resemblance to—". Then he stopped short, smiled, turned and looked in the glass, then back at the picture again. "Can it be possible, or is this a mere fancy? Well, well! Let that pass; but one thing sure, I think I have found the starting point in my grand scheme. Now let Nemesis favor the efforts

of her most devoted devotee. I'll play upon the imagination of that silly-souled old dotard," and he turned and looked at the portrait of Colonel Moore, which hung on the opposite wall.

A few days later Mr. Dodge said to Charles one morning, "You will be busy to-day. I think I will ride over to the Grove. I want to write a letter, and I left some papers in my valise which I will need."

Charles offered to send for the valise, but Mr. Dodge said, "Oh, no! I will enjoy the ride. I will take your rifle along. I may find some game, and I am anxious to become a good shot."

"Very well," said Charles. "I will order your horse. The rifle and ammunition you will find in my room."

Later that day Mr. Dodge and Colonel Moore were sitting on the porch at the Grove in casual conversation. The November air was pleasant and the sunshine was warm and comfortable. After a time Mr. Dodge said, "I left my dressing-case in my room up-stairs, Colonel. There is a letter in it which I wish to answer this morning. If you will excuse me, I will go up and write at once, so that the letter may go by the afternoon post."

"Certainly, certainly, Mr. Dodge," said Colonel Moore. "You can use the library. You will find writing material all there. I will go and have you a fire made."

"Oh, no!" said Mr. Dodge. "Do not put yourself to that trouble. I shall only write a short note. I have writing material in my dressing case; and as I see there is already a fire in the parlor, I will go in there."

"As you like, sir, as you like," said the courteous Colonel Moore. "Just walk into the parlor. Uncle Ben here will wait on you and get your valise."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," responded Uncle Ben, who had come forward just at that moment to speak to Colonel Moore, and who had heard the last few remarks that passed between the gentlemen. "I'll get the valise; I'll fetch it

down to the parlor." And so, in due time, the valise was taken to Mr. Dodge, who had passed into the parlor.

"Thank you, Uncle Ben," said Mr. Dodge, as the valise was placed near the centre table and the old negro was about to retire.

"You are quite welcome, boss. Anything else you wish?"

"Nothing else, Uncle Ben; that is all I need."

Mr. Dodge tried to be at his ease. Uncle Ben tried to be respectful. Mr. Dodge tried to say "Uncle Ben" with that tone of respect in which that term is used by the Southerner in speaking to colored people of advanced age. The old negro tried to hide the dark suspicion that flitted through his mind like a shadow in the light of a half-veiled moon. Both tried hard; but both failed, in so far as the two parties interested were concerned. Mr. Dodge saw the suspicion, and felt it like a millstone weighing upon his heart and crushing down his spirits. The old negro saw the effort to be at ease and appear kind, and knew it was acted for a purpose, for the truth was that this worthy old negro had been the bane of Mr. Dodge's life from the moment they first met out on the road up to the present time.

The old negro loved Charles Reed as though he were his own child, and in the sick room he had watched with a vigilance such as love alone can inspire. He was courteous and respectful to Mr. Dodge, almost obsequiously so; but Mr. Dodge suspected that there was a suspicion, and this thought made the atmosphere where the old negro breathed almost suffocating to the guilty-souled dissembler.

The wily hypocrite almost writhed with agony as he felt the inquisitive look of those mild eyes fixed upon him. He could have leaped upon the old negro and throttled him with a single grip of his strong right hand; but, like the tiger thirsting for his keeper's blood, he was

held in abject obedience by the steady gaze of the human eye.

The old man bowed low as he backed himself out of the room and closed the door behind him. Mr. Dodge stood with dark frowns gathering on his brow, looking at the door, listening for lingering footsteps, to see if he was watched.

"Damn his old obsequious black soul," said Dodge. "Damn him down to the bottomless pit of packed perdition. May the hottest hole of heaving hell furnish the fire to burn and scorch his lying liver!" Then changing his tone a little, he continued, "We both are acting like a yoke of damn fools, each trying to deceive the other; but we both know we are lying like a stinking dog;" and Dodge shook his fist at the closed door and said, "I'll have him yet. But I must not forget, for 'whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.' I'll abide my time." Mr. Dodge then walked to the door and cautiously let down the catch latch. He then took down the portrait of Mrs. Moore and set it leaning against a chair opposite the south window, the curtains of which he arranged so that the sunlight could enter the room from the upper part of the sash, but so that no one could see into the room standing on the ground. This done, he went to his so-called dressing case and, opening it, took therefrom what you would at once have recognized as a small but most elegant camera obscura. He then proceeded without delay to take a photograph copy of the portrait. He had carefully arranged and made ready all of his chemicals, so that the work before him was soon accomplished. He then rehung the picture, arranged the curtains of the window, placed the camera back in the valise, and unlocked the door and walked out on the porch. As he did so Colonel Moore came across the lawn from the stables and joined him. Mr. Dodge accosted him as he came up and said, "After all, Colonel, I will

not be able to write. I have cut my finger, and cannot use my pen very well. Awkward of me, was it not, to cut my finger while sharpening a pencil?"

"Is it a bad cut?" asked Colonel Moore. "Let me get you something to put on it."

"Oh! no," replied Mr. Dodge; "a mere trifle. I think it will be all right by the morning. But if it will not trouble you too much, Colonel, I would be glad if you would send my dressing case over to Melrose this afternoon. I ought to have allowed Charles to send for it when he proposed the other day; but I did not think then that I would need it. But all of my letters are in it, and I fear I shall have to get him to write for me to-night."

"Certainly, Mr. Dodge; I will send it over by Uncle Ben at once. He is going over right away, I believe, to take a note for Helen."

Colonel Moore then called Uncle Ben, who was getting ready his horse, and told him to get the valise and take it over to the Abbey.

As Uncle Ben came up on the porch Mr. Dodge said to him, "I have been awkward enough, Uncle Ben, to cut my finger; will you please pour a few drops more of this ointment on it for me?" and he handed the old man a phial; then continuing, said, "It don't smell so good, but it will help the cut." To which the old negro replied, "Hope so, Boss; hope so."

Uncle Ben then went for the valise. When he entered the parlor he noticed the same peculiar smell which he had observed when Mr. Dodge gave him the phial; but he was not chemist enough to be able to tell the difference between the odor of the nitrate of silver and carbolic acid. The good old servant examined the parlor with the most scrutinizing care, but his diligence availed him nothing. The old darkey was puzzled, and he felt the puzzle to be perplexing. His heart was full of anxiety,



but he could not see that there was anything he could do. So he determined to keep silent, but to wait and watch until he got a good chance, and then he would question Charles, and see what he could tell about this strange stranger. He knew that Mr. Dodge had come to the Grove as the special friend of Charles; he knew that Colonel Moore and Miss Helen had received and treated him as such; he knew that he had no proof of the suspicion which filled his mind, nor could he say exactly what that suspicion was. All that he could say about it was that the suspicion was there; and with him the suspicion was proof as strong as holy writ.

The old negro had too much sense to go to Colonel Moore and say, "Mars Beverly, I don't jist like dat young man what calls heself Mister Dodge; I don't bleeve he be here for no good;" for the old man would say to himself, "Ef I do dat, old Mars will ax me, 'Why not, Ben?' Den Ben hab no answer to make more dan, 'Case me don't;' and if I do dat, old Mars will tink me a fool, do he would not tell me so, for he is too good a gentleman to speak dat way to a colored pusson. But Ben aint no fool. Ben got sense like a horse, Ben is. So Ben's gwine to bide his time and watch. Dat young coon is a sooner; but old Ben is a sooner, too, he is. I knows he be arter some devilment; but I'll cotch him yit; yes, I'll cotch him yit. You jis wait and see." With this the old negro shook his head, and with much complacency went about his duties, and in due time carried the valise to Melrose Abbey.

During the days of Charles's convalescence Mr. Dodge had taken occasion to note with the utmost care the general arrangement of the whole house; and in order that his memory might not fail him, he had made notes and sketches for reference, which he had studied at his leisure. He knew the position of the furniture in the house and the manner of fastening the doors and windows. He

had pretended to be a great admirer of old antique furniture, and by his seeming interest in such things had secured the privilege to examine the sleeping room of Colonel Moore, which was on the north side of the building between the library and the sitting room, the double parlors and the dining room being on the opposite side of the hall. From the Colonel's bed room there was a door leading into the sitting room, as there was also a door leading into the library, over which there was a transom. But this door had been but seldom used of late. It was locked on the bed-room side and on the library side a curtain had been hung over it, to give it more the appearance of a window than a door.

The butler was in the habit of sleeping on a portable bed in the sitting room as a kind of general watch and protector. Helen's room was on the second floor immediately above her father's room, while her maid occupied a special room adjoining hers. But the manner in which all this information could possibly prove interesting to William Dodge must be for the present, and it may be for all time, a subject for conjecture.



## CHAPTER XIV.

THE reader will perceive that in the last chapter the narrator has been retracing his steps to some extent, and wandered back in order to give some account of matters and things, a knowledge of which is requisite to a full understanding of what is to follow. We will now return to the company as we left them at the Abbey the evening of the receipt of Chester Hemphill's letter.

When Doctor Hall left and Mr. Dodge retired to his room, Mr. Reed and Charles lingered for a time in order to confer in regard to some domestic affairs which would require attention during Mr. Reed's contemplated visit North.

When Mr. Dodge reached his room the fire had burned down, but left on the hearth a heap of glowing coals. Mr. Dodge looked at his watch; it was but half-past nine. "Plenty of time," said he; "plenty of time to give the finishing strokes to my work—12 o'clock will be full soon for the grand finale of this midnight maraud. I'll take away no 'portable property,' but I'll steal away the old man's wits and rob him of his reason."

He then brought forward his so-called dressing-case, but instead of letters to be answered, he took therefrom a tin box and placed it on the table. He then paused a moment, as though listening to see if any one was passing; as all was silent he walked to the door and turned the key in the lock, came back to the table, unlocked the tin box and placed its contents on the table, and then proceeded to examine the articles one after the other with extreme satisfaction; especially one article, which seemed to be a piece of square glass on which there was some-

thing painted. This he placed in something round like a good sized can with an opening on one side. He then struck a match, lighted a very small lamp, which he placed in the can-like article, turned down the light in the room, and removing a slide flashed a shadow on the wall from what was now apparent a magic lantern. For quite awhile he stood looking at the picture made on the wall by the magic influence of the operator. Now darkening, now making more clear, the outlines of the picture as inclination moved him as he worked the lantern.

"That blue is light enough now," said he, "for an angel; and the tips of those shoes I have made into very pretty toes. Angels they say don't wear shoes, so they had to go. Thanks to the skillful touch of my brush. What a blessed thing it is to be a man of resources. That will do; yes, that will do for the picture. Now for my keys, my files, my bent wire, and the like paraphernalia for easy entrance." These forthwith he gathered up and placed in his pockets. The rest of the things he placed back in the tin box, which he put back in the valise. The lantern he placed to one side, having first extinguished the small lamp. He then turned up his light, picked up a book, looked at his watch again, and said, "I must not go for an hour yet. Let's see what Hamlet's father's ghost did really say. "This ghost business is a ticklish business after all, but I'll not flinch; for who entertains fear, invites defeat."

An hour later a dark shadow blacker than the black night itself glided out from 'neath the entangled undergrowth to the rear of Melrose Abbey, and like an evil spirit vanished in the still gathering gloom. The night was dark; the moon, which had not yet completed its second quarter, had dipped below the horizon, and a thick misty cloud had overspread the sky, shutting out the light of the stars, and wrapping the earth in the thick folds of darkness. Silence accompanied, too, for the birds

and the beasts had retired to rest, and were with nature hushed in midnight repose. At the Grove not a light was seen, not a sound was heard, no figure moved; all was still as death and silent as the grave. Nature was resting in the deep stillness of the lonely hour, while man—tired man—slept the sweet refreshing sleep of innocence and banished care.

There was not a heart that night amid all the teeming millions of Adam's race resting under the whole canopy of heaven that beat more gently, more truly, noble and pure than the heart of Beverly Moore. Nor was there a soul in all the breathing world of men that thirsted with a more intense thirst for the robes of righteousness than that good, God-fearing old man. He looked upon life as the pathway to peace, and death as the portals to the land of bliss. He saw with the eye of faith the hidden things of God. He heard with glad rejoicing salvation's sweet hosannas, and with a hope that was beaming bright he saw the light of redeeming love. He lay in his bed the picture of repose, his head lightly resting upon his arm—never heeding, never knowing, never fearing the deeds of dark desire—sweetly sleeping, gently breathing, fondly dreaming of peace and joy and heavenly rest.

That evening his thoughts had been unusually serious, his heart unusually full, his prayer unusually fervent. Just before he retired he had read the fifth chapter of Matthew, that sweetest chapter in the book of time, that blessed promise by our blessed Saviour.

Oh, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

He read the chapter through to the end with deep feeling, and when he had read he knelt by the bedside, bowed his head upon his hands and lifted up his voice in prayer. He prayed long, he prayed earnestly, he prayed fervently. He prayed with his heart full of love, his soul full of feeling, his spirit full of faith and hope. He prayed in solitude, he prayed in secret—in secret hid from all the world, but in sight of heaven and the holy angels. Prayed that he might be meek and lowly in spirit, that he might be an heir in the kingdom of Christ; prayed that he might hunger and thirst after righteousness with a deeper thirst and a more yearning desire, so that he might be filled in the sweet haven of endless rest; prayed that his heart might abound in mercy, that he might obtain mercy the more abundantly; and then, rising, as it were, upon the very pinions of prayer and stretching out his arms, in the intense yearning of his soul and the unquenchable thirst of his heart, as though he would reach and clasp the very feet of the blessed Redeemer and lay his prayer upon the throne of mercy itself, he said, “Oh! my God, my God, give me a pure heart, that I may see Thee; that I may see Thee, my God, my hope, my all.” Then the old man’s voice was still; his head bent lower and lower upon his hand, his eyes were moistened with tears, his heart was full; but in the secret sanctuary of his soul, his spirit covered with the dust of humility, he was holding silent communion with the all-merciful Creator.

Oh! who can speak the inestimable blessing of prayer? What realms of light come pouring into the soul through the portals of deep supplication. The spirit may be bowed with sorrow, the heart may be covered with shame, the soul may be filled with grief, and anguish bend you in the throes and agonies of death; but prayer, sweet prayer, can lift you from the dust of humility, from

the filth and mire of sin, and place your feet upon a rock more firm than all the foundations of the world. The waves of sorrow may lash your frail bark like the storms of the sea, clouds blacker than the bosom of the rushing tornado spread over you, and gulfs deeper than the flights of thought can pierce open and yawn beneath you, whilst around you may roar the surging waves of dark despair; but prayer—sweet, blessed prayer—can save you free from every harm. That soul that can in secret seek grace divine—that can look up and say “Abba, Father,” in deep, undying love—will find a light beaming in his soul brighter than the brightest star, brighter than the brightest day, brighter than the brilliant sun. And with that light will come a peace sweeter than the sweetest fruit, sweeter than the sweetest flower—yea, sweeter than the dews of night; a peace which the world cannot give nor the world take away. The dying thief upon the cross saw that light and felt that joyful hope; the doomed malefactor, standing upon the shores of eternity, felt it shining in through the secret chambers of his soul. It has flashed along the dark vista of penitential infidelity and illumined the dome in the heart of the prodigal son. And such was the light that glittered along the path of that enfeebled old man as he arose from his prayer, and such the peace which filled his cup and soothed and sweetened his declining years. He lay down to rest—to sleep the sweet sleep of purity and to dream the bright dreams of by-gone years and better days in store. He, dreaming, thought it was a summer’s day, and he was young again, and with his lovely wife, hand in hand, had climbed the neighboring hill to watch the setting sun. The air, he thought, was full of fragrance, the birds were alive with song, while nature seemed to smile its sweetest smile, all conscious of its beauty. The sun was glorious in expanding splendors, while the sky, as though it were the realm of some ethereal spirit blessed, glowed with

ever-changing light. There, it floats away to the south like a robe of silver flowing; here, the streaks of gold mark the richest coloring, while yonder, at the north, the rosy light seems to hover over the woods or touch the gentle earth with caressing care. Long, he thought, they stood and gazed upon that scene—now in silence, now in quiet converse—until at length she spoke of that matchless beauty and said, “That beauty is but the expression of the divine thought, revealed under the veil of the material form, and shows the presence of the invisible Spirit whose life is love and whose home is light.” And then, he thought, his wife was silent, and stood and gazed and gazed, and longing gazed upon that bright, that beautiful sky, until at length she turned to him and said, speaking more with her eyes than with her voice, “I must leave you now; watch and wait. Watch and wait till I come back for you.” And then her face, so bright, grew brighter—brighter than the brightest day—till in the dazzling light it vanished, seemed to rise and float away. Then darkness came; darkness darker than the darkest night; darkness that filled a long, long stretch of time—so long he could not count the years that seemed to pass, for there was no day by which to note the flight of time; only night, endless night. But still upon that hill he seemed to stand and watch; to watch and wait, as she had bid him do, until he grew old and weak and faint. And then in his heart he had said, “Oh! Helen, Helen; pray to the Father—pray to the blessed Redeemer—pray that I may come and be with them and thee.” And then he saw a circle brighten like a halo in the sky, and from out that shining circle, with an angel’s pitying eye, came there one of matchless beauty; came and stood and looked on him. Looked with pity’s tender glances—tender with true sympathy. And when his eyes could bear the light of her radiant face, he saw that it was the face of his own long-loved, sweet Helen Moore. He stretched forth his



arms to clasp her. The exertion aroused him, and he started up in bed. He looked around, or tried to look around; but all was dark. He tried to think, but all was confusion. "Was it a dream?" he said. "Do I still dream? Where am I? Did I see a vision? Did I not hear a voice? Some one did seem to sing. Did I not see a light? I thought it flashed on yonder wall even as I raised in bed. I am not asleep; sure I am not asleep now." And then he lay back in bed again and tried to think—tried to recall the dream; and then he tried to sleep, that he might dream again. So still he lay you might have heard the beating of his heart. How long thus he lay he could not tell. His eyes were closed—he made no note of time. His thoughts, if thoughts they could be called, flitted like a shadow 'twixt earth and heaven, and took no general form. Presently the room seemed to fill, as it were, with the sweet incense of some aromatic flower and music so low as scarce to reach the ear, but soft and sweet and plaintive as the sigh of the eolian harp or the breath of a passing zephyr come floating over the air. And while he listened a light slowly, so slowly you could scarce see it brighten, seemed kindling on the wall. No shape was there at first, but now it seemed a circling spot, brightening like a halo and spreading wider as it brightened. The old man lay in breathless silence and gazed upon the widening circle. His heart stood still and over his body he felt the chills of fear begin to creep. He gazed and gazed, and while he gazed brighter and brighter grew the circling spot; and within that circle, slowly as though advancing from afar, a shadow began some form to take, and plainer and plainer that shadow seemed to grow until it rested a human figure. Then robes of bright light were woven around it and clouds seemed floating to bear its long train; and the face in the vision, like the face in the dream, now bright, grew brighter—brighter than the

brightest day; and in that bright and dazzling splendor the old man saw and recognized his own long-lost Helen Moore. He screamed and leaped to clasp her. He fell heavily to the floor, and reason fled him.

The scream rang through the house with terrible distinctness and aroused its every inmate. The butler rushed into the room only to find it hushed in awful silence and wrapped in midnight darkness. Helen and her maid leaped from their beds and hurried to the room of Colonel Moore. The dogs in the yard set up a terrible barking and rushed to the gate as though in hot pursuit of some flying fiend.

In a moment the whole plantation was in a general uproar, all rushing towards the house. "What is the matter? my God! what is the matter?" was on every lip. A match was struck, a lamp was lighted, and the light revealed the body of Colonel Moore, lying prone upon the floor. One piercing shriek escaped Helen, and she fell forward, clasping the body of her father.

"Old Master is murdered! old Master is murdered!" cried the butler, and every tongue took up the cry until the wail of sorrow rolled from side to side like the moans of a terrible storm. "My God! Oh, my God!" they cried, and wrung their hands in the agonies of grief.

Old Ben seized the hostler by the shirt and shouted, "Go for the doctor! go for the doctor! I'll go for Mars Dabney and Mars Charles." And off they ran to the stable with all their might, leaped upon the swiftest horses, and sped away as upon the wings of the wind.

When old Ben reached the Abbey he was almost speechless with excitement and fright. He rushed up the wide steps to the door and shook it with all his strength. It gave way, being only latched, and the old negro fell forward in the hall, and as he fell he cried out, "Old Master is murdered! old Master is murdered! Oh, my God, old Master is murdered!"

Mr. Reed and Charles both heard the cry and came tearing down the steps. They waited for no general explanation, but hurried for their horses, and in a few moments were flying towards the Grove. Charles could not find his saddle, so he leaped upon his mare bare back, and was much surprised to find she was wet with perspiration.

Just as they were leaving the house Mr. Dodge came out, rubbing his eyes as though he had been reading. He was dressed with the exception of coat, vest and collar.

When the old negro saw him he looked at him hard, as though he would look him through. Neither spoke. Dodge did not seem to think it necessary that he should go to the Grove. The old negro did not seem to think it necessary to give any information to Mr. Dodge. They understood each other. They both knew that there was a suspicion.



## CHAPTER XV.

WHEN the gentlemen from Melrose Abbey reached the Grove they found that Dr. Hall had already arrived. They certainly had not lost any time in coming to the rescue; but Dr. Hall had gone from the Abbey to a neighbor's to pay a professional visit and on his way home had met the messenger from the Grove just as the doctor turned into the main road, and thus in the race he preceded his friends from the Abbey. He found Colonel Moore still insensible and bleeding, but not very profusely, from a sharp cut in the right temple.

Helen had ordered her father to be placed back on the bed and had administered such restoratives as she could command, but with little or no effect. The doctor examined the wound with the utmost care, and seemed puzzled that a hurt so trivial should produce even partial insensibility. So he continued to search for other injuries, but all in vain. He assured his friends that there was no present danger, and that in a few hours Colonel Moore would be himself again; that all had been done that could be done, and that the best thing now was to leave the patient in perfect quiet, and that nature would soon do the rest.

Helen's nerves had also received a very considerable shock and she was greatly agitated, so the doctor gave her an opiate and persuaded her to go back to her room, assuring her that she should be called the moment her father revived. The lamp was then shaded and Charles left to keep watch in the sick room while Mr. Reed and Dr. Hall retired to the parlor to await results. The butler was called into the parlor, as also Helen's maid and

Uncle Ben. The house had been examined by the butler and Uncle Ben from top to bottom, but nothing had been discovered that would throw the least light upon the subject or in any way help to solve the mystery.

The butler stated that he had been aroused by the scream and heard the fall, and had rushed into the room only to find it wrapped in darkness; that he had examined the house, and found every window and door securely fastened, except the window in the library; but the door was locked and he had the key. And this statement rather tended to deepen the mystery. He was positive that no one had left Colonel Moore's room through the sitting room, which he occupied, for that room was partially lighted by the turned-down lamp, and the door which led from the Colonel's room into the library was bolted on the inside. Uncle Ben could give no information except the peculiar behavior of the dogs, and Helen's maid was perfectly ignorant on all points except as to the scream and the condition and position in which they found Colonel Moore.

When the gentlemen reached the parlor they took their seats close to the fire, which was still burning low after Helen's musical practice. Neither of them seemed much inclined to talk. Dr. Hall was deeply absorbed in the welfare of his patient, and he was far from feeling that degree of satisfaction as to the safety of Colonel Moore that he had endeavored to impress upon others. He, doctor-like, kept his own counsel, determined not to say too much until the Colonel should come to himself again. For he thought to himself if the blow on the head was not a murderous blow, but only produced by the fall, there must have been some cause for the fall, and it was not improbable that there had been a spasm of the heart. Yet, thought he, the pulse is now steady and respiration full, easy and regular, so as no further examination could be made just yet, either of the premises or of the patient, nothing could be done but to wait.

Mr. Reed knew nothing of the suspicion entertained by Dr. Hall as to the possible spasm of the heart, so his thoughts were busy with the motives which led to the supposed vile assault and the probable means of its execution. Lawyer-like, he was silent, because practice and long experience had taught him the wisdom of not expressing any opinion until all the evidence has been submitted. So the night passed away and the morning came.

Soon after the sun was up Charles crept into the parlor and informed Dr. Hall and his father that Colonel Moore seemed to be awake. Thereupon the doctor went at once to the bedside of his patient. When Dr. Hall entered the sick chamber Colonel Moore turned his head and looked at him with an expression of some surprise. He evidently did not realize that the professional visit was to see him. He spoke at once and asked, "Is any one sick, Doctor?" To which Dr. Hall replied, "Oh, no; not much. Old Ben is a little complaining and Helen said that you were not very well last night; so I thought I would drop in and see how you were feeling."

"I do feel a little unwell this morning," said the Colonel. "Not exactly sick, but a sort of dizziness about my head, as though I had slept too long."

Dr. Hall took his patient's hand and felt his pulse. It was plain that there had been no attack about the heart. Then what had been the matter? The doctor was puzzled, but it was his duty to be cautious. So he remarked, "You seem to have hurt your head, Colonel. How did that happen?"

"Oh! yes," replied Colonel Moore, carrying his hand to his head. "I think I had a fall. I had a kind of nightmare last night and attempted to get up, and in the effort fell and struck my head."

"Then you must not try to get up to-day. It is best that you remain in bed and keep quiet; then by to-mor-

row you will be all right." The doctor then suggested a light breakfast, left a nervine to be taken after the meal, again enjoined quiet, and said as he was taking his leave, "I shall be passing the Grove again to-day, Colonel, about noon, and will call in and see how you are getting along."

"All right, Doctor; do so. I hope to feel better by that time."

When Dr. Hall left his patient he returned to the parlor and reported the Colonel's condition; also what explanation had been given as to the hurt on the head. There was a mystery, that was certain—a mystery that was rather perplexing. The explanation that Colonel Moore gave was not very satisfactory. The theory of foul play for the present seemed more reasonable. So the three gentlemen, aided by the butler, proceeded at once and entered upon a full examination of the premises that they might see if there was anything suggestive of actual violence. This was accordingly done, but nothing was discovered tending to show an actual assault, but on the contrary, one of the chairs in the bed-room was spattered with blood and locks of hair were found on one of its rounds, which indicated that the Colonel had fallen against it. They, however, discovered in examining the library that the window was unfastened and that the curtain about the transom between the bed room and library was somewhat disarranged. This they all thought a little strange, especially as the butler insisted that he had locked the library door just before he retired and arranged the curtain properly. Still this did not go to prove that any one had actually entered the bed room of Colonel Moore. So the Colonel's explanation, unsatisfactory as it was, had to stand as the conclusion arrived at. It was, however, agreed that the Colonel should not be questioned further in regard to the matter at the present time, but that no allusion should be made to the matter until the Colonel was in a better condition to answer questions.

But although this agreement was made and this conclusion acquiesced in at the suggestion of Dr. Hall, he himself was far from being satisfied; something seemed to oppose the idea that that was a fall and nothing more, for the scream and insensibility from so slight a wound could not be accounted for by this theory.

Mr. Reed returned to Melrose Abbey soon after breakfast. Dr. Hall went back home, having promised Helen that he would return later in the day, while Charles stayed to assist in taking care of his friend. The next day Colonel Moore felt so much better he insisted on getting up, saying he would certainly be sick if he was required to stay in bed. With the exception of the slight cut on his temple he seemed to be perfectly well and relished his meals with his usual appetite. He was cheerful, it might be said, unusually so, while conversing, but now and then when no one was speaking with him, his countenance showed abstraction. He was thinking, and his thoughts seemed to be fixed on some subject which perplexed him, but did not displease him. He was evidently disinclined to give any further explanation of his fall, so the subject was not pressed upon him.

Charles continued at the Grove for a day or more; it was pleasant to be there; it had been as a second home to him in the days of his childhood; it was now more than a second home to him; the tenderest ties of his life bound him to the spot and the most yearning desire of his heart was to bring all the peace, all the pleasure, all the hope, all the happiness, all the joy, all the sunshine, that it was possible for him to secure, and lay all at Helen's feet. His love for her was no boyish passion, no passing fancy, no bright bubble that was to glitter for a time in the sunlight of youth and beauty, and then to burst and be lost amid the deep waters of oblivion; his affections were not sweet roses made to bloom in the spring of opening life and then to



wither and die in the winter of declining years, but a flame fed by inexhaustible fires, a fountain flowing from never-failing sources, a light beaming through all the depths of time. He loved Helen; loved her truly, tenderly, devotedly, passionately; loved her as men but seldom love; loved her with a love that could not die; a love that could never perish; love deeper than the ocean, brighter than the sky, stronger than death, more lasting than time. He knew not its beginning, but he knew that it would roll on to the shores of eternity. She was all in all to him—the light of his life, the joy of his heart, the fountain-head of his happiness, the very centre of his soul. And his love for her was not more beautiful than his trust, for his trust was perfect. Sooner far would he have expected to see the bright stars start from their high home in heaven and fall to earth a burning mass, than to see her swerve from the path of rectitude. He believed in the purity of her character, the nobility of her nature, and the gentleness of her disposition as he believed in the splendors of the sunlight. Time could not change her, nor could worlds corrupt her; neither could all the trouting wealth of infidelity lead her astray. Her breath the angels might breathe; in her presence the sweet incense of purity was exhaled. He believed also in her love for him; he believed in it as he believed in his love for her.

Her pleasure, her comfort, her happiness, her welfare never escaped his thoughts. Her lightest words of love were bright jewels in his heart, and her more tender expressions of affection the treasures of his soul. Their love was as love should be—not the flash of the meteor, but the warm glow of the summer's sun; not the bright light of the changing moon, but the glory of the star that never pales; not the all-consuming fire of raging passion, that dies with the gratification, but a bright and beautiful flame burning without a flicker upon the altar of pure, unselfish love, fed from the fountains of immortality.

They were happy—happy in mutual trust, mutual confidence, and undying faith. On the sea of their glory no uncertain ship had ever sailed, nor had the waves of doubt ever broken upon their shore. Their hope was as clear and unclouded, as bright and as beautiful as the azure blue of yon arching sky.

Charles and Helen had spent the most of the morning with Colonel Moore, despite the good old Doctor's kind assurance that all was well. He had kept his promise and called during the afternoon, and as he left told them that the slight cut on the temple was all that there was of it, and that this was no cause for fear; yet they could not suppress a vague feeling of anxiety. They were restless because they were anxious, and nervous because they were restless, but they strove hard to suppress all expression of feeling. They had both noticed the absent-minded, abstracted manner which Colonel Moore tried to conceal, and they both had been deeply absorbed in a vain endeavor to unveil the cause. It was unlike him, and this it was that gave them trouble. They could not tell, but they both could but think that in some mysterious way the sad mishap of the last evening was the occasion, if not the cause, of the strange, abstracted air. Once or twice during the day they saw him looking at them thoughtfully and approvingly when they were sitting together, and late in the afternoon he came up behind them, and, when they turned and smilingly looked up at him, he placed a hand on each of their heads and said in a tender voice, "God bless you, my children—may God bless you both." then without another word turned and left the room.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**M**R. REED was delayed in leaving for Richmond by the mishap at the Grove. He was unwilling to go away and leave his old friend as long as there was a possibility that his assistance might be needed, but now that Colonel Moore was up and out again, the departure was fixed for the morrow.

Charles was to go over that afternoon to see his father off, who had decided to leave early the next morning. As Charles was leaving the Grove he found old Uncle Ben sitting on the stile quietly skinning a fishing pole, in which work he seemed much interested.

"Good evening, Uncle Ben; how are you this evening?"

"Good evening, Mars Charles, good evening," replied the old man; "I is quite well thank you, only the rheumatis is er pinching me on the shoulder a little bit dis evening, udder wise I am 'bout as common; but I is glad to see you, Mars Charles, I is glad to see you. I was jes sittin' here in de sunshine a skinnin' dis pole and thinkin' on you, when I seed you a comin' down de paff. I knowed 'twas you, soon as I seed you, aldo des old eyes uv mine be a gittin' a little old, I knowed your walk. God bless you, Mars Charles, I knowed your walk. I knowed you when you was a baby, mose fore you knowed yourseff, and I is often said, I is, I neber seed a finer baby dan you was, and you ain't loss none dem good looks nudder, eben do you dun grow to be a man bigger dan me, and time was when Ben didn't tink heself no small chap."

"But you must not flatter me, Uncle Ben; you will spoil me, and make me think too well of myself."

"No danger uv dat, Mars Charles, no danger uv dat; me don't mean to do dat, do. Don't mean to make you tink more on yourseff dan you got right to do, for stuck up folks, rich or poor, is what Ben got no use fer. But no danger uv you bein' stuck up, Mars Charles, case quality folks like you don't git stuck up. 'Tis low, poor white trash what ain't got no backin' dat gits stuck up. Now ef one uv dem sort, who is shamed ef you, ax him whar he come from, or who was hes pa, hab a little good luck, and git a little money, and come to own a nigger or two, den you see stuck-up folks, and old Ben got no use fer dem kine, no more dan he ain't. I was a tellin' my Polly no fudder back dan lass night, dat it seem somehow dat a nigger—and I don't mean any disaspec to my race, Mars Charles, when I say nigger, fer dat word only has business to color and de color is got nuffin' to do wid de quality uv de caricter, fer I rudder be a good nigger ebery day in de week dan to be a mean white man."

"That is so, Uncle Ben."

"Yes dat is so, Mars Charles, Ben knows dat is so; but I was jes a sayin' jes now dat I was a tellin' my Polly no fudder back dan lass night dat somehow a nigger could tell white folks what is got good blood from white folks what ain't got no good blood. 'Tis so, Mars Charles, blood will tell. I said to my Polly no fudder back dan lass night when we were congugatin' on dis same subject, blood will tell."

"Old Ponto dar knows difference twix a partrich and a fe-lark, do day boff hide in de grass, and so says I to my Polly, dat is dog's nater. God made him so to know, and jes so, says I, it seems dat a nigger can tell a gentlemun when he sees him, makes no odds what kind uv clothes he wars."

"I believe you are right, Uncle Ben, I believe that is so."

"In course 'tis so, Mars Charles, in course 'tis so. 'Tis obveous to de obsevervation; it stands to resun. 'Tis our

nater, and ef you ain't in no hurry, Mars Charles, I be glad to explain to you jes how 'tis."

"Oh! no, I am in no hurry, Uncle Ben; I like to hear you talk."

"Tank you, Mars Charles, tank you, and dat is what makes me say what I do say, and dat is dat it is de respec what a gentmun shows to de poor colored person dat argufies his breedin'."

"I tell my Polly when we was a conjugatin' on dis sub-jic dat fine fethers not gwine to make fine birds, no more dan shiny boots makes a gentmun. Mars Charles, you see dat old cropper-crown rooster a conwiscatin' around yonder? Now, he is jes de finest-fethered rooster in all dis yard. He looks good, now don't he? But he is been scratchin' des low ground uv sorrow so long I spec you would have to bile him mose a week afore you could eat him, and jes so, Mars Charles, you is got to school one uv des comer-ups a long time afore he larn all de ways uv good breedin'."

"Why, Uncle Ben, you are quite a philosopher."

"I don't know 'bout dat, Mars Charles. I don't esactly know what fosopher mean, but what I do know I know gis as easy as you know your pa, and one ting dat I do know, and dat is dat Ben can tell a gentmun when he sees him, and dat none uv des new comer-ups can't fool him, no matter how slick he got he hat, nor how white he hands be, nor how shiny he brush he boots."

"Ben don't look at des tings, but Ben he looks at de cut uv de eye, and pay no 'tention to de cut uv de coat. De tailor he cut de coat, Mars Charles, but dis er comer-up he got to cut hes own eye."

"Mars Charles, 'tis no use talkin', de marners uv a gentmun will tell, and de marners uv a comer-up is gwine to tell, too. Now, jes let me 'lustrate what I mean. 'Spose you got a ax what is dull. What you want? Why, you want to grind dat ax. Now, 'spose you got no

grindstone. What you gwine to do? Why, in course you gwine to take de ax ober to de nabor's house, and when you git ober dar and sees your nabor, how is you gwine to act? Why, you smile and look friendly, and spoke soft and say, 'Mornin', sir—good mornin'.' (You is got a ax to grind, you know). Says you, 'I is got a little choppin' fur to do, and ef you be so kind I be glad ef you jes let me tech up my ax a little on your grindstone.'

"'In course,' says your nabor; 'in course, sir,' and he dun say soft-like to hesseff, 'You is a very nice gentmun; you is so nice 'bout de grindin'.' Now, jes so, Mars Charles, des comer-us when day come round 'bout you day smile and bow and look glad. Day want somefrin. Day want you to take dem in your set. Day want to sit wid you at your table and ride wid you in your car-ridge, and have you spoke to dem when udder gentmun are about. Mars Charles, day is got a ax to grind, and a dull ax at dat, I'll bet; so day eber so nice in dar make believes dat day is somebody. But when day lebe you and git wid a poor man what ain't yet had no good luck den day is differ'nt. Now day is got no ax to grind, 'cause why? Day knows what day was, and day 'spec' somebody gwine to incognize dem; so day git as fur away as day kin. And jes so day expose de very ting day try to hide.

"'Tis so, Mars Charles—'tis eben so. Don't you see how 'tis?"

"Yes, indeed, Uncle Ben. You are right. I see just how it is."

"I knowed you would see hit, Mars Charles, ef I 'splain it to you. You would not be Mars Dabney Reed's son ef you could not see a ting made plain as dat. But I 'spec I dun keep you here talkin' wid me too long. Maybe you want to be gwine. I was doin' my best to skin dis fishin' pole and trim it up nice fer you by de time you

got ready to go home. I heared Jim say what you said when you broke dat udder pole what I made for you be fore, and I say to myseff den I gwine make him a nud-der one."

"Yes, I was real sorry that I broke that pole, Uncle Ben; I thought a great deal of it."

"Never mind 'bout dat now, Mars Charles; dis one gwine to be jes as nice as dat was, and ef you had jes staid up dar in de house talkin' wid Miss Helen a little while longer, I would dun have it ready for you. But ef you is in a hurry, Mars Charles, I will come ober to de Abbey and fetch de pole to you in de mornin'."

"Oh! no; I am in no hurry, Uncle Ben; I have plenty of time. I can wait."

"Well; I is most done it now. I is jes got to trim des knots a little to make dem look nice."

Then the old man worked away in silence for a few moments, while Charles stood and watched him. The old negro stopped and set his head to one side, as though a new train of thought had struck him. He ran his thumb along the pole to see if it was smooth, and then, in rather a changed tone of voice, asked:

"Mars Charles, who is dis young man who is cum out here fur to see you?"

"His name is Dodge, Uncle Ben; William Dodge. He is one of my old college friends; we were in the same class, and graduated at the same time. He is a very dear friend of mine."

"You like him den, Mars Charles?"

"Yes, Uncle Ben, I like him very much. He is very smart and most pleasant company."

"Whar he cum from, Mars Charles? Do you know his folks?"

"His home is in Washington, Uncle Ben, but I do not know his people. I do not think, though, that he stays in Washington very much."

"Is his father and mother livin', Mars Charles?"

"I don't know, Uncle Ben. I have never heard him speak of his father, and only once of his mother. He does not seem disposed to talk about his home affairs."

The old negro was silent for a moment; he seemed to be examining the pole with great care. Then he said, speaking as though more to himself than to Charles:

"He don't like to talk about his ma and pa. Maybe he don't love his ma and pa."

"Oh, yes, I reckon he does, Uncle Ben. He seems to have an affectionate disposition."

"Well," sighed the old man, "dat mought be, but I loves to talk of my dear old mother and father, though they have been dead now nigh on to thirty years. Lass week I planted a rose bush dar by thar graves, and I trimmed up de one I put dar many years ago. Mars Charles, we don't hab but one mother and one father in dis world; only one, Mars Charles, and I am not gwine to be undisposed to talk uf my dear old mother and father as long"——

The old man turned his head away and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. Again he ran his thumb along the fishing pole, while Charles stood by in silence, too much touched in feeling by the old negro's expression of emotion to venture any remark.

At last the old man continued, without looking at Charles, shaking his head as he spoke:

"I is bound he don't love his mother, and dat man what don't love his mother aint"——

But the old man's heart was too full; first one hand and then the other went up to his eyes to brush away the silent tears that gathered there. Charles felt all that the old man would say, and the choking sensation in his throat and the moisture in his eyes told of his sympathy and the tenderness of his feelings. At last, with an effort the old man said:



"Dar she is, Mars Charles. Dar is your fishing pole, and a good one I think she is."

"Thank you, Uncle Ben, and this from me in return." And Charles laid his silk handkerchief on the old man's arm and turned and walked away in silence.

They both understood. Their hearts were touched. They needed no words; no explanation was necessary. That silent parting was more eloquent than words can express. That old man's skin was black; his tongue was untutored in the ways of classic English, and the woolly white knaps which crowned his head marked him a descendant of that dusky race which still breathes the free air of the sultry clime of Africa while they dance in heathen darkness around the flesh-pots of captive victims. But there was beating in the breast of that patient slave a heart as true, as gentle, as tender as ever warmed the life-blood of Caucasian Prince or Mongolian Potentate; and in that simple soul a Christian light was shining whose dazzling splendors would have darkened the flickering rays that struggled with ambition and pride in the hearts of the brilliant Horace Greeley or the matchless pulpit orator, the world-famed Henry Ward Beecher.



## CHAPTER XVII.

A WEEK or more had passed since the occurrence of the events related in the last chapter. Mr. Reed had gone North bearing messages of love, of trust, of confidence, and of peace from Virginia to her sister States beyond the Potomac. Quite a number of her most influential citizens had met in Richmond in response to the suggestion of Mr. Thornton, and, in an informal but duly patriotic way, had fully discussed the all-important crisis of the hour. In that meeting there was but one opinion among them—South Carolina would secede, and Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi would be likely to follow in quick succession. Then what? If the Union was to be saved Virginia would have to do it. This was the opinion of the North and of all the less disaffected States of the South. All eyes were turned to Virginia, and the grand old Commonwealth—the mother of States and of statesmen, the land of chivalry and the land of song, the land of oratory and the home of poesy—arose in all the majesty of her power, crowned with the full splendors of her pristine glory, and gave to the cause of peace the influence of her patriotic example, the splendors of her dauntless courage, and the weight of her exalted name. She stood before the world the grandest picture in recorded time—a suppliant and a queen; a royal mother pleading to assuage the kindling wrath between her embittered children. In her strong right hand she held and waved aloft the glorious flag of the Federal Union—that ensign beneath whose folds her Washington had led the sons of freedom on to the goal of victory, and there established the principles of constitutional liberty; while

in her left she waved the olive branch of peace. From side to side she turned, and high o'er the world she waved that mighty flag as she weaved amid its fluttering folds the olive branch of peace. Stay! Oh, stay! she cried, the red hand of war. The spirit of Washington, with his sword, and Franklin, in his prayers, rise from their graves and in their reanimated dust bid you stay the fratricidal blow. That voice, in swelling echoes, rang out over all the land, and back from untold millions of patriotic hearts, North and South, a loving response came borne. That prayer to Virginia's honor and Virginia's glory stands recorded upon the never-fading pages of her immortal history. And that prayer, to her unspeakable honor and eternal glory, still lives and breathes and vibrates through the high courts of heaven on up to the throne of infinite mercy and unerring justice. And when the tide of time shall cease to roll and purging fires lick dry the waters deep and melt to cinders the proud abode of men, and all the gathering host of earth, called from the living and the dead, shall go trooping on to the judgment bar, methinks that prayer for peace will be found recorded in the book of eternal life. Virginia loved the Union, and she tried hard to preserve it. She sent her sons to the North and to the South, and bade them plead for peace. To the South she said, "Wait, be not too hasty." To her sisters of the North she said, "Give, oh! give but the rights the Constitution pledges, and the South will be satisfied." But alas! the frailty of man; alas! but too oft the forum of reason is closed by the whirlwind of passion, and the pleading voice of sober judgment is hushed amid the roar of the storm. And so it was, and so it ever will be, for blind are the eyes of prejudice and deaf are the ears of anger. Truth, with all the splendors of the summer's sun, may shine along its path, but it sees it not. The voice of reason may in deep tones of earnest feeling plead in endless

prayers and roll in all the melodies of heavenly accord, but the ears of passion and prejudice are deaf—stone deaf—naught can be heard. Justice, clothed in all the robes of beauty and crowned with a circling chaplet of purity, made brilliant by the flashing light of truth and the priceless jewels of right and equity, may stand forward imploring to be heard, but her pleading voice is only raised to be mingled with the din and clash of mad contention. Oh! justice! what terrible deeds of wrong and oppression have been enacted in thy name, what bloody crimes, what cruel butcheries hast thou too oft been invoked to aid and approve. The crucifixion of Christ, the martyrdom of the Apostles, the burning of Cramner, the massacre of St. Bartholomew were laid to thy decree. The execution of Mary, the beheading of Raleigh, the torturing of Joan, and the butchery of Louis and Marie Antoinette were enacted in thy most holy name. The burning of Carthage, the destruction of Jerusalem, the dismemberment of Poland, and the assassination of Cæsar were claimed to have been blessed by thy approving smile. From thy high and holy and grandly exalted home in heaven, passion and prejudice, pride and anger, sin and selfishness, have dragged thee down to earth, covered thee with dust and ashes and smoking cinders, and besmeared thy fair face with the stains of unholy war and the blood of martyred saints and Christian patriots. Yet, despite the desecration of thy altars, we know that thou art a real divinity, a part and parcel of that eternal, never-changing, never-shifting truth, which was present in the beginning when creation rolled complete in obedience to the fiat of Omnipotent Power. Yes, we bless the faith despite the wrongs of men, which we still find reflected in our hearts. And that faith teaches us to believe in right and truth and justice, unchanging, never-shifting, ever-standing, absolute, and immutable.

Man is human; man may err. God is infinite, and to Him right and justice belong. No man's conscience ought by man to be impeached, for to him it is the rule and guide of his life, and he must obey that high behest. I claim not infallibility for the conscience. I only claim for it exemption from man's condemnation. I confess that the judgment from which his conscience springs, the conception of right and wrong from which the emotions flow are subject to error. So, see to it upon what foundation you build. See to it that every avenue of light is left open. See to it that you be not slothful in your pursuit after truth. See to it that selfishness and pride and love of power hold no place in the courts of judgment. See to it that the ease and comforts of old beaten paths in which some friend has walked be not proof to you sufficient that there lies the royal road. Eternal, untiring vigilance is the price of peace on high, for right can never be wrong with God, nor can wrong be approved in heaven. In the scales of divine justice right and wrong can never balance. Between the two, poor human judgment may stumble and fall, and fall blindly, because benighted by the darkness of sin.

In the political as in the moral world our ideas of justice and right depend, alas! too often upon surrounding circumstances. Custom and habit and education shape our thoughts, control our emotions and render our judgments. It is in part the infirmities of human nature. Yet, in matters of truth, resting entirely upon matters of fact, there ought not to be any difference of opinion between intelligent minds, for the same truths clearly understood ought to harmonize in judgment, and the same conscientious emotions ought to follow. It is not the fault of truth, nor fallibility, in the conception of right and wrong. The source of error lies in the erroneous conception of facts. Justice and right depend upon a full and clear understanding of the facts; a full and clear

understanding of facts depend upon the sources and opportunities of information and presupposes an unbiased mind. Conscientious conviction is but the culmination of honest opinions entertained; and an opinion is the product of thought, exercised in relation to some subject matter in obedience to the laws of the intellectual faculties. Facts are the bases upon which thought builds the superstructure, and that superstructure is firm and solid only when all the facts are rightly conceived and properly adjusted. So an error as to any one fact mars the perfection of the whole. The eye of God is alone omniscient, and so the judgments of heaven are alone unerringly just.

Man is but a frail creature of the dust, appointed for a season to breathe the breath of life, and to pass from earth. He is short of sight, weak of limb, and limited in the grasp of his intellectual endowments, and in his groping even after light itself he often stumbles. The ways of pleasure are so alluring, the paths of ease so attractive, the approaches of temptation so beguiling, the whispers of seduction so soft, and the pleading of selfishness so earnest, while the flattery of pride and ambition is so sweet, the poor unsuspecting human heart is but too often led captive and the judgment victimized. The fault lies not in the conscientious conviction when that conviction has been reached, but in the steps of error which have led to that conviction and established that judgment.

The right well distinguished but somewhat scholastic philosophical writer, Dr. John W. Draper, of the New York University, in treating of the causes and convictions which brought about the civil war, says: "There is a political force in ideas which silently renders protestations, promises, and guarantees, no matter in what good faith they may have been given, of no avail, and which makes constitutions obsolete; and that against the un-

controllable growth of the anti-slavery idea the South was forced to contend."

This was a confession remarkable in that it clearly shows that the North had come to feel that their promises and guarantees were not binding on their consciences; and that the good faith of the constitution was antiquated and its obligations obsolete. In other words, the North confess the infraction of the constitution and plead conscientious convictions in justification. They claim freedom of conscience even to the extent of deliberately breaking a most solemn compact. Yet they condemn the South for its condemnation of their broken faith, which is equally as conscientious.

That kind of philosophy which accounts for the civil war as the result of the force of ideas silently working a change of heart, and culminating in conscientious convictions, without ascribing any moral accountability to the process of change, is fatalism of the very worst kind, for such philosophy assigns consequences to antecedents and places no control in the human will over either, and in the end denies all accountability which make responsibility a myth. Such philosophy lays the axe at the very root of Christian religion—sweeps morality into the vortex of chance and shuts out the light of hope and the immortality of the soul.

True, philosophy teaches men to watch lest they do err; to consider lest they do go astray, and to feel and confess their accountability for every step and every pause along the path of life, lest they wander through the gates of error into the realms of darkness.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

**M**R. REED, in his travels through the North, was everywhere received with the kindest feelings and treated with the utmost respect. The messenger of peace from Virginia was greeted with the warmest welcome, and every encouragement given him to hope that all that could be done would be done, not only to pacify the more disaffected States of the South, but also to rectify the wrongs which were admitted to have been done by many of the States of the North in the matter of the constitutional guarantees which had been so openly disregarded.

Mass-meetings were held all over the North, and the popular theme was what must be done to placate the deeply offended and almost hopelessly alienated South. On the 10th of December Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, issued a proclamation by advice of the City Councils, calling upon the whole people to meet *en masse* on the 13th instant, in Independence Square, to consult together in view of the pending crisis. He invoked them to come as "loyal citizens, prepared to cast off the spirit of party and in a special and unequivocal manner to declare their unfailing fidelity to the Union and their abiding faith in the constitution and the laws."

The meeting was held accordingly, and thousands and thousands of the good citizens of the city responded to the call and came together under the brilliantly illuminated square. Prayer was offered by one of the most eminent divines of the State, after which the speaking was initiated by the distinguished Mayor himself, who spoke at considerable length with great eloquence and intense earnestness. He called upon his hearers "to dis-



card all sordid and selfish views and to avow their unbroken attachment to the Union," and "their determination to leave no honest effort untried to preserve its integrity." And then, warming with his subject as he proceeded, said:

"*My Fellow-Citizens* : I should be false to the position in which you have placed me ; I should be recreant to my sense of duty if I withheld an avowal of the truths which this occasion demands. I speak to you frankly. I tell you that if in any portion of our confederacy sentiments have been entertained and cherished which are inimical to the civil rights and social institutions of any other portion, these sentiments should be relinquished and discontinued. The family discipline which you choose to adopt for your own fireside, when it does not violate the law under which you dwell, is your rightful prerogative, and you are prompt to resist the intermeddling of others, however well intended. The social institutions of each State in this Union are equally the rightful prerogative of its own citizens, and so long as their institutions do not contravene the principles of your Federal compact none may justly interfere with or rightfully denounce them.

"The efficient cause of the distracted condition of our country is to be found in the prevalent belief of the citizens of the South that their brethren of the North are, as a community, arrayed against a social institution which they regard as essential to their prosperity. You are ready to aver truthfully that such belief is mistaken and unfounded. But it becomes you all who are actuated by an earnest brotherhood to see to it that where public sentiment is mistaken that it be restored to its standpoint of twenty-five years ago.

"The misplaced teaching of the pulpit, the unwise rhapsodies of the lecture-room, the exciting appeals of the press on the subject of slavery must be frowned down

by a just and law-abiding people. Thus, and thus only, may you hope to avoid the sectional discord, agitation, and animosity, which, at frequently recurring periods, have shaken your political fabric to its centre and at last have undermined its very foundations.

"We are one country. It will be united in peace or in war. You may see, perhaps, legions brought against legions in a domestic fury that shall be worse than the fury of a foreign enemy. And they will be united in doing harm, while we, in the centre of the country, will endeavor to interpose kindness and peace in order to restore the country to the situation in which it was left at the death of Washington.

"Let us be determined to maintain the rights of the whole country and extend the feeling of friendship over all the land. Let us immediately and unconditionally repeal the State act passed in antagonism to the fugitive-slave law, which is the law of Congress and the law of our common country."

Judge Woodward of the State supreme court, then followed and said:

"*Fellow-Citizens*: The inexorable exclusion of slave property from the common territories, which the general government holds in trust for the people of all the States, is a natural and direct step towards the grand result of extinguishing slave property, and was one of the recorded issues of the late election. The South has heard your judgment; she owns the property that you, by your verdict, have determined to shut out from the territories, and to have restricted, cribbed and confined more and more, until it is finally extinguished. Could you expect her to be indifferent to such events as here occurred? Could you expect her to stand idle and see measures concerted and carried forward for the annihilation of her property in slaves?

"The Anglo-Saxon loves liberty above all other men, but he is not indifferent to gain and profit, and when it

had been discovered that the unwelcome workers could be turned to profitable account in the Southern States, in the production of some of the great staples of life, and that the North, which could not employ them profitably, would be benefited by such employment at the South, they sold out slavery to the South and received a full equivalent, not only in the cash down, but in the manufacturing and commercial prosperity, which grow up from the production of slave labor.

“When the constitution came to be formed, the love of liberty was as strong as ever, and as strong at the South as at the North, and the love of gain was common to both sections. Here were two master passions to be adjusted, and they were adjusted by mutual compromise and mutual concessions, and the more perfect Union was formed. They framed the constitution, and it stands to challenge the admiration of the world, and the admiration of the world, for the motive of its founders, is swallowed up in wonder at the success of their work; but all this the ‘irrepressible conflict’ ignores. Passion has burned out all memories of the compromise and the compact in the States of the North, and now, under the false name of liberty bills, obstructed the due execution of the bargain. Whence comes this intense sensibility that cannot bear a few slaves in a remote territory until the people there be able to establish a constitution? What does that editor or that preacher know of the Union or of the men who made it—he who habitually reviles and misrepresents the Southern people, and excites the ignorant and the thoughtless in our midst to hate and persecute them? It would seem that the government that was all sufficient for the country seventy years ago, when soil and climate and State sovereignty were trusted to regulate the spread of slavery, is now insufficient to-day, because every upstart politician can stir the people to mutiny against the domestic institutions of the South. Now,

because the ribald jests of seditious editors, like Greeley and Beecher, can sway legislatures and popular votes against the handiwork of Washington and Franklin, Hamilton and Madison, and Gouv'nir Morris. When the scurrilous libels, as such a book as Helper's has become a favorite campaign document, and are accepted by thousands as law and gospel. When jealousy and hate have extinguished all our fraternal feelings, for those who were born brethren, and who have done us no harm."

Mr. Charles E. Lex, a prominent lawyer of the State, who, it is said, had voted for Mr. Lincoln, then took the stand and urged that the North rectify the errors which he admitted, and that they do stand by the constitutional obligations, he said:

"*My Fellow-Citizens of Philadelphia:* I appeal to you to rise in the sincerity of your hearts and speak the word of comfort to our disaffected brethren of the South. Let us show them that we are not alienated from them in our affections. Let us arise in our manhood and do our duty and retrace every false step we have taken. If our Southern brethren are really aggrieved by any law now standing upon our statute book opposed to their rights; if, upon examination, any such are found to be in conflict with the constitution of these United States, nay, if they but serve to irritate our brethren of the South, let us see to it that they be repealed. If this grand old Commonwealth has done any wrong or inflicted any injury she is noble enough to manfully repair it. If it shall appear that we have erred by reason of our feelings, and our judgment has been warped by passion or by prejudice, let us confess the fault; let the fugitive-slave law be (as it is written in the constitution) enforced in all its spirit and intent. It is the law of the land, let it be implicitly obeyed; and all State law that is in conflict with it let us repeal. Let us, too, submit to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States—that court is the great bul-

wark of the constitution, its judgments should be final and conclusive, and we have no right to question it. Let us discontinue and discountenance every denunciation of slavery and of those who maintain the institution, whether they are promulgated in the lecture-room, at the political gathering, or from the sacred desk."

Mr. Lex was followed by the distinguished Theodore Cuyler, who said:

*"Fellow-Citizens:* Let us of the North get back to our true position. Let us first set the example of perfect obedience to the constitution and the laws; and when we shall have pulled the beam from our own eyes we may talk to our brethren of the mote in theirs. Let us obey the laws of Congress and return, as we are obligated, the fugitive from labor. Let us repeal our obnoxious liberty bills—these mean evasions of plain duty. We are bound by a sacred compact not to interfere or meddle with the institution of slavery; and yet, the pulpit and the press and many of our public halls are eloquent with violent and inflammatory appeals touching this subject.

"Who shall say, fellow-citizens, how much of our present peril springs from this very cause? Can we wonder that our Southern brethren feel that the hearts of their Northern fellow-citizens are shut against them? Can we forget that these appeals have reached the slaves, inciting them to insurrection, and thus filling with dread and apprehension the once quiet and happy homes of the South?

"I appeal to you earnestly, to each of you individually, by every lawful means in your power, to put an end to the violent and inflammatory discussion of this unhappy subject. The past, the present, and the future appeal to you to be true to your country and to yourselves.

"Never before has constitutional liberty assumed so fair a form; never before has any people been so speedily and safely borne to happiness and prosperity; until now

the imagination sinks in the effort to contemplate that glorious future on whose threshold our feet have stood. Can it be that madness and fanaticism, can it be that selfishness and sectionalism, are about to destroy this noblest form of government, freighted, as it is, with the highest hopes of humanity?"

These expressions of amity, trust and affection gave Mr. Reed very great satisfaction; he listened to them with mingled feelings of national pride and admiration. Their sincerity could not be questioned; and the manliness displayed in every word, and the moral courage breathed in every sentence, challenged the highest commendation. The speeches were copied in all of the Virginia papers, and were read with unsurpressed delight. They showed, at least to the satisfaction of Virginia, and to a majority of the other Southern States, that the good and true men of the North were still loyal to the Federal compact; were still true to the principles of their forefathers, and were still ready and willing, nay anxious, to be guided by the spirit of justice, and to deal fairly and equitably with their brethren of the South.

They had the manliness to confess that they had not kept the faith and the honesty to pledge atonement for the wrong. The great body of the Northern people were indifferent in the matter of slavery so long as it was restricted within the Southern States; but the hot-heads and opened-mouthed politicians talked long, and talked loud, and made a great show, and the South was foolish enough and weak enough to suffer itself to become exasperated by the howls of the fanatics, who were ambitious to pose as humanitarians, but at the expense, inconvenience and questionable experiment of other people.

The most intelligent, refined and cultivated people of the South looked upon African slavery, not as a curse to the slave then domiciled there, nor as a source of great wealth and profit, but as a relation between the two-

racés, the best that could be suggested under existing circumstances. The South looked upon the subordination of the African as congenial to his moral nature as a warm climate is to his physical welfare. Unkindness to him awakens resentment, but servitude alone carries no sense of degradation fatal to his self-respect.

In the eloquent language of a close observer of that period, the South but regarded the African slave as "still filling that humble and subordinate place which, as the pictured monuments of Egypt attest, he has occupied since the dawn of history; a race which, during the long revolving cycles of intervening time, has founded no empire, built no towered city, invented no art, discovered no truth, bequeathed no everlasting possession to the future through law-giver, hero, bard, or benefactor of men; a race which, though lifted immeasurably above its native barbarism by the refining influences of Christian servitude, has yet given no sign of living and self-sustaining culture.

"Free them, and they will have to elbow for place and power and struggle for existence with a composite race which has incorporated into its bosom all the vital elements of human progress; which, crowned with the traditions of history and bearing in its hands the most, precious trophies of civilization, still rejoices in the overflowing energy, the abounding strength, the unconquerable will which have made it 'the heir of all the ages,' and which, with aspirations unsatisfied by centuries of toil and achievement, still vexes sea and land with its busy industry, binds coy nature faster in its chains, embellishes life more prodigally with its arts, kindles a wider inspiration from the fountain lights of freedom, and follows knowledge like a shining star beyond the utmost bounds of human thought."

In a contest between two such races, who can doubt what the issue will be? Northern philanthropy, blinded by zeal in the pursuit of its present purpose, overlooks this difference between the races, and sees not the warfare which they inaugurate, which will finally leave the poor slave to fight in all the coming years of race contention. The star of their destiny, reflecting the light of the newly risen sun of freedom, may shine out with some luster for a time, but its flickering rays will soon be dazzled by the splendid orb of Caucasian power, and by and by a darkness and a gloom, a servitude and a degradation, will fall upon that ill-fated race a thousand times more galling than that recognized by the constitution of the United States, and endured by the slaves of the South.

So thought and taught, felt and believed, Dabney Reed, of Virginia, and so still says this humble narrator; but over the long years that are yet to come the veil of futurity is spread, and time alone can unroll the panoramic picture.

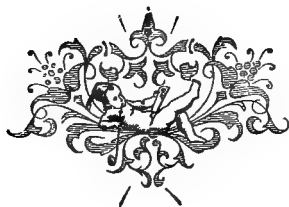
Dabney Reed did his duty to the best of his ability, guided by the light of a clear conscience as it then cast its rays upon his heart. But the storm was coming, the North and the South could see it, as it gathered in heavy black folds all along the horizon; and all could hear the deep muttering tones of anger and wrath that rolled nearer and nearer as they gathered in volume. The North was sincere and stood in painful anxiety watching that rising storm. The South was sincere and made haste to weather the ship of State from the floods of passion.

Nearer and nearer those black clouds rolled, and louder and louder those mutterings grew, and fierce the winds did blow. South Carolina could not be satisfied, "Revolutions, she said, never roll backward." They must climb the waves of opposition and reach the shore in safety or



they must beat and break upon the rocks of adversity. And so Virginia's prayer for peace was hushed amid the roar of that coming storm.

On the 20th of December, 1860, South Carolina seceded. Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas followed in quick succession. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Missouri, Kentucky, Arkansas, Delaware and Maryland held back ; and thus matters stood for quite a while.



## CHAPTER XIX.

THE strange and most extraordinary vision which Colonel Moore had experienced made a deep and lasting impression upon his mind. The vision was so real, so clearly remembered, so vivid in the recollection that it was impossible for him (as he sometimes tried) to persuade himself that it was all a dream. "No," he would say, "it could not have been a dream. I saw it with my own wakeful eyes, and I know that I was not asleep. I had been dreaming, that I distinctly remember, and I was lying there thinking of the dream when I saw the light begin to brighten on the wall. Yes, I saw her face; there can be no mistake. It was her own sweet face. It was the face of my own sweet sainted Helen. Only a few hours before that I had prayed and cried, Helen, oh, Helen, pray to the Father that I may come and be with thee. Can it be, that she in the spirit-land heard that prayer and heeded that cry and came in that bright vision to show the welcome I am soon to receive in the realms of light? It must be so; indeed, it must be so. I feel it in my heart. I feel a joy, a real joy in my soul and a peaceful light around me I never felt before. Yes, I know 'tis so; I am going soon, going to the better land, going to my peaceful home on high going to be with Helen and near my blessed Saviour."

The old man smiled, clasped his hands and looked toward the bright blue sky. He was not afraid, he believed in the invocation, "Let not your heart be troubled," and in his heart he felt that he could sincerely say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Charles and Helen could but note the change that had been wrought in Colonel Moore; he was more than cheerful; at times he was almost hysteric, but amid all this flow of happiness there was a strangeness of manner they could not understand. He had ever been the most kind, affectionate, attentive and indulgent of fathers; but now all this would but poorly express the sentiment with which he regarded his daughter. Her slightest wishes and most trivial desires were objects of his greatest care; he followed her every motion with his eyes, and studied her wants with almost painful anxiety.

This change rather distressed Helen than made her happy, and at times, when her father was most intently absorbed about her welfare, she could scarcely suppress the tears which came to her eyes. Sometimes, when she would look up suddenly and catch the half sad but tender loving expression of his face, she would go to his side and kneel at his feet, and put her arms about his neck, and try by her look to persuade him, that if there was anything on his mind to tell it to her; but he would only push back the hair from her forehead, and press his lips to her brow, and say, "I love you, my child; your old father loves you so dearly." And then, as their eyes met, and gazed into each other, each saw and felt and confessed the deep, earnest attachment of soul united to soul. She tried to say, "What is it, father;" but the words died on her lips or were choked in her throat. He tried to say, "I am going, my child, going to leave you;" but the words welled up in his heart, and his voice was hushed in the suppressed sob. And so the days rolled by, and each one knew that there was a secret, and a secret where none had ever been before.

Charles came often, and Helen told him of all her fears. He tried to comfort her with sincere assurances that her father's mind was still in full vigor and clear as a crystal.

The tender affection displayed, he told her, was but the natural result of declining years, perhaps coupled with thoughts of general failing health. He, too, of course, had noticed the change of manner, and had tried hard to solve the mystery, but without perfect satisfaction to himself; but he was positive that it was in no sense due to the slightest mental aberration. Dr. Hall had been questioned on the subject, and he, too, held to the same views as Charles. This assurance of her best and most trusted friends was of great comfort to Helen; still, thoughts once impressed upon the mind are hard to completely expel. Mr. Dodge had been questioned cautiously by Charles, but Mr. Dodge had noticed nothing which indicated the slightest change in Colonel Moore; he stated "that he had been a great deal with the Colonel of late, in fact much more since the mishap than before the accident; but their conversations had been for the most part upon intellectual and scientific subjects, and that he had found the Colonel much better versed in such matters than he had previously supposed."

Their last conversation, he said, had been upon the subject of the arrest, trial and execution of Major Andre, every detail of which seemed perfectly familiar to the Colonel's memory. So the mystery deepened, and so the web of deception woven by the wily Dodge grew larger and stronger, much to the satisfaction of that inexplicable character.

Colonel Moore had, indeed, of late shown a strong inclination to court the society of "the visiting Statesman," and Mr. Dodge professed to find in the Colonel a most interesting and congenial companion, despite the disparity of their ages. Helen and Charles had noticed the growing intimacy, and had rather encouraged it than otherwise, hoping that the intellectual conversations of the brilliant scientist would prove a happy diversion; and

so the intimacy increased until the good old man was scarcely satisfied unless he was basking in the sunlight of the sweet smile which ever played over the features of the magic face of the young collegiate.

To all, this intimacy was really a source of pleasure, except old Ben. That whole-souled old negro still distrusted Mr. Dodge, and felt uneasy accordingly. But he saw no opportunity to interfere, so was forced to wait and watch.

Mr. Dodge had taken an early opportunity to relate to Colonel Moore the circumstances of a psychological discussion which he had held with one of the professors just before the close of his college term. Mr. Dodge, for reasons of his own, was not too scrupulously exact in his statement of the facts. He stated that one of the students had had a strange dream. He thought that he was standing on the bank of a beautiful stream in the early morning hour, watching the sparkling, rippling waters as they danced in the light of the rising sun. The birds were singing their springtime songs, and the fresh flowers, full of fragrance, were smiling brightly as they peeped from under the grass or over the green leaves. The voice of the waters seemed to mingle with the songs of the birds and the sigh of the zephyrs, and the murmuring sound seemed to float away over the water in the sweet cadence of a heavenly anthem. The dreamer felt his soul enraptured by the enchanting melody and the charm of the sequestered spot, and gave himself up to pleasing meditations. Thus he lingered and drank in the beauty of the scenery—the joy of the hour—the soft breathing music and the sweet freshness of the air, until there came and stood by him a man draped in long flowing robes, loose and spotless white. The face of the man was shining bright; so bright the dreamer's eyes could not meet the dazzling splendor, and so he stood as one blinded;

but though he could not see, a feeling of delight and love crept over him and into his heart, and he knew that the figure there beside him was the spirit of his father. And then the spirit spoke, and the voice was sweet, like the music of crystal chimes, and it said "come, my son, this stream is the river of Jordan; let us cross to the promised land of Canaan." Just here the dreamer was aroused by the vividness of the dream, and sitting up in bed, told the circumstance to his room-mate, who had not yet retired. Several weeks passed and the dream was almost forgotten by the room-mate, when one Saturday the students asked permission to go down on the river to bathe. The first to undress was young Randson, the friend of the pleasing dream; and noticing as he sprang into the water some beautiful wild honey-suckles growing on the farther shore, he said, "come, boys, let's swim for the land where the sweet flowers bloom," and with this remark he struck out with a manly arm to pull for the opposite bank. When he reached the middle of the stream he was taken suddenly with the cramp in his side; he threw up his arms, gave one loud scream and sank to rise no more.

That evening the President of the college received a telegram which said: "Scott Randson's father was killed to-day at noon by a railroad collision—break the news gently."

"This most singular dream and remarkable coincidence," said Mr. Dodge, "became the subject of much comment, and many discussions among the students and finally received the attention of the Professor of Mental Philosophy in one of his lectures, and afterwards at the house of the Professor they had joined issue as to whether the prophetic dream was the manifestation of some supernatural agency, or a mere coincidence—the Professor holding to the negative of the question, and discrediting

all spiritualistic manifestations, while he, Mr. Dodge, maintained the opposite view."

Mr. Dodge then proceeded to state his views and beliefs at considerable length. He stated that his opinions were firmly fixed, and that they were not based upon vague, uncertain and questionable ground, but upon well-authenticated facts.

He said besides the testimony of some whose veracity it would be folly to place in doubt, he intimated, though he did not care to speak of it, that he himself had passed through experiences, which could not admit of any doubt in his mind, and which could not be explained away by the theory of coincidence. He continued to speak in this connection for some time, and warming with his subject, said with earnestness: "The philosophers of the old school would have us believe that all of our knowledge of the outward world is derived through the senses and from deductions drawn by the intellectual faculty from data furnished by the senses, and they limit the senses to five in number—sight, taste, smell, touch and hearing. This, they say, completes the list of the perceptive faculties and is the only foundation and source of knowledge." "Yet," said he, "these so-called philosophic writers are so illogical as to admit that there are phenomena not to be accounted for by any of these senses. For they relate how the somnambulist rises from his bed at midnight, and in pitch-black darkness dresses with taste and care, and then goes forth and scales heights never trod before by mortal foot, and with unerring step walks along the verge of the yawning precipice, or enters the cold, damp, slippery, subterranean cave where no ray of light has ever pierced." "Can it be," asked he, "that the sleeper was guided by taste, smell, touch or hearing? Change the subject, and now the midnight rambler will arise, take pen, ink and paper, and without a light, without a glimmering spark, will

proceed to compose and write down sermons, lectures, or speeches as his vocation suggests, and having written at length to his satisfaction will turn back and read the whole, from beginning to end, with a clear, distinct voice, and with proper emphasis and appropriate gesture. If a passage does not suit him he will erase it, and write the correction in its proper place, and as he reads will carefully dot his i's and cross his t's. Again the subject changes and the genius of the artist soars up to perfection, in midnight darkness, and that during an hour of unconscious somnambulism, when nature seems to be at rest and the vexed soul is freed from oppressing care. Then it seems that the immortal spirit is enabled to approach divine perfection and reproduce on the glowing canvass the delicate tints of the blooming rose, or the glowing splendors of the azure sky. "These," said Mr. Dodge, "are historical facts duly recorded and open to the perusal of every student of mental science. To which of the five senses shall we go to ask for an intelligent explanation? To what faculty of the soul or mind shall we turn to trace these extraordinary phenomena? Light has been supplied in the midst of the deepest darkness; from what mysterious source are the rays sent forth? Knowledge of objects far distant, never seen, never heard of, never the subject of past conception, has been correctly obtained. From what *source* does this information come? Skill has been acquired, never hoped for, never dreamed of. From what realm of beauty did the inspiration come? Who can make true answer unless he possess the omniscient eye? Philosophy gives us no information, furnishes no explanation, sheds on the subject not so much as one glimmering ray of light, and barely condescends to notice the subject further than to indulge in dogmatic denials or cry: 'Falderal fiddle-sticks.'"



"Yet, despite the disrepute into which this branch of psychological science has been dragged, no less a person than the distinguished Bishop Haven, of the Theological Seminary of Chicago, has asked the question," "May there not be an inner consciousness, a hidden soul-life not dependent on the bodily organization, which at times comes forth into development, and manifests itself when the usual relations of the body and soul are disturbed or suspended," and then, continuing, says: "We must admit that in certain disordered and highly excited states of the nervous system, the soul can, and does, sometimes perceive, what under ordinary circumstances is not preceptible to the eye, or to the ear; nay even dispenses with the use of our senses, so-called, altogether." "If this be true," said Mr. Dodge, speaking earnestly and looking hard at Colonel Moore, "who will deny that there may be communications direct or indirect between the saints of heaven and the loving souls of this earth." "I believe it," said he, his tone growing almost passionate. "Let them call this power or ability or adaptation of the soul; be it voluntary or involuntary, human or superhuman, natural or supernatural, by what name they please, magnetism, mesmerism, somnambulism or spiritualism, we must know that there are times when some people, at least, can, and do, become cognizant of circumstances and places and persons not within the range of any of the five senses. Time and space seem to be annihilated by this unnamed faculty of the soul, and the future as well as the present and the past is laid bare to our view as though spread out in one wide panoramic picture. By this power Samuel was called forth from the grave by the witch of Endor to meet with Saul, Belshazzar by it read his fast approaching doom in the handwriting on the wall, and Daniel in the dream of Nebuchadnezzar saw kingdoms and empires rise, flourish and fall and christianity spread all the world

over. By this faculty the sister of Major Andre witnessed the arrest, trial and execution of her brother, and told his fate and mourned his loss long before the winds had wafted the sad news across the deep waters of the wide Atlantic."

"These things being so, who is prepared to deny, who is able to sustain with logical argument, that there may not be some law of our being not fully understood by us, but by virtue of which the mind becomes susceptible to impressions not ordinarily received, and is thus put in communication in some way to us mysterious with scenes and events far distant so as to become strangely cognizant of the future."

Mr. Dodge had spoken rapidly; he was more excited than was his usual wont, and with the close of the last remark he arose and walked back and forth across the library. Colonel Moore sat as one spell-bound; his face was deeply flushed and beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, while his eyes stared at Mr. Dodge with an expression of mingling terror and astonishment. Back and forth walked the impassionate actor; the muscles of his face working as though to keep time with his overwrought thoughts. Finally he stopped short and faced about and stood in front of Colonel Moore and gazed down into the old man's eyes as though he meant to read his very soul, and then raising his right arm in an emphatic gesture said, "Colonel Moore, I know your thoughts. I see with my mind's eye the working of your brain. I see that picture engraven on your soul, 'tis a vision you have seen; perhaps a dream. I see it reflected from the mirror of your spiritual life upon yonder wall, 'tis there—yonder—there—there, 'tis the face of an angel robed in white—'tis the one whose image fills your heart with rapture and delight. Go steep your soul in the splendors of that heaven-born light—she awaits your coming—the scene to

you is sacred—the vision is prophetic, 'tis your angel wife. I leave you to your joy ; farewell."

Colonel Moore sprang to his feet terrified, and amazed. But Mr. Dodge was gone.

"How could he know? Oh! how could he know what thoughts filled my mind? To no living soul have I breathed it."

The old man sank back in his chair, buried his face in his hands, and shook with emotion. He wept like a child. He could not think; he did not know what it all meant. He was completely subdued; and from that hour Beverly Moore became as potter's clay in the hands of the designing William Dodge.

Reader, one of the strange things in this life is the conflict between truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, right and wrong, justice and oppression. And, alas! too often truth and virtue, right and justice, are borne down and made subservient to powers of evil passions. But an abiding faith tells us that high above yon blue arching sky there is a God, the maker and builder of all the universe, around whose great white throne the shining hosts of heavenly bodies moved in grand procession, and Him reverence due and low obeisance make as they pass; and from that throne, exalted high above all exaltation, He, with his loving care and omniscient eye, looks down in tender mercy, the guardian and protector even of the humblest soul that floats o'er the stream of time. His ways are above our ways. His judgments we cannot comprehend. His mercy and his goodness our utmost strength of thought can never compass. But our faith, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, can rend the vale of sorrow and pierce the shades of darkness and fill our souls with light, and enable us to be glad as we pray, even in the midst of earthly sorrows, "Thy will, not mine, oh! Lord, be done."

Who hath not suffered sorrow? Who hath not borne affliction and oppression—endured the pain and anguish until from the depth of the soul the cry comes up, “My God, my God, why hath Thou forsaken me?” But even as the cry goes up wafted on the swift pinions of prayer, hope comes speeding down, bringing the sweet assurance that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth on high. Blessed are they who endureth to the end, for them there is laid up a crown of eternal glory.

Falsehood and vice, injustice and wrong, may triumph for a season. They are the fountain-heads of sorrow, but pain and anguish belong only to time. “The body will soon be out of pain, the soul be out of prison.” Truth and justice, virtue and right, find their happy home on high amid the realms of endless joy. The victory of wrong may to the finite eye seem complete, but the triumph of truth and justice will be proclaimed from the battlements of Omnipotent Power and the citadel of eternal peace.



## CHAPTER XX.

“COME, Lovely, let’s go for a ride,” said Charles as he stood on the porch by Helen’s side. “Nellie, your pet, will think you have lost your appreciation of her graceful performance, if you neglect her any longer. See how quickly she lifts her beautiful head at the bare suggestion; and see, too, what a glad welcome is beaming in her bright eyes as she comes to meet us. She will enjoy the lope, and the exercise will keep the roses in bloom on your cheek this glad autumn day.”

“That we will, my pet; that you shall have a nice run, you darling horsey.”

And Helen ran to meet the beautiful bay mare and threw her arms around its arching neck and kissed her on the face, and patted her head in the most affectionate manner, all the while talking to the noble animal with lispings tongue to show her love for her horse, which seemed to fully understand and greatly enjoy as she stood gently rubbing her nose against the cheek of its mistress, as though to express the appreciation which it felt for the kind caresses.

“It is my time to feel neglected and grow jealous now,” said Charles.

“Don’t care if he does, do we, Nellie; don’t care a bit how jealous he gets, do we, darling? We are going to love each other all the same,” and the tender patting and loving caress grew all the more tender and loving. “Yes, that you shall have a nice lope, you sweet, nice horsey, and we will pelt Mr. Charles with gravels, too, won’t we Nellie, if he is naughty and don’t behave? Now tell

Marse Charles to go and get your bridle and saddle, while I get my habit, and we will run him a race and beat him and Miss Flora all to pieces," and with this Helen pressed her arms around the neck of her lovely pet and said, "You darling old horsey, I do love you so much."

In due time the lovers were mounted and out on the road. The two horses, which were well matched in size and style, were old rivals for the right of way. They were both fresh this afternoon, and swept along the smooth road with a bounding gallop, both ready and anxious for a dash and willing to test each other's speed and settle the contest.

"What shall be the prize this afternoon, Lovely," asked Charles, "if Flora wins the race?"

"A bottle of anti-fat for her rider, that she may have less weight to carry in the future," replied Helen laughing.

"Do you hear that, Flora?" said Charles. "Do you hear that banter?" And the spirited black mare pressed harder against the bit as if in response, ready to begin the race.

"Now what shall Nellie have as a fitting reward," asked Helen, "if she even eclipses all her former performances and shows Miss Flora the flashing polish of her shoes?"

"A new bridle with silver curb and silk reins," replied Charles.

"And you hear that, Nellie," cried Helen; "the very thing you want." And again the arched neck of Nellie was patted with a little gloved hand.

"We will run," said Charles, "our old heat of half a mile, from the big oak on the right of the road to the shade of the willow on the left."

"All right," said Helen, "the road is wide and smooth there, and just enough gravel at the close for Nellie to give you the promised pelting."

"But you must remember," said Charles, "that Flora is handicapped thirty-five pounds, and is entitled to some consideration."

"Only thirty," said Helen. I weigh just one hundred and twenty and you told me this morning you weighed one hundred and fifty."

"But my heart is full of love," said Charles, "and that ought to be counted weighty matter."

"With yourself, I know," laughed Helen, and if you keep up with me in this race, I will make you spill some of it along the road."

But there is an image of one hundred and twenty pounds in my soul," said Charles, "surely that ought to count."

"Let it counteract your pride of small feet, for if, indeed, you have so much in the soles of your feet, I dare say Miss Flora will shake your boots off in this run."

"I'll beat you just for that," said Charles; and they quickened the speed of their horses as they neared the big oak tree.

"If you can," said Helen, as she touched her horse with her whip and held her hard, that she might be ready for a quick start.

"Now, ready?" said Charles. "Go!" And the riders shook the reins of their bridles over the necks of the beautiful horses.

At the word, each horse sprang forward like an arrow from a bow. The start was a fair one, and both riders rode to win. Away they flew, swift as the winds. Neck and neck the horses struggled in desperate rivalry, every muscle strained to its utmost tension, striving for the goal. Trees and rocks flew back swifter than the wings of a bird. On, on and on they go, at a terrible speed. The victory still doubtful, Charles plied the whip; but the whip was vain. The nose of Nellie was reaching for

the shade of that willow tree. Again and again Charles plied his whip and urged his horse to her utmost speed; but Nellie seemed to lay almost flat on the ground, her nose still reaching for the shade of that willow tree, and thus the brilliant bay mare swept, with her gallant rider, across the shadow of the willow, full half a length in advance.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Charles. "Hurrah for Nellie and her brave rider! Fairly and nobly done. I did my best to win the anti-fat, but I yield to merit. I have lost the bridle. But it was the handicap; want it, Flora?"

"Yes, maybe it was," laughed Helen; "but minus the love and the image. Confess, Sir Charles, the superior mettle of my gallant steed."

"I do confess," replied Charles, bowing. "But what horse could not run, with the wings of an angel to help on the speed?"

"The wings of that same angel will help you with this whip if you detract one iota from the merit of my noble Nellie.

"Then here is a truce to our wits. I will pay the bet and buy the anti-fat myself; and when I am reduced to one hundred and twenty pounds, we will run the race over again."

The lovers had by this time brought their horses to a walk, and were slowly riding along that part of the road where it wound around the foot of a steep hill, covered with heavy timber and thick undergrowth. Just then they heard the full cry of a pack of hounds in hot chase, coming down the hill, and almost at the same moment a large deer, with a flying leap, bounded over the fence and across the road just in front of them, and made for the river.

"Oh! isn't he beautiful! isn't he beautiful!" cried Helen. "And, oh! just see how gracefully he runs. What tremendous leaps he makes; how swift he flies."



Just then the full pack of hounds came tearing down the hill and swept across the road, making the very hills ring with their chorus of cries.

"Hark!" cried Charles. "Hark to him!" And again and again, in wild excitement, he harked on the flying dogs to the chase.

The leading dog heard the cry, glanced back a moment, and then leaped forward with increased speed.

"Oh! I do hope they won't catch him! Oh! don't let them kill the beautiful deer!" cried Helen, her heart in her voice and tears almost in her eyes.

"No danger of that," said Charles; "not a bit of it. That is Billy on a bender; and from the set of that proud head and the way he carries his brush, the frolic isn't half over yet."

Helen gave Charles an enquiring look. She did not understand what he meant.

"That is my pet deer, Lovely. He was bantering the hounds all the morning, trying to provoke them into a chase. He kept worrying first one and then another, trying to make them mad to induce them to run after him, and it seems that he finally succeeded in his efforts, and I see that he has passed around from house to house until he has all the dogs in the neighborhood enlisted in his train. He will run until he gets tired, and then he will go home to old Aunt Milly, who will shut him up in the kitchen until the dogs get home and quiet down; then he will come out and walk around as leisurely as though he had never worried a dog in all his life. You ought to hear old Aunt Milly talk to him when he gets back from one of his gay frolics. She loves the deer, but hates the hounds, and is just as proud of Billy's achievements as she would be if he were a child of her own. She thinks it such a good joke on the dogs."

Helen laughed and clapped her hands in real glee. She, too, took the part of the mischievous Billy, and like Aunt Milly considered the frolic a capital joke on the lazy hounds. Then she cried:

"Oh! I do wish they would pass this way again; it would be so nice to see them run. You must give me that deer when"—

She stopped and blushed. Charles caught her hand and pressed it, and then as she blushed again he laughed the sweet, happy laugh of an accepted lover, and said:

"Yes, Lovely, what is mine shall be thine—all thine. You will then have one deer and one slave, and I shall have in exchange the sweetest dear that mortal ever loved."

"Whose chief delight," said Helen, "will be to cut short your flattery," and she smiled and shook her whip at him.

The cry of the hounds had died away in the distance, and as it did not seem likely that they would see anything more of the chase, our friends proceeded on their ride. They struck into a steady lope for awhile, passed around the hill, then up to the right through the woods, and out to a wide field, from which they had a beautiful view of the river and surrounding country. There were various points of interest along the road, each of which attracted their attention as they passed. Midway the field a lane turned off which led down to the river, and on a little bluff just to the left they came close to the ruins of an old house, now fast mouldering to decay. That old house had long stood there, looking desolate—suggesting sorrow—an object of curiosity to the whites, a source of terror to the superstitious blacks; for tradition had long ago named it "the old haunted house." Helen pointed to it as they passed, and said:

"The imagination can repeople those crumbling walls, and fill those dusty rooms with love, and hope, and happiness. Happy hearts may have there once rejoiced in mutual trust, and bright, beautiful children made the old home resonant with innocent laughter. I always feel sad when I look upon the ruins of an old, deserted house, for I know it was once a home for somebody; humble though it be, yet for somebody it was once 'home, sweet, sweet home.'" She paused for a moment, then sighed and continued: "Yes, the old house seems now fast mouldering to the dust, but they say it was once a beautiful place and a bright, happy home, through whose wide halls and spacious rooms the merry laugh of children was heard, and wedded life dwelt in all its peace and loveliness. But now," she said with another sigh, "if we are to believe the exciting recitals of the colored people, that old house is the abode of disentombed spirits—souls that cannot rest in a peaceful grave because of the dark deeds done in the body. At midnight, the negroes say, on every Xmas eve strange sounds of music are heard there, mingling with the hollow laugh of some dread demon, while strange lights of various hues pass flitting from room to room."

"Yes," said Charles, speaking slowly and with subdued voice, "that is the old haunted house, and dark and dreadful indeed was the awful tragedy enacted there, on that fatal Xmas night. Of course you have heard the story?"

"No, I have not fully, I only know that it is supposed that a bloody murder was committed there many years ago, and that the negroes believe that the house is haunted by the spirit of the murdered man. If you know the whole story, I would like to have you tell me all the details."

"I have heard my father tell the story," said Charles, "as he heard it from his father, who lived in the neighborhood at the time, and I have also read the account of the murder trial as it is on record in the law books. The

murder was supposed to have been committed by a woman. The trial was of the supposed murderess."

"*Murderess!*" exclaimed Helen, and the very word seemed to fill her whole being with horror.

"Yes," said Charles, "so the story goes, but a dark mystery hangs over it, a mystery which perhaps will never be explained."

"'Twas many years ago. It happened when my father was but a child. It was on Xmas eve in the year 1815. The family that lived there was an Irish family by the name of Doyle; they were possessed of considerable property, in fact were considered rich in those times; William Doyle was his name. It seems when he grew up he fell in love with the daughter of one of his father's tenants. The girl's name was Emily Reilly; she was said to be a pure, modest girl, very refined in her manners and possessed of great beauty. But the Doyle family were bitterly opposed to the match, so young Doyle not having any means of his own had to wait and abide his time. When old man Doyle died, William then being of age received at once his share of his father's estate, and despite the protestations of his brothers and sisters, who considered the match a misalliance, he married the beautiful Emily and moved to America. He bought that property and built that house, and they say a more elegant home or a more hospitable mansion could not be found in all the States. They had two children, a girl and a boy, aged respectively at that time five and seven years. Mr. Doyle was quite literary in his taste and delighted to draw around him intelligent, cultivated people, while Mrs. Doyle was something of a religious enthusiast. Soon after the Doyle family came, there also came to the neighborhood a man by the name of Kelley, at least such was the name by which he was known here. He bought a few acres of land yonder over the river and built there a small frame house. Who he was, what he was, or where he came

from, no one ever knew, unless the Doyles knew. This man Kelley lived the life of a recluse. He was never known to have visited anywhere except at the Doyle home, and seemed averse to making even a casual acquaintance. He spent his time for the most part in study and the cultivation of flowers. From what source he drew his means of subsistence was a mystery, but rumor said his small cottage was a palace of luxury, adorned with the most elegant furniture, exquisite tapestry and costly paintings. He was about thirty-five years of age, a splendid figure and marvelously handsome. The idea got abroad that he was a minister of the gospel, who had been mixed up in some political intrigue, and was now an exile or a fugitive, but from whence the rumor started no one could tell. His only servant was a native African, who could not speak one word of English and whose gibberish was totally unintelligible to every one except his master. It was well known that the recluse was a frequent and welcome visitor at the Doyle home; he came and went seemingly with perfect freedom. The servants said he seemed to be very fond of Mr. Doyle, but that he was more interested in Mrs. Doyle, and that she was very gracious towards him. These remarks of the servants, told with some expressions of disapprobation, created some whisperings, but that was all that was ever known of that. They said he used to read his Latin books to Mr. Doyle, but that he talked on religious subjects to the lady. But despite the whispers all the servants agreed that it seemed to be a very happy home."

"Just so matters stood until that fatal Christmas eve. On that afternoon Mr. Doyle and his wife gave Christmas presents not only to the children, but to each of the servants. Mr. Doyle, who was exceedingly fond of music, presented his wife with a new piano; and she, in return, gave him a new violin. After supper all the servants, old and young, were invited into the house, and Mr. and

Mrs. Doyle furnished the music, and the young folks had a grand dance, which was kept up until quite a late hour, none seeming to enjoy the frolic more than the white people."

"Some time just before daylight that night, one wild, heart-rending, piercing shriek was heard, ringing through the house from dome to cellar. The servants in wild dismay rushed from the cabins, forced open the doors and ran in. One dim light was burning in the bed-chamber. Mrs. Doyle stood in the floor, clothed only in her night robes, her left hand clasped in a convulsive grasp in her loosely flowing hair, her right arm extended, clutching at the air, while her eyes stared at the window with the wild, fixed glare of a demented soul. The room was filled with a strange odor, which soon passed away. On the bed lay Mr. Doyle, and near by, on a cot, the two children—dead. Careful examination of the premises showed no door or window insecure. Not a thing in the house was displaced—nothing missing. Medical aid was summoned, which came quickly, and every effort to resuscitate made. But all was fruitless, except as to the little girl. The most careful autopsy by the most skilled medical expert failed to assign any definite cause of death, in so far as the means employed were concerned. They had all died, evidently, without a struggle—but, equally evidently, by some designing hand. There was a small clot of blood in the brain both of Mr. Doyle and the little boy, but not the slightest outside wound. Mrs. Doyle, when reason returned—if it ever did fully return—seemed frenzied with grief. She wrung her hands and tore her hair in the agonies of her pitiable anguish, but not one tear did she shed; and when she finally became quiet, her condition was such that her physician prohibited any mention of the subject to her; and later, even when she seemed to be more herself, she either would not or could not give any account of what had happened from the

time that she retired up to the hour of her restoration to consciousness. She was suspected, accused, arrested and placed on trial. She made no effort towards a regular legal defence. She seemed to take but little notice of what was going on; only protested against her guilt in the most emphatic manner, and called upon high heaven to bear witness to her innocence, and invoked the withering wrath of all the angels, if she had ever been for one moment disloyal to her husband in thought or in deed. 'To be accused of the murder of my own husband and child. My God!' she cried, and fell, writhing in the dreadful anguish of her soul."

"This was all before the trial; when that came on to be heard she seemed to go through the whole thing automatically. She had, or seemed to have, become indifferent. She did what she was told to do, but did not seem to hear a word except when some one would touch her and attract her attention to what was being said. No motive could be suggested; none had been assigned by the counsel for the State. The case was argued; the judge gave his charge to the jury. The jury retired to consult, and after an hour came filing into the courtroom. The clerk took the indictment from the foreman and read the verdict. It was but one word—'Guilty.' At that word Mr. Kelley leaped to his feet, threw up his arms, gave one shriek—one piercing cry—'She is not guilty,' 'she is innocent,' sprang headlong as though to clasp her in his arms, fell, and was taken up as for dead. Mrs. Doyle neither heard that shriek nor saw that fall. She arose to her feet, threw up her veil, looked at the judge, then at the jury, and burst into one wild, hollow laugh. She was a maniac; she lingered a few weeks in the insane asylum and died. Mr. Kelley was taken to the hospital, brain fever set in; he remained there for some time, the most of which he was delirious. During his stay at the hospital his house was searched, but there

was no light thrown upon the mysterious affair. When he recovered he moved away and took the little girl with him. The negro slave was taught to speak English, but he knew nothing except that his master had left home very late that night, and did not return till near daylight. When he left home he took a strange-looking machine with him, which he did not bring back, and which the servant never saw again."

"The Doyle estate, except the house, was sold; everything was converted into money. Mr. Kelley, as the best friend of the family, was appointed guardian, and so the matter passed from the thoughts of the people. Years later, a strange-looking machine was fished up from the bed of the river, which more recent developments in electrical science showed to be a powerful battery, and it is now generally supposed that this battery was the instrument of death in the hands of Kelley while the victims were under the influence of chloroform, the motive being to lead Mrs. Doyle to believe they had died a natural death, and thus leave the way clear to the heart of the wife, and the possession of the large estate. It was said that he moved to Washington city, and finally married the little girl for her money; but nothing has been heard of him for years, nor does any one seem to know what has become of the woman he married, or is said to have married. All that is known is, that he either took up his original name, or changed his name to something else; at any rate, he was not known in Washington by the name Kelley. Why he did this no one knows."



## CHAPTER XXI.

CHARLES and Helen had dismounted at the time Charles began to relate the history of the old haunted house, and had seated themselves upon the rocks that lay close to the foot of the steep precipice near the river bank. At the conclusion of the terrible story Helen drew closer to Charles and slipped her hand in his. She was deeply affected, and shuddered with horror.

"Oh! how awful," she said. "How can the human heart be so wicked, so sinful, so depraved? I shall never see that old house again without feelings of fear and awe."

Just then a fearful peal of thunder broke over the hills and startled our friends by its suddenness. They had not noticed that a small but deep black cloud had gathered in the west and now came rushing on with great velocity. They both sprang to their feet, their first thoughts being to mount and fly home before the storm should come up; but a single glance at the threatening cloud showed them that it was too late. The storm was already upon them; for almost before they could speak came another crash of thunder, and this again and again was followed in quick succession. The blue lightnings flashed great sheets of fire, and the thunders seemed to split the very hills. Helen trembled with fear and excitement, but Charles assured her that there was no danger. He carried her closer under the bluff to a point where she would be perfectly sheltered from any rain that might fall, and then took off the saddles and placed them in a secure place. The horses were already tied at a point where they would be partially protected from the storm.

Charles returned to Helen's side and they stood together watching the on-coming storm, which seemed to increase in violence as it drew nearer and nearer. The whole sky was one blaze of dashing fire, and the peals of thunder crashed and broke and echoed in deafening tones. It was awful, and the bravest heart might have felt a touch of quivering fear. Charles stood holding Helen's hand, trying to keep up her courage, but so terrible were the peals of thunder and so blinding the blaze of lightnings they could scarcely hear or see each other. As they stood thus a clap of thunder more terrible than any before seemed to split the very rocks around them, and at the same instant a flash of lightning completely blinded their eyes. Helen almost screamed with terror, but as the sound died away Charles pointed to the old haunted house, and cried:

"Look, look! The old house is struck and is burning."

And as the clouds rolled away and the thunders died in the distance, Helen and Charles stood in breathless silence and watched the fire as it leaped and blazed and roared around that ill-fated house, which now seemed to melt with the intense heat, and to crumble in almost a moment of time to cinders and ashes.

"What a tragical ending," said Charles when at last he found words to speak. "What a strange, tragical ending."

"Indeed, what a strange, tragical ending," replied Helen; "but I am glad it is burned. The end seems fitting for the awful history—God's decree against the deeds done there. It is gone, and in my heart I am glad. I could never have seen that old house again without trembling with fear. I am in no way superstitious. I do not believe in ghosts or evil, restless spirits that cannot sleep; but still such tales and frightful stories affect me strangely and make me uncomfortably nervous. And yet," said she, smiling, "somehow I enjoy them and

love to hear the negroes tell them. It is wonderful what remarkable stories they do tell, and how fully they believe in the visibility of spirits."

"Yes," said Charles, "it is indeed wonderful, but like you I enjoy listening to their recitals. What a pleasure it used to be to me when I was a child. I believed in them then myself, and many a night have I stolen off down to the cabins and carried the cake I saved from my lunch to bribe Uncle Archer to start the story. 'Jack o' Lantern,' 'The Man Without Any Head,' 'The Spirit of Old George Chasing the Black Dog' were some of his favorite tales and happiest themes. But they will never be troubled any more by the old haunted house and the strange light and music they used to see and hear there. Look. It has burned completely down; it was so old and dry the fire has made quick work of it. But come, the storm has passed and we had better return home; your father may feel uneasy about you."

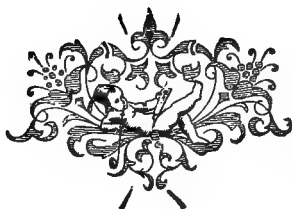
When Helen and Charles reached home they found Colonel Moore and Mr. Dodge together in the library. Charles related the incident of the burning of the old haunted house, to which Mr. Dodge listened with much interest and asked to whom did the old house belong. To this question Colonel Moore replied:

"That seems to be a mystery. It did belong to a lady that lived in Washington, but no one seems to know what has become of her; yet it is known that she is still alive, because some one pays the taxes regularly. The lady's maiden name was Doyle, but she married, or is supposed to have married, a man who called himself Kelley, though it is not believed that such was his real name. At any rate he did not go by that name after he was married."

The subject, for some reason best known to Mr. Dodge, did not prove very interesting; so he gave the conversation a short turn by asking some trivial question in regard to Mr. Reed's efforts up North.

Colonel Moore again introduced the subject of the haunted house, and said that several parties had tried to live there since the time of the Doyle tragedy, but each party that tried it soon became dissatisfied on account of what they considered spiritual annoyances, and so moved away. It has been many years since any one has entered the house so far as is known.

Again Mr. Dodge interrupted the story and proceeded to talk himself on the subject of politics. This disposition on his part could but be noticed this time, and so the matter was never mentioned again in his presence.



## CHAPTER XXII.

FROM what has been related, the reader can well imagine that Mr. Dodge was eminently successful in his scheme to subject Colonel Moore to his influence. He had certainly gained here just what he desired. He was now the confidential friend, and it might almost be said the spiritual adviser, of Helen's father; certainly he was the special companion and most trusted counsellor. He had become the oracle whose revelations were infallible and whose answers none could gainsay. Colonel Moore had come to believe him possessed of supernatural powers, and supernatural powers are not to be defeated by human agency. The extent of this unfortunate influence was not known, nor even yet suspected by either Charles or Helen, and this fact was a special source of pleasant contemplation and self-congratulation to the wily spritualistic trickster. No one yet suspected the existence of this new relation, nor dreamed of the extent of this confidential association. It had come to this: that whatever Dodge wished Colonel Moore to do, had only to come in the language of a message from the departed wife, and lo! the message became a law.

Colonel Moore felt ashamed of his weakness and his silly superstition, but he did not confess even to himself that such were the proper terms, or the correct description of his feelings. He could not tell Helen, because he knew that she would not believe in this new revelation; but, on the contrary, that she would distrust the accuracy of the statement, and if she did not actually question his veracity, she would feel inclined to ridicule the idea of a real vision, or assign it all to mental aberration, and in

any case to tell her would only distress her. He dare not tell anyone of this new influence which Mr. Dodge had acquired for two reasons—the first because Mr. Dodge had expressly prohibited it, upon the ground that the spirits were jealous of their affairs and brooked no meddling; the second was, that Colonel Moore felt that he could not let it become known that he had given the place, which of right belonged to his own child, to a stranger. So deep in his breast he buried the secret, and chafed and grew restless and unhappy because of the conflict between love and duty, pride and weakness.

Mr. Dodge, seemingly the most unselfish man in all the world, did not fail to profit by this new found influence, and to use it to forward, as far as it could, the one great aim of his life. The game he was playing was so deep; the web he was weaving so subtle; the hope he was cherishing so artful, and the plans he was pursuing so skillful, no shadow of suspicion had ever even for one single moment darkened the confidence or shaded the friendly relations of any of the victims, or of those he made instruments in his fiendish designs.

One eye, and one eye only, had pierced that armor and penetrated the casement and seen the black waters of deceit that surged through that wicked soul. Old Ben had seen, and still saw, the foul cesspool of filthy water that had collected in that base, black heart, and poured a stream of enmity and hate deep and dark. But even Uncle Ben could not see the motive, nor name the object of that sinister design; and so he was powerless to ward off a blow which he knew was aimed at some friend he loved.

That old negro, so loyal in his heart, so true and steadfast in his affections, was sorely worried. He loved his old master; he fairly worshiped Miss Helen, and for his friend Charles Reed he felt a feeling of deep pride and reverence, and the thought that this stranger had come

here with evil in his heart to work them harm was to him more than distressing.

He naturally concluded that money was the main object, and in this consoled himself to some extent by his high appreciation of the good sense of his old master, and so he still resolved to watch and wait. And he did wait and he did watch; but he did not forget that he was a servant, and that Mr. Dodge was a guest at the Grove, and as such entitled to respect. The old man was courteous, attentive, and polite, almost obsequiously so in appearance; but this did not deceive Mr. Dodge. He felt that his heart was exposed to the gaze of that old man, and that his dark thoughts were read like an open book. The steady, contemplative gaze of those mild black eyes could pierce like a quiver of arrows, and at times stung Mr. Dodge to the very soul. He felt cowed, humiliated, debased; he felt mastered, and he fairly writhed in his anger and his agony, chafing like a serpent thrown upon hot, scorching embers. And in the bitterness of his heart he could have crushed that one enemy of his life as he would have crushed a slimy worm that had stung him to the quick. He clinched his fist and ground his teeth, and quoted as to himself, "The eagle towering in his pride of place is by the mousing owl hawked at and killed." "I'll steep my soul for an age in a lake of liquid fire could I but live to hold him to the grinding wheel of torture." "I hate Charles Reed, but I loathe this obsequious serpent. 'Tis his cursed look that unmans me and balks me in my purpose. 'Tis he that unstrings my nerves and withers my pride. Woe unto him if the devil do but prosper my hopes and he fall under my power."

"What have I yet accomplished? Nothing—or as good as nothing. What but to make a fool of that simple old soul, Beverly Moore. *Spiritualism!* Bah! What nonsense. No spirit ever came from the grave, unless

the devil was the medium—and the devil never serves without pay. Yet the would-be good—ye goody-good—will employ him, so I must smother my pride and continue the devil's partner. He helped me in that late will-making business, and he may yet, despite old Ben, help me to the hand of the fair *inadmorata* and to the rights of vengeance. She is yonder in the garden among her dead flowers. I will go and talk to her of other bright things that, like her flowers, must soon die."

Mr. Dodge had taken advantage of his growing intimacy with Colonel Moore to spend much of his time at the Grove; and as Mr. Reed was absent and all home duties were left to Charles, Mr. Dodge found ample time and opportunity to cultivate the society of the beauteous Helen Moore. He had done all he could to ingratiate himself into her good favor. He had tried to engage her attention and captivate her fancy by his brilliant wit and conversation, and he had paid her the most delicate compliments and sought to please her taste in every way that hope and skill and thought could suggest; but when the day was done, he found himself just where the shades of the previous night had left him.

Charles had never said to him in express words that there was an engagement between him and Helen, for the love which Charles felt in his heart for her was so true, sincere, warm and tender—she was something sacred in his eyes, too sacred to be talked about; yet Dodge knew that there was an engagement; but he tried to act as though he did not know. Helen made no confession; still she acted as though she thought he fully understood. He tried on several occasions, by inuendoes, to draw from her some expression, so as to give him an opportunity for comment; but woman's skill is ever more than a match for man's duplicity—and so Mr. Dodge found it.

Helen enjoyed his brilliant conversations. She was entertained by his descriptions of persons and places and



scenes and incidents. She was interested in the unfolding of his vast portfolio of knowledge, and she conceded the fact that he was gentlemanly and engaging in his manners; but her heart, truly loyal to one love, never for one moment fluttered amidst the skillful besieging. Had she suspected his design, his visits to the Grove would have come to an end, and that without ceremony. She looked upon him as Charles's friend, and as the friend of Charles she received him and entertained him. She attributed his visits to the Grove to his love of company, and his delicate attentions to her to a refined nature and a due appreciation of the refining influence of ladies' society.

He had said to himself a thousand times, "The way to win a woman's heart is to besiege it boldly, and fear no rivals. Demand it as a thing to be taken and possessed." But despite his bold theory, he found himself unable to make a single advance.

There was that about Helen Moore which placed her immeasurably beyond his reach. He could no more have touched her hand, after the manner of a sly caress, than he could have reached the glittering stars; he could no more have spoken bold words of love to her, in the language of hope, than he could have taken the plunge of Niagara. Her very purity was her safeguard. She breathed an atmosphere that contamination could not enter, and which sin and corruption could not so much as approach. She was a lady in the full acceptation of the term, and Mr. Dodge saw it, felt it, and acknowledged its potent influence. He did not dare to intrude within the sacred circle which surrounded her; he dared not pollute her hand with his impious touch, or befoul the atmosphere which she breathed with an expression of unholy love. He felt that any expression of sentiment from him would be an insult to her purity of character.

Man knows the difference between a mere woman, so called, and a lady, and he feels it the moment he enters the presence of the latter.

The "woman" publishes herself to the world in a thousand ways, and man is educated to read them all. The switch of a skirt, the flutter of a fan, a glance of the eye, the pose of the head, the tone of the voice, the expressive smile, the affected conversation, the mock modesty and the general dress parade, alas! all but too often say to the enterprising man, "I am out for a good time; let me see if you will dare." And man is generally brave. He loves the excitement of adventure, and don't care if he dares. The dust of the trail does not stick to his skirts. 'Tis the white skin of the should-be immaculate woman that shows the foul spot. The compromise of a handkerchief flirtation; the polluting touch of a street-car acquaintance; a so-called innocent parlor pastime; a dark-cornered caress, never was, and never will be, in accord with chaste thoughts and modesty of manners. Of all the adorning characteristics of woman, perfect chastity of thought and pure modesty are the most to be desired and admired. They are the crowning jewels in the coronet of womanly virtue—the chief glory of woman's charms. The lady who loves her virtue and her good name as she loves the affectionate caresses of a Christian mother, never advertises for a "dare." The lady who loves purity with a love she would be willing for the angels to scan, never publishes her charms to be read in dark corners, nor unfurls the banner of her morality to flutter in a handkerchief flirtation. Man looks upon a lady with the deepest admiration of his heart. She is his acknowledged superior in every ennobling virtue. She elevates his character, refines his nature, purifies his life and lifts him above his own grovelling desires and debasing appetites. In the purifying influence of her society his moral character is moulded,

and in the sweet contemplation of her exalted life he is inspired with hope and filled with that light and love which is to bear him onward and upward to the realms of eternal joy. Such a being he woos as the evening zephyr woos the violet—almost afraid to breathe the sigh of love, lest the breath of hope pollute a thing so pure. His touch upon her hand is as gentle and as light as the dewdrop that stoops to kiss the blushing rose, lest by contact with his rude life he should defile a being so lovely and so fair. To a lady (noble, gentle and pure), man—base man, rude of speech and rough of nature—all honor and all praise will give, and due homage and respect will show. But you “woman”—you who stoop to practice your bewitching wiles and spread your sails to run before the wind in the swift race for the dark corner—you may get the attention you seek and win the flattery you enjoy; but you lose the love and respect of even those you seek to beguile. Oh! you “woman” of the handkerchief flirtation; you of the street-car coquetry; you of the “low-dress exposé”; you of the advertising class and the full-dress parade; and you of the cheap publishing company, who hang your signs in the window and scatter your bills at the ball; who giggle and squint, and flutter and flounce and flirt, and give the dare to the devil—you in due time will find your reward. You may win the game at which you play, but the love of no good man will be found among your prizes. The race you would run is from maidenhood to matrimony. You may win the race and seize a voluptuary for a husband; but remember, passion generally dies with the gratification and happiness is buried in the grave of sensuality, and hopes are crushed and torture springs up beneath the galling links of chains that cannot be broken, and souls writhing under the torture of disappointment lose sight of the last ray of hope, forget virtue, embrace shame, and take the awful plunge from the ramparts of fair fame down into the deep, dark pits of despair.

Helen Moore was a lady—a country lady after the manner of the old Virginia school, one of those whom God made and man could not spoil. In the fast fashions of city life she was deeply ignorant. Her education in such things had been most sadly neglected. She had not been taught to light with her sweet lips the paper cigarettes of her evening callers. Nor could she, with the appropriate wink, quote the latest and most popular slang. She was as unskilled in the art of “making a mash” as she would have been in commanding a cohort of lounging young lovers. Such elegancies were above the circle of her simple sphere, and such refinements her modest talent dare not aspire to cultivate. Mr. Dodge was just from the city—the fashionable city of Washington—the Nation’s Capital. No doubt he had seen there many of the modest young ladies who can hide their blushes behind their lace fans, and only venture to peep with one eye as they reply to some scholastic remark of ye Dandy young Dude, and say, “you bet,” “you are another,” “Now just go there yourself,” or who can clap their lily-white hands in a burst of ecstatic joy and exclaim, “Oh! I have made a mash on that fellow with the dark blue eyes.” “Indeed.” “I should smile.”

But Helen was not up to the times. She knew something of music and painting; could render Virgil and Sallust and Horace; had read Macaulay and Bacon and Scott and Moore and Milton and Shakespeare; could speak French, and might travel through Germany without a guide, but what were these poor accomplishments to compare with the skill and tact and judgment required to make a genuine *mash*; and how vain and useless were her simple acquirements in paving the way and opening up the avenues which lead to the citadel of courtship and advantageous matrimony.

How easy Mr. Dodge would have found it, to have launched his bark on the high seas of a declaration, if in

reply to one of his delicately turned compliments, Helen had only replied, "You bet your dear life," or "Now I should smile."

The seven labors of Hercules won for him immortal fame and imperishable renown, and I would not detract one jot or tittle from his glory, but the experience of every true lover will bear me out in the statement that the hardest task that mortal man ever called upon himself to discharge is to declare his love when his gentle lady leaves him upon the deep, deep sea of uncertainty. Virginius Dabney, who said quite a number of good things in his "Don Miff" but also indulged in a full proportion of flippant affectations, makes by far the best character in his book say: "The sweetest music in the world to a woman's ear is the voice of a man telling her that he loves her; and that it is music of so potent a character it often melts a heart that was cold before." That assertion needs a qualification, which its author did not make, and without which it is a libel upon every high-minded, pure woman. The voice of love is indeed sweet, when it comes from the heart, and finds an echo in the soul of the one beloved, but that woman who finds sweet music in words of love, when she has no love to give back in return, has fallen from the high pedestal of true virtue and is foundering in the unclean waters of sensuality.

Man acts upon the theory that no woman has the right to suspect that she is loved until he tells her so in express terms. He arrogates to himself the exclusive privilege of speaking out on that all-important subject; he claims the right to show his regard in ten thousand different ways. Every delicate attention, which can be paid, he pays; he is lavish in his efforts to please; untiring in his endeavors to win approbation and show himself worthy. And yet he thinks it the height of presumption if the object of his studious attentions is even so much as suspected until he shall condescend in due form to speak of love

and matrimony. Such conduct man calls fair, and fair woman would do well not to forget that it is man's unreasonable theory. This warning is given not because she has no right to place a natural interpretation upon man's conduct, but because he is so false at heart, so fickle, so selfish and so unreliable in matters of love and courtship, that it is often hard to tell the pure gold from the flattery and dross of flirtation. It does seem that his oaths, much less his acts, do not always bind his conscience, and he feels free to discontinue his addresses at any moment he sees fit, without explanation and without warning. There are some honorable exceptions; may they find their reward.

Love that rests upon words alone for proof does not deserve the name. The heart is best mirrored in deeds, and acts are confirmation; for what we love we serve, and the extent of the service is the true test of the depth and sincerity of the affections.

There is no selfishness in that love, which centers in the soul, which fills the whole heart and thrills in the breast. Give such love, and such love receive, and the earth becomes a paradise. You may dwell in a hovel but it will be filled with a light that is brighter than the brightest day. Gold cannot purchase the peace which love can bring; silver cannot secure the joy which love affords, and the flashing diamond pales in impotent rivalry with the bright light of mutual trust and deep earnest affection. Love is the foundation of man's redemption from his own wayward nature; with it shining clear and bright and beautiful in his heart, he is lifted above his selfish aims and debasing appetites; by it he is regenerated and brought forth from the dark womb of sensuality and elevated into the clear, pure atmosphere of marital virtue. Without it man sinks below the level of the brutes, becomes the victim of every base desire; the slave of selfishness and the dupe of his own lust. Love

or the hope of love is his only safeguard, his only protection, his only shield in the hour of temptation and the only beacon light by which his frail bark can navigate the sea of time and gain the shores of peaceful enjoyment. Love is God's gift to man in matchless mercy given; the sweetest boon that heaven has bestowed or earth received. Oh! what would man be without love?

William Dodge did not love Helen Moore. He was incapable of that divine emotion. In the dark recesses of his heart lust and pride and depravity, sin and selfishness held united sway, and his soul was too beclouded by the smoky fogs of low selfish designs even for one ray of the bright light of pure, undimmed affection to penetrate the gloom. Had he loved, base as he was, he would have been transformed into a new being. The shackles of selfishness would have fallen from his limbs and the clouds rolled away, even as the mists of the morning before the rising sun. He would have come forth strong in his determination to be what every woman's love desires man to be—true and manly, and noble and generous, and just and brave and good. No man ever loved at the moment that he stooped to do a mean act, for if he did, love's pleading prayer would save him. William Dodge in every act of his life was moved by one impulse—self-gratification, and that, regardless of the rights of others. To gratify his thirst for revenge on Charles Reed, he had come to see Helen Moore, and to forward that revenge he would appropriate her to his own purpose, though he knew if he succeeded her happiness would be wrecked. He had seen that she was fair to look upon and was the only heir to a large fortune, and these were considerations sufficient to justify him in what little sacrifice he considered that he would be making in binding himself in law to the petty caprices of a woman.

He had won favor in the eyes of her father. He had duped that father to put his name in the newly-made

will in a way that could be useful when the father was dead. And now he was bending his best endeavors to seek an avenue to Helen's heart; for although he did not believe in love himself—in the “sickly sentimentality of a diseased soul,” as he termed it—yet he was illogical enough to admit that he would be obliged to inspire her with some tender feeling before he could make her break the cord that bound her to Charles. But his very audacity was checked by her purity, and that fear which is born of a guilty conscience made him a coward. He had begun to chafe with disappointment and to grow desperate in his dark designs. Thoughts of more effective means—more speedy remedies, had been suggested to his mind. The soliloquy of Hamlet kept running in his mind, paraphrased to suit his own vile purpose: “Is it nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing, end them?” “Yes,” he said “I'll end them—I'll take up arms; I'll make a finish of that which balks me.”

And so, little by little, he cleared the path of all doubt and uncertainty, and found his mind contentedly contemplating a darker deed. 'Tis said that he who walks along the slippery edge of a deep, yawning chasm and stops to calculate the chances of danger is surely lost, and he who pauses in the way of life to listen to the soft, flattering voice of temptation will fall a sure victim.

In a few weeks more, Charles Reed, his hated rival, would lead Helen Moore to the altar and there make her his wife. This he could read in the signs he saw around him, but just when he did not know.

“He may get her, but he shall not keep her long—where there is a will there is a way. Dark and desperate and bloody and dangerous it may be, still it is a way; and that it seems the only way is no fault of mine. Some other path might be more pleasant, but these have I not



tried, and pray where have they led me? Only into the labyrinth of folly and self-abasement.

"She would despise and loath me as a slimy serpent, if she knew my thoughts. Shall I allow that?—never. I shall despise myself, if I fail. Can I allow that?—never, never. She would scorn and spurn me like a hated toad. Shall I allow that?—never, never, never. I should scorn myself and writhe like a burning worm, if I live in cowardly inactivity and forego this high emprise. Can I endure that?—never, never, never, never. To loathe, despise and scorn myself would be a living death, a thousand times worse than the momentary pangs of simple dissolution. Then it must be death—my death or his death. Why my death? Who does not know that self-preservation is the first law of nature, and so, so, the argument is conclusive. But the *means*, the *means*, the *means*—th——'Hello! Charles, you have caught me in a profound revery. I was just debating the question, Is Bacon the author of Shakespeare's writings? What say you? Did Shakespeare thrive when Bacon wrote, or did Bacon shake when Shakespeare shook, or did Shakespeare thrive when Bacon digested?" At which Charles laughed and said: "Now come, Dodge, don't shake two Bacons on the same Spear, else you will become famous in the Baconian school as the Englishman did in American history, when he attempted to criticise Mr. Webster, our greatest statesman. You have heard the story."

"No, I have not. Let us have it by all means." "Well, it only illustrates your mixing Bacon the Philosopher, with Bacon the author of the Digest, and further illustrates the Englishman's profound contempt for American ability."

"Well, go on with the story, I stand corrected on the author of the Digest, but really Bacon wrote so much and wrote so well I must insist that my blunder is natural: but the story, the story, let us have the story; especially as it hits

me, as well as the Englishman. I am Irish enough to enjoy at all times a good hit on Mr. John Bull, and for myself I am not sensitive."

"Then to begin, you know of course that every Englishman spells England with a 'big, big' E, and America with a 'little, little' a. And Mr. Webster having had the bad luck to have been born in the United States, the Englishman spells his name with a little w, and writes his history short accordingly. He pooh-poohs the idea that Webster was anything but small potatoes at his best, and by way of argument said that everybody knows the full story of the farcical claim to statesmanship. For he says, 'that Webster pretended to be a leading politician, but failed at that—took to literature and wrote a dictionary—failed at that—set up for a business man and college professor, failed at that, got into debt, killed his creditor, Dr. Parkman, and finally got hung for murder.'"

Charles of course had expected to hear Mr. Dodge laugh at this regular John Bull of a blunder, but instead he was much surprised to see Mr. Dodge turn pale as death, and to note the expression of his face indicating extreme terror and fright.

"Hung!" cried Mr. Dodge, "hung for murder," and he clasped his hands to his neck and sank down in a chair pale with horror and trembling in every limb, while his eyes glared wide with a vacant stare.

"Yes—murder," cried Charles, and he jumped at Dodge and shook him by the shoulder. "What is the matter with you, man? If you don't laugh at my joke I will chunk that chuckle head of yours; none of your theatricals around me now; laugh I say, laugh or I'll murder you."

Mr. Dodge instantly recovered his self-possession and did laugh heartily at the hard hit on the pretentious English, but it was a laugh not greatly enjoyed. The

story was too suggestive of the black thought which filled Dodge's mind just at the moment when Charles came upon him in his so-called profound revery.

However, Mr. Dodge, in his fortunate power of self-possession, assumed an air acknowledging the compliment paid his theatrical performance, and said:

"You don't like the English very much then, friend Charles?"

"Oh! yes, I do. They are a grand people; they take the lead in many things over all the world. A sensible Englishman is the peer of any man, no matter what be his birth-place, nor where he makes his home. But I must say some Englishmen can make themselves the biggest fools that the world has ever supplied. He is in this as he is in most other things—a success when he tries. But on general principles, I confess I like an Englishman to stay in England. I don't like him very much over in Ireland, and I believe I like him three hundred and sixty degrees less when he comes over to America. It does seem that one of two things is impossible—either very few sensible Englishmen come to America, or they forget their good sense when they start (for they will put on airs when they get here). Even Charles Dickens had to go and make himself an ass when he came over this side the water; for, in the characteristic conceit of an Englishman, the only things he saw, if we may judge by what he wrote upon his return, were such as to excite his risibility.

"The average Englishman on this side of the blue Atlantic is a failure. He never becomes an America-loving citizen—a good, true, liberty-loving republican—an advocate of free thought, free speech, and constitutional government. Once an Englishman is always an Englishman, and he delights to show it in every way he can—in the tone of his voice, the swing of his walk, the part of his hair, and the color of his pants. Let him be what he may in merry old England, when he gets to

America he is a swell-head. The democratic-republican atmosphere of our free institutions does not seem to agree with his idiosyncratic pride of British nationality, and he no sooner lands than you see symptoms of inflammatory self-conceit and detect the first stages of that ignominious complaint known as *cerebro-elephantis*, better known outside of medical books as 'The big-head.'

"Usually they are lords when they land; grandees while they stay; and most generally, always, sometimes somebody's debtor when they disappear. About the only thing they ever leave behind them when they go is their manners, which some of our American sons of the sappy-headed, sophomorical school borrow and neglect to return.

"What a swell, one of these parvenu fellows that says: 'You bet, dad is done struck ile,' can cut, when he gets on his British manners and English rigging. In his own estimation, then, he is a *count*, but in the estimation of his neighbors he counts for a fool.

"There was one at the White Sulphur Springs last season, and the fun he afforded me in some measure conciliated my contempt for his excessive vanity. He had cheek enough for two rows of teeth, and he was sufficiently an ass to suggest the looking in his mouth to tell his age. But you know you can't always feel resentment at a fellow for being a natural born fool when he is the continued source of amusement, no matter how ridiculous he may make himself by his conceited display.

"Thacker was his name—James *Stanley* Thacker, he wrote it. You see he parted his name, just as he did his hair, right in the middle. I have forgotten where he was born—somewhere in Pennsylvania, I believe—but Baltimore was his home.

"He came to the White early in the season. He brought his horses and his English manners, and his British yellow breeches and brown short jacket, and he was as proud of his riding suit as he was of his crop-tail filly.

"When he rode he carried a stub-whip and wore a pair of canvas leggings. When he was on dress parade the only ornament in which he seemed to take special pride was his one-eyed spy-glass, which he stuck in his right optic. This seemed to be indispensable to his happiness.

"He usually rode at 10 o'clock in the morning and 4 in the afternoon. His horse would be brought to the parlor door, that all might witness the mount. When he was launched he would incline his body forward over the pommel of the saddle at an angle of forty-five degrees, and strike out in a gait that seemed to be a trot for the horse and a gallop for the rider. It was fun to watch him, unless you allowed the question, 'which labors the hardest, the horse or the man,' to bother your brain.

"He was generally quite red in the face when he returned from one of his rides, and I should have judged rather sore in the back, guessing from the number of times he had doubled up and then straightened out. But he said that it was the English style, and I suppose he was willing to endure the pain to enjoy the honor.

"He asked for an introduction to Miss Helen, and I was mean enough to advise her to allow it, as the gentleman who proposed to introduce him was an old acquaintance of mine. That was the only time I ever went back on Miss Helen, and by all the pepper that Peter Piper picked I'll never do it again. For she paid me back the very next day, and introduced me to a regular bona fide English girl, who proved to be as meek as she was bony; and as taciturn as she was meek; and most as deaf as she was taciturn, and as English as she was deaf.

"For two mortal hours I labored like a draft horse, and elocuted like a Roman orator, and loquatted like a magpie, until I was in a bath of perspiration, but despite my Ciceronean orations, my Demosthenian phillipics, my Platonian philosophy, and my Socratic wisdom, the only four words she uttered during the entire bombardment in

which I put forth my whole powers physically and intellectually were, 'Yes, sir,' when I asked if she liked the springs, and 'No, sir,' when I asked if she enjoyed the water. Each of the other nine hundred and ninety and nine questions which I asked were answered either by a nod of the head or by an expressive smile.

"The dinner bell finally relieved me, and as its tones rang out over the lawn and echoed along the valley I thought the sound of that bell was the sweetest music that ever floated on the sun-lit air."

Mr. Dodge burst into a loud laugh as the story ended, and asked, "Pray what did Miss Helen do?"

"Do! Why she sat on the opposite side of the parlor and talked with Governor Letcher. She told him the joke and they both enjoyed the fun; and finally he wrote me a note, which said: 'Joshua stood in the valley of Jehosaphat and commanded the sun to stand still and he never set for a fortnight.'"

Again Dodge roared with laughter, and Charles continuing, said:

"Dodge, old fellow, don't ever try your wits with a woman, for you are sure to be defeated. They can command more resources in ten minutes than a man can summon to his aid in a week."

"Well! I will believe that, but tell me how Miss Helen got on with her Anglicized American?"

"Oh, that was capital fun, too. When he was introduced to Miss Helen, he said: 'You are from Virginia, I believe, Miss Moore? Claim to be an F. F. V., of course. Never saw a Virginian that did not claim to be an F. F. V.'"

"'Yes!' said Miss Helen, *kinder* meekly, 'I am so unfortunate as to belong to that family.'"

"'Not a misfortune, Miss Moore; no, not a misfortune, by any means. It is quite a large family, they say, and one of the oldest in the State, I hear. Indeed you should consider it quite an honor to be so happily connected.'"

"'Indeed!' said Helen, rather puzzled to catch the drift of his argument, but woman-like she smiled—a compound smile—puzzlement and curiosity mixed. Thacker interpreted the smile to suit himself. That was man like. He took it to be complimentary of his sensible remarks, and launched his frail bark further out on the unknown sea."

"'Indeed!' he said, continuing, 'it is a very large family. There is a branch of it up in my native town in Pennsylvania. They are great friends of mine, but they spell their name Smythe. I am sure that is the way they spell it, but the spelling is a provincialism, I suppose.'"

"'It must be,' replied Helen, now more puzzled than ever, for the expression of Thacker's face showed that he was in dead earnest. Miss Helen did not know what else to say, so she smiled that compound smile again—puzzlement, curiosity, and mischief this time; so Thacker rushed ahead.

"'Yes, I know it is a provincialism. I heard my father say that they were very peculiar people, but that they were descended directly from Captain Smith. Do you trace your connection with the family through your father or your mother, Miss Moore?'

"'Both,' said Helen, still uncertain of his meaning.

"'Ah! that is fortunate—a double F. F. V. I can really say I am most happy to make the acquaintance of one so distinguished. By the way, Miss Moore, I saw in a New York paper the other day an article denying that Captain Smith was ever rescued by Pocahontas. The paper said that Pocahontas was a Myth, or something like that—I did not quite understand, but I never heard of the Myth family, so concluded it was a 'typographical' error in the spelling, and that the S was just omitted. Anyway, the paper stated that Captain Smith was not rescued by an Indian girl, but that she was a Myth, by which I suppose the paper meant that the girl was a member of the Captain's own family—a sister, perhaps.'"

“‘Indeed!’ said Helen, now scarcely able to keep her countenance, but not wishing to be rude. ‘Captain Smith was rescued by the Indian maiden Pocahontas. There is no part of the early history of our State more fully authenticated.’

“‘I am glad to hear you say so, Miss Moore; indeed I am glad to hear you say so—I am delighted—for I thought at the time that I saw the article that it was a pity to discredit so romantic a story as the rescue of Captain Smith by the Indian girl, and then his gratitude shown in their subsequent marriage.’”

“This was too much for prudence or politeness to stand. The climax of historical ignorance was reached, and Helen burst into a good, round laugh, while the Anglicized American stood by, dumbfounded with amazement. He saw nothing to laugh at, yet the twinkle of Miss Helen’s eye told him that he was the object of her merry laugh. He stood a moment much confused, and then asked with a bewildered expression on his face the occasion of her laughter.

“Miss Helen explained to him, as soon as her enjoyment of the joke would permit her to do so, that it was the first time in her life that she had ever heard that Pocahontas and Captain Smith were married. At this Mr. Thacker seemed more amazed than ever, and asked:

“‘Then what was the origin of the F. F. V. family?’

“‘That,’ replied Miss Helen, ‘is a long story, and you really must excuse me until some other day.’

“‘Certainly,’ said Mr. Thacker, ‘but I shall remind you of it and insist upon the account.’ Then, consulting his watch, continued: ‘I have an engagement to ride at this hour. You will please excuse me, Miss Moore,’ and he bowed low and withdrew.

“It was the very next day that she paid me back with the English girl for change. I took my dose the best I could, but no sooner did the shackles fall from me than



I went straight to Miss Helen and cried, 'Peccavi—pec-cavi.' She forgave me, but to cry British at me, even to this day brings on a spasmodic attack of cataleptic fits!"

"British!" screamed Dodge, and jumped at Charles; whereupon Charles rolled over on the bed, grasped his sides with his hands, and immediately went into improvised convulsions.

"Quit the law and go upon the stage, you chuckle-headed imp of high tragedy," cried Mr. Dodge. "You have missed your calling."

"I'll do it," cried Charles, springing up wildly; "but which had you rather be, a married man or go a-fishing?"

"Go a-fishing," cried Dodge.

"Then 'boots and spurs,' and we will ride for the Grove."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

HELEN had mounted her horse for a morning's ride around the plantation, accompanied by Uncle Ben in his position as factotum, that he might let down the bars for her and play the part of a general protector. The old man prided himself on his horse knowledge; he was still a good rider, and one of the greatest pleasures of his life was to ride around and see to the comfort and safety of his young "Mistis."

They had left the house but a short time when she saw what she at first glance took to be a long-legged, yellowish red dog leap the fence just in front of her and dart down the road; at almost the same moment she heard the cry of the hounds close at hand coming in full chase.

"A fox—a fox! Miss Helen," exclaimed Uncle Ben, much excited, and almost in a twinkling the full pack came rolling over the fence in hot chase. Uncle Ben, in his excitement, harked to the hounds and away they went. Nellie caught the excitement, and was as ready for the run as her rider. Helen had ridden to hounds before, and was in for the sport. She gave her horse the reins, and the swift animal fairly flew after the hounds that were now making the hills ring with their cry.

Nellie was swift, as we know, and her rider was skilled and fearless; but the fox was fresh and the hounds were of the best breed; so fox, dogs, and horse seemed to fairly fly in the sight chase, and the gallant mare had all that she could do to keep from being distanced. The fox kept the straight road for some two miles or more, carrying his brush curled over his back as proudly as though he, too, was enjoying the run. The excitement was intense,

and the gallant little lady was enjoying it to the utmost. Uncle Ben was left far in the rear; but he, too, thundered along at a good rate, ambitious to be up at the death. The fox finally turned short to the right, leaped the fence and made for the river. The dogs did not see him at the moment he left the road, owing to a slight bend, and so in their headlong pursuit ran over the track some hundred yards or more, but quickly returned to the trail. Reynard made good use of this lost time, and widened the distance between him and the hounds considerably. The momentary confusion gave Uncle Ben time to come up; he sprang from his horse, pushed down the top rail of the fence, and Nellie, too impatient to be restrained, went over at a flying leap, and away they all went again on a dead run. Helen's cheeks were aglow with excitement. She looked the queen of the chase, while the dogs seemed to realize her presence and did their best for her benefit. The fox crossed the river and took a circuit of about a mile around a hill, and then came back again. Helen and old Ben had fallen behind while fording the river, but perceiving from the cry of the hounds that the fox was returning to the river again, they took a short cut and came up with the chase just as the hounds came sweeping down the hill. Again the chase was all exciting. The fox was out of sight, but the trail was hot and the dogs were running all in a bunch. Away they went, each one struggling for the lead, yelping at every leap, Helen following at a full run, her beautiful mare straining every nerve to keep pace with the hounds. Right back up the river the fox fairly flew, the dogs pressing him in red-hot haste. Just as the fox reached a point opposite Mr. Reed's, he turned sharp to the left and headed for the mountains, which were distant some five miles. It was a bold move, and showed that the fox was still fresh and confident of his strength.

Charles and Mr. Dodge, who had started for the Grove, had heard the hounds coming; had seen Helen, followed

by Uncle Ben, flying along the river road. They dashed spurs into their horses and came tearing down the hill, and reached the opposite bank of the stream just as the dogs swept by. The ford here was deep, but Charles had crossed it many a time, and knew that there was no danger in following the regular track; but just below the ford there was an old mill-dam, and below the dam the water was very deep. Charles pressed his horse into the river and called to Mr. Dodge, who was close behind, to follow directly in his lead. Mr. Dodge responded, "I yie," and out into the water they rushed. At the middle of the river, where the water rippled, the course of the ford turned up the stream, and bore to the left. When Charles turned up he thought Mr. Dodge, who was just in his rear, would of course follow him; but in the excitement Mr. Dodge had aimed to reach the bank first, and kept straight ahead. Just then Charles was startled by a scream from Helen, which rose above the roar of the water, and sounded along the hills. She had leaped from her horse and came rushing down towards the river in the wildest excitement, pointing her hand as she ran. Charles looked back just in time to see—Oh! horror, Mr. Dodge disappear in deep water. He had fallen from his horse, which was now swimming for the bank, but Mr. Dodge was being carried rapidly by the fast running current directly towards the dam. To go over that dam was certain death. Below it the water was boiling and seething and roaring and leaping in mad waves. But Charles Reed was not the man to stand idly by and see a stranger, much less a friend, die; quick as thought he turned his horse's head down the stream and drove the rowels into her flanks. The spirited animal, maddened with pain, made a tremendous lunge and struck deep water and swam at a fearful rate, aided by the current, straight towards the dam; a few yards more and Mr. Dodge would be hurled over that dam, down into

that surging, seething pool of angry water. That is certain death. Again and again Charles pressed the rowels of his spurs into the sides of his horse, and nobly did that noble steed respond; her nostrils were wide with fear, and her strokes swept along as wheels driven by steam. Again and again Helen screamed now in mortal fear for her lover's safety, but Charles heard her not; his lips were pressed together in the very agonies of suspense. He seemed not to heed his own danger, nor to see the death to which he, himself, was rushing; to save his friend was his sole thought; on and on the swift waters swept him until he was in ten feet of that dam of death, and here, just as the hissing water tossed Mr. Dodge to the surface, Charles grasped him by the hair and turned his horse to breast the tide. The splendid animal was terribly frightened and struggled in the desperation of despair. Every muscle was strained as though it would burst, and her strokes were as swift as the lightnings flash. Helen stood speechless, petrified with the terror and the agony of despair. It was an awful moment. The desperate efforts of the mare to stem the tide were balanced by the force of the rushing current, and the equilibrium produced kept the living in the very agonies of torturing suspense. There they stood still in the dreadful struggle, hanging as it were, between life and death.

But flesh and bone could not prevail against the terrible force of that surging water; they yield; they are borne back, and like a shot the victims were swept over the dam, deep down into that seething cauldron.

Helen gave one wild heart-broken shriek and leaped into the water, but Uncle Ben caught her dress, jerked her back and she fell senseless to the ground.

When Charles was swept over the dam he lost his hold on his saddle, but he still retained his grip in Mr. Dodge's hair, who was now nearly drowned. Three times Charles came to the surface, but each time only to be rolled back

and buried in the deep whirling waters. Uncle Ben saw the struggle for life, and the old man possessed a spirit akin to that of his young master; quick as thought he tied one end of a long rope which, by chance, he happened to have, to a bush, fastened the other end around his waist, and, just as Charles sank the third time, leaped into the water. To trust his life to that mad, dashing, foaming water was to invite almost certain death, but the old man loved Charles, and true love knows no danger. Over and over the water rolled him, now under, now up, all the while struggling on to the spot he last saw Charles, holding his breath as best he could, and just at the moment when he felt that he could do no more, the water tossed Charles to the surface. The old man grabbed him by the arm, then caught his coat sleeve in his teeth, and with both hands pulled away on the rope with all his might.

"Saved!" cried the old man. "Thank God, I is saved him."

Charles's hand was still grasped in Mr. Dodge's hair, so he too was dragged ashore.



## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE Union had been dissolved; a convention of the seven seceding States was called and met at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 4th, 1861, and the work of that convention was to frame a provisional government, which was duly adopted on the following 9th. Thus the Confederate States of America were started on their career of brilliant military achievements; but short lived and ill-starred destiny.

The question of the right of secession was regarded by the whole South not even as a doubtful or debatable question.

Massachusetts and New Jersey both had most distinctly asserted the right and threatened to exercise it, far back in the history of the American Union; and the whole North, in Congress as well as out of Congress, had repeatedly passed upon questions and issues and measures from which the right, for just cause, would logically flow. The celebrated Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of '98 and '99, of which mention has been made, declared as we have said, but will repeat "that the several States composing the United States of America are not United on the principle of unlimited submission to the General Government; but that they are united by a compact; and that they constituted the General Government for special purposes—delegated to that Government certain definite powers—reserving each State to itself the residuary mass of right to their own self-government—and that whenever the General Government assumed undelegated powers, its acts are unauthoritative, void, and of no force. That this Government, created by this compact, was not

made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated. And that each State has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and manner of redress."

Again we will repeat that on these as a party platform Thomas Jefferson, who was their admitted author, was, by an overwhelming majority, swept into the Presidency in the year 1800 and again re-elected in 1805.

These resolutions are the origin of the Jeffersonian school in American politics, as we have said, and they are the foundation of what is known as the States Rights Doctrine; and denial is challenged that any President from Jefferson to Lincoln was ever elected who held views or advocated principles to the contrary.

It was upon these resolutions that the great contest of 1800 between the so-called Federal and Jeffersonian parties was so fiercely waged. Jefferson as the acknowledged leader of the State Sovereignty Party, was chosen as the standard bearer of the principles set forth in the resolutions. The result of that election is known to the world. It was a complete triumph of the State Sovereignty Doctrine. The issue as to a strict construction of the Constitution was squarely made in the canvass—decided by the result of that election, and that decision strictly adhered to by the dominant parties clear down to the election of Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

It may be said that these resolutions clearly settled eight points in so far as what was the people's construction of the Constitution in 1800.

1st. That the States were not bound to yield unlimited submission to the General Government.

2d. That the Union was a compact and the States were the parties.

3d. That the General Government was constituted by the States for special purposes and that its powers were defined.



4th. That every power not expressly delegated was reserved by the States to the States.

5th. That whenever the General Government assumed undelegated power, its acts were null and void.

6th. That the General Government was not made the exclusive or final judge as to what powers were delegated.

7th. That each State had an equal right to judge for itself when, or whether there was an infraction of the Constitution

8th. That in case of an infraction of the Constitution each State had the right to judge for itself what manner of redress it would employ.

They are plain. No one can misconstrue. Their history is not a question of dispute.

On the 22d day of January, 1833, Mr. Calhoun introduced into the Senate of the United States a series of resolutions, which Mr. Webster said effectually affirmed two plain and distinct propositions—

1. "That the political system of the United States is a compact, to which the people of the several States as separate and sovereign communities are the parties."

2. "That these parties have a right to judge, each for itself, of any alleged violation of the Constitution by Congress, and in case of such violation to chose, each for itself, its own mode and measure of redress."

The grandest debate that ever took place in the history of the world was upon these resolutions. The issue of that debate we will see later, but will say now in passing, it was a complete vindication of the doctrine of State Sovereignty. It is plain that these resolutions are nothing more nor less than the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98 and '99, which the people in the canvass of 1800 approved and endorsed, and which it was now proposed that the Senate of the United States should declare to be the true construction of the Constitution, and a correct exposition of our system of government.

Mr. Webster, in the course of that debate, made use of the following language: "Where sovereign communities are the parties, there is no essential difference between a compact and a league. A league is but a subsisting or continuing treaty. The resolutions then affirm in effect that these United States are held together only by a subsisting treaty, and that the Union is but a league. Other consequences naturally follow, too, from the main proposition. If a league between sovereign powers have no limitation as to the time of its duration and contain nothing to make it perpetual, it subsists only during the good pleasure of the parties, even though no violation be complained of. If, in the opinion of either party, it be violated, such party may say that he will no longer fulfil its obligations on his part, but will consider the whole league or compact at an end.

"The necessary import, therefore, is that the United States are only connected by a league; that it is in the good pleasure of every State to decide how long she will choose to remain a member of the league; that any State may determine the extent of her own obligations under it; that she may also determine whether her rights have been violated, and what mode and measure of redress her wrongs may make it fit and expedient for her to adopt. The result of the whole is that any State may secede at pleasure."

Mr. Webster here clearly admits that if the resolutions are a correct exposition of the political system of the General Government, the right of secession logically and indisputably follows. Then if the Constitution is a compact, and the States as sovereign communities are the parties and had the right to judge of infractions and violations by another State or by Congress itself, and the right to judge also of the mode and measure of redress, is there any intelligent man or woman who will deny the right of secession?

But more. On the 28th day of December, 1837, Mr. Calhoun renewed the subject in the Senate and brought forward the same resolutions, covering the same ground and embodying the same principles, and then pressed them to a vote and they passed the Senate by the large majority of thirty-two to thirteen.

The first of these last resolutions among other things says "that in adopting the Federal Constitution, the States adopting the same acted severally, as free, independent, and sovereign States." So, then, if the Senate was correct in its exposition of the Constitution and Webster was correct in his logic, the right of secession was settled.

But again after these resolutions had passed; after the discussion which took place in the Senate in 1833 and again in 1837, had gone to the country; after the renewal of the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of '98 and '99; after Massachusetts, opposing the annexation of Texas in 1844 by her legislature, had "Resolved that the project of the annexation of Texas unless arrested on the threshold may drive these States into a dissolution of the Union," and then again by her legislature on the 22nd day of February, 1835, "Resolved that as the powers of legislation granted in the Constitution of the United States to Congress do not embrace the case of admitting a foreign State into the Union—such an act of admission would have no binding force whatsoever on the people of Massachusetts." Again after loyal Massachusetts had by her patriotic and law-loving legislature in 1803, "Resolved that the annexation of Louisiana to the Union transcends the constitutional powers of the general government of the United States, that by such annexation it formed a new confederacy to which the States united by the former compact *are not bound to adhere.*" Yes, after all this, Mr. Webster in a speech made at Capon Springs, Virginia, on the 28th day of June, 1851, in response to the toast, "The Union of the States," said: "How absurd it is to

suppose that when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes, either can disregard any one provision and expect, nevertheless, the other to observe the rest. It is written in the Constitution that 'no person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another State, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.' This is as much a part of the Constitution as any other, and as equally binding and obligatory as any other on all men, public or private, and who denies this? None but abolitionists of the North; and pray what is it they will not deny? I have not hesitated to say, and I repeat, that if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect this part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. I am as ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts."

It has been said of Mr. Webster by a Southern man, who sleeps in his grave, dishonored if participation in the so-called rebellion makes it so, "that Mr. Webster was too great a man, and had too great an intellect, not to see the truth when it was presented, and that he was a man too honest and too pure and too patriotic not to proclaim a truth, when he saw it, even to an unwilling people."

On the 23rd day of February, 1855, Senator Wade, of Ohio, since Vice-President of the United States, in a speech delivered in the Senate, said: "Who is to be the judge, in the last resort, of the violations of the Constitution by the enactment of a law? Who is the final arbiter? The General Government or the States in their sovereignty?" "Why, sir, to yield up this point is to yield up all the rights of the States to protect their citizens. I said that-

I was one of those who believed the bill unconstitutional. My State believed it unconstitutional, and that under the old resolutions of '98 and '99 the State must not only be the judge of that, but also of the remedy in such a case."

Again so late as the 29th day of February, 1860, a series of resolutions were submitted to the Senate of the United States, the first of which, among other things, said: "That in adopting the Federal Constitution, the States adopting the same acted severally as free and independent sovereignties; and that any intermeddling by any one or more States, or by a combination of their citizens with the domestic institution of slavery, on any pretext whatever, political, moral or religious, with a view to their disturbance or subversion is in violation of the Constitution, insulting to the States so interfered with, endangers their domestic peace and tranquility, and, by necessary consequence, tends to weaken and destroy the Union; and that no change of opinion or feeling in relation to the institution of slavery can justify them or their citizens, in open or covert attacks, thereon with a view to its overthrow; and that all such attacks are in manifest violation of the mutual and solemn pledge to protect and defend each other on entering into the constitutional compact, are a breach of faith and a violation of the most solemn obligation."

These resolutions actually passed the Senate on the 20th day of May, 1860, by a vote of 36 to 19. They were introduced by Mr. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi. Poor old man! He was then the peer of Thad. Stevens, Stephen A. Douglas, Salmon P. Chase, William H. Seward, Charles Sumner, Wade, Wilson, Hamlin, Hale, Harlan and even Abraham Lincoln himself; but now alas, his star, once so bright, pales in the mist of failure and defeat. He gave the best energies of his life to maintain the principles he had inherited from the framers and expounders of the Constitution of our country. He defended

them as he understood them, and as the resolutions of '98 and '99, of '33 and '37 and 1860 declared them; but he failed, and the failure has made him a traitor, stamped him disloyal, named him a rebel, and marked him the object of obloquy and the target of hate and vituperation.

In the conscious rectitude of his aims and endeavors must rest his only consolation, and may the sweetest rest and peace comfort him in his declining years, and may no bitterness linger in his heart against those who misunderstood him, misjudged him, and cruelly persecuted him.

I never have—I trust I never may—cherish resentment against any who I believe have acted from a conscientious conviction, and I ask the world to join me in extending the same charity towards all mankind.

On the 28th day of January, 1848, Mr. Lincoln made a speech in the House of Representatives of the United States, in which speech Mr. Lincoln said: "Any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable right—a sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world." Doubt the speech if you will, kind reader, but before you deny look to the *Congressional Globe*, first session, Thirteenth Congress, page 94. Then again, even in his inaugural address, what seems more remarkable, coming at such a time from such a source, he said: "Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied."

"If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might in a moral point of view justify revolution. It certainly would if such right were a vital one. . . . This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people

who inhabit it. When they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember it. . . . Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith in being in the right?"

What an admission! The right to dismember the Union expressly admitted—nay, positively asserted. He calls it a revolutionary right; but still he calls it a right, and qualifies it as a moral right—a sacred right, a most valuable right—a right which he hopes and believes is to liberate the world.

If it is indeed a moral right—a sacred right—a valuable right, it is, or was, or ought to be, a legal right; and if a legal right, who ought to have the right to deny its exercise?

Can two *rights* antagonize? Should they jar? Ought they to conflict? Does might alone create right? Can there be a legal or moral right to deny or overthrow a valuable or sacred right? In the Omniscient eye there cannot be any such conflict of rights. Such ethics would darken the whole moral world, and sweep the noblest attributes of the mind and soul and spirit into the very vortex of animal life and physical power.

Man is the frail creature of the dust, limited in wisdom, erring in judgment, blinded by prejudice, and influenced by self-interest, and so, in their conceptions of truth what they call their rights will conflict, will impinge, will jar. Manhood and supposed duty drive them to open contention, and there the laws of the physical world prevail, and so the battle is fought and the race is run from the cradle to the grave.

On the 9th of November, 1860, two days after the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Horace Greeley, in a leading

editorial published in the *New York Tribune*, as he for himself has confessed the authorship in his "American Conflict," said: "The people of the United States have indicated their desire that Abraham Lincoln shall be their next President. Some people do not like this, as is very natural. It is decidedly pleasanter to be on the winning side. The telegraph informs us that most of the cotton States are meditating a withdrawal from the Union on account of Mr. Lincoln's election. Very well; they have a right to meditate, and meditation is a profitable employment of leisure. We say, if any one sees fit to meditate disunion let him do so unmolested. That was a base and hypocritical row that was raised about the ears of John Quincy Adams because he presented a petition for the dissolution of the Union. The petitioner had the right to make the request. And now if the cotton States consider the value of the Union debatable, we maintain their perfect right to discuss it. Nay, we hold, with Jefferson, to the inalienable right of communities to alter or abolish forms of government that have become oppressive or injurious; and if the cotton States shall decide that they can do better out of the Union than in it, we insist on letting them go in peace. The right to secede may be a revolutionary right, but it exists nevertheless, and we do not see how one party can have a right to do what another party has a right to prevent; and whenever a considerable section of our Union shall deliberately resolve to go out, we shall resist all coercive measures designed to keep it in. We hope never to live in a republic where one section is pinned to the residue by bayonets.

"But while we thus uphold the practical liberty, if not the abstract right of secession, we must insist that the step be taken, if it ever shall be taken, with the deliberation and gravity befitting so momentous an issue. Let them reflect deliberately and then vote; and let the act of seces-



sion be the echo of an unmistakable popular fiat. A judgment thus rendered—a demand for separation so backed—would be either acquiesced in without the effusion of blood, or those who rushed upon carnage to defy and defeat it would place themselves clearly in the wrong.”

The world knows the history of Horace Greeley. He was the ablest editor this country has ever produced. He was a Republican of the deepest dye—an abolitionist of the most uncompromising order, and a northern man without one drop of southern blood.

At the time Mr. Lincoln was elected, thirteen of the Northern States—to wit, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, and Illinois—had by their legislatures openly, intentionally, and avowedly, in utter disregard of their admitted constitutional obligations, passed “Anti-fugitive Slave Laws,” and thus designedly violated their solemn covenant, which provided for the rendition of fugitives from service.

Again, another chapter: On Sunday evening, October the 17th, 1859, John Brown, of Kansas, at the head of a company of armed men, invaded Virginia, and by force captured the city of Harper’s Ferry, and there took possession of the National Armory, in which were stored two hundred thousand stand of small arms. He also captured and imprisoned quite a number of citizens, most of the guard stationed to protect the public property, and killed several persons. The confessed design of this bold insurrection was to “strike at all hazards for universal freedom.” Brown was overpowered and captured. In his pocket was found a draft of what he had styled “A Provisional Constitution and Ordinances for the people of the United States.” This document, Mr. Greeley says in his *American Conflict*, “had been adopted at a secret conven-

tion called by Brown to meet at a negro church at Chatham, Canada, May 8th, 1859. This constitution, as given by Mr. Greeley, among other things provided: "That whereas slavery, as it now exists in the United States, is none other than the most barbarous, unprovoked, and unjustifiable war of one portion of its citizens against another portion; therefore we, the citizens of the United States and the oppressed people, do ordain and establish for ourselves the following provisional constitution":

Art. 1. All persons of mature age who shall agree to sustain and enforce this constitution shall be held to be fully entitled to protection under the same.

Art. 28. All captured or confiscated property, and all property the product of the labor of those belonging to this organization, and of their families, shall be held as the property of the whole, equally, without distinction, and may be used for the common benefit, or disposed of for the same object.

Art. 29. All money, plate, watches, or jewelry captured by honorable warfare, or confiscated, belonging to the enemy, shall be held sacred, to constitute a liberal safety or intelligence fund.

Art. 33. All persons who shall come forward and deliver up slaves voluntarily and shall have their names registered on the books of this organization shall be entitled to protection.

Art. 34. All non-slaveholders who shall remain absolutely neutral shall be respected, so far as circumstances may admit, but shall not be entitled to any protection.

Art. 35. The needless waste of property shall not be tolerated.

Art. 36. The entire personal and real property of all persons known to be acting directly or indirectly with the enemy, or found wilfully holding slaves, shall be confiscated.

Art. 46. These articles are not intended to overthrow the government, but to amend and repeal.

The missing articles Mr. Greeley does not give, and this narrator has never seen them. Just what all this meant the reader must judge for himself. Just what John Brown would have done, had he succeeded, none can tell. By what train of thought he brought himself to believe that he was fulfilling a duty, some other than this writer must give the information. From what source the light came, which showed him that his scheme was just, humane, and Christian work, would be ethics too deep for this poor pen to attempt. The facts are historical; the issue was desperate; the end to him a dreadful doom, and the result to the country distressing and disastrous.

The Southern mind was inflamed. The Southern heart was fired. The Southern hearth and the Southern home had been endangered. What did the North do? Did it rise up in hot indignation and condemn the wicked, inhuman scheme? No—no—no; but on the contrary the whole North was aglow with sympathy for the unfortunate and the unsuccessful issue. The pulpit and the rostrum rung with elegant panegyrics, and the press teemed with fiery editorials, breathing condolence for Brown and threats against the hand that would dare hurt a hair of his head. Rescue meetings were called, and rescue measures were discussed, and rescue money raised. John Brown was tried and hung. He paid the penalty of his folly with the forfeit of his life, but beyond the Potomac he is still canonized as a saint and still lives in marble as a martyr. He failed, but the song in swelling chorus goes up and the world is told that "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

Could the South love the people who loved John Brown? Could the South trust the people who aided John Brown? Could the South be safe with the people who sympathized with John Brown? Ah! no. The North and the South were estranged, because of the dif-

ferent lights in which his motives were viewed. Hearts that had been warm with love grew cold for the lack of mutual trust, and hands that had clasped in friendly regard touched not again in cordial greeting.

John Brown may not have realized what blood and fire, and pain and sorrow, and sin and death, lay between him and the accomplishment of his Utopian Empire of Universal Emancipation. He may have been conscientious in the belief that the end would justify the means. If so, let us not impeach his conscience, but rather let us drop the curtain of charity and say he knew not what he did. He who reads his history must do so with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. Pity for his delusion—indignation for the terrible crime he coolly contemplated. In all that he did he seems to have relied upon the conviction that he was discharging a duty, and this seems to have been his comfort and support in the darkest hour of his life. For when his end was near at hand and death had almost overtaken him he said, writing his last letter:

“I cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindered the coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to have prevented the return of warm sunshine and a cloudless sky.”

God is just. He alone sees and knows the human heart. He will judge at that judgment where eternal justice will be done.

Virginia could forgive and forget John Brown, but Virginia can never forgive nor forget the sympathy that was expressed for his failure. He was the poor, blind victim of demented fanaticism. But his sympathizers up North, who cheered his efforts and indorsed his scheme, have no cloak for their sins. Looking back from the present standpoint, the world will scarce believe that the men who preached Christ, turned from His death and suffering to eulogize John Brown; or that the men who met to celebrate the anniversaries of the battles which Washing-

ton fought could canonize John Brown for a saint. Well might the world exclaim, *O! tempora! O! mores!*

But let us on with our story. The issue between the North and the South is fast rushing to a crisis; the winds are blowing; the storm is coming; the waters will soon fall and the streams will soon widen, but the rage of the storm will not surpass the passions of men, and "Man's inhumanity to man will make countless millions mourn."



## CHAPTER XXV.

IT was a fearful risk that old Uncle Ben took when he plunged into the vortex of that mad, surging, whirling water. But his was a noble heart, inspired by a noble courage; and the daring was a noble deed—and nobly it was done. On that dusky brow let us lay the chaplet of honor, and crown that head with a diadem of never-fading laurels. The old Roman custom of crowning with a wreath the citizen who had saved a human life was no less beautiful than inspiring; and it was a proud heart that beat beneath a head thus crowned. The armed warrior; the brave soldier; the noble Senator; the virtuous matron; the chaste beauty, and the modest maiden bowed low in honor to that crown whenever it passed, and the kings and the emperors stood uncovered in its presence. The glory of Rome was due to the respect paid to valor, and accorded to noble deeds. That land is safe that loves its heroes. That hero is truly great who inspires the citizen and soldier alike with love for noble, daring, brilliant achievements, and high moral virtue. Cowards could fight where the banner of Washington waved, and stripling youths sprang to manhood amid the blaze and flash of Harry Lee's sword.

It was also a custom among the Romans that if a slave saved the life of a Roman citizen the slave at once was manumitted and his freedom given as a fitting reward; for it was held that none who wore a crown should bear the chains of bondage.

When Charles was dragged ashore he had not lost all consciousness, but he was fearfully weak and exhausted, and was unable to speak or stand. Mr. Dodge was nearer

death ; he was unconscious, but was still breathing. Uncle Ben turned him over on his face, placed a piece of wood under his stomach, and then pressed on his back to force the water out of his mouth, and continued to use other means which he had been told would do good in cases of the kind to help the partially drowned, such as rubbing, slapping, and the like.

Charles saw what was being done, and nodded his approval, but he himself could do nothing. By this time Helen had revived from her swoon, and taking in the situation at a glance, though suffering from the nervous shock which she had received, mounted her horse and sped away like an arrow in search of medical aid. She had the good fortune to meet Dr. Hall on the road, who hastened to the relief of the sufferers, while Helen went further to secure other assistance. In due time Mr. Dodge was taken to the Grove, that being the nearest house. Charles having sufficiently recovered to enable him to ride, Dr. Hall assured them that there was no real danger, and that in a few days Mr. Dodge would be himself again. By morning Charles was perfectly recovered, but Mr. Dodge continued to keep his bed. He said he felt weak and drowsy, and so thought sleep would do him good. In a few days he was up and walking about and said he felt all right again, but there was a great change in his manner. He was silent, rather abstracted, and seemed to be thinking seriously, but not on his present surroundings. If spoken to, he would smile and say, "Beg your pardon ; I was listening to the conversation ;" but would not seem to recollect what had been said. His seriousness was of course attributed to the narrow escape which he had made. But when the subject was alluded to it seemed to displease him, and he would quickly turn the subject and talk of something else.

He thanked Charles for the preservation of his life ; he said it was a brave and heroic deed, and that he could

never forget the friendship that inspired such a noble spirit. But his thanks even to Charles were formal, for he looked at the ground and made marks with a stick while he spoke. Not once did he look Charles in the face; had he done so, he would have seen eyes beaming with manly love and wet from the touch of tenderness, and a face expressive of joy at the thought that a friend in danger had been saved.

Noble minds are ever full of charity; ever ready to attribute the actions of others to just such motives as inspire their own souls. They look up believing in the purity of the heart and the true nobility of the spirit. They never search the cess-pools of depravity for the motive of action, and so Charles never suspected the real cause of William Dodge's embarrassment. How could he suspect the dark thoughts that had flitted through the mind of William Dodge just before Charles had come upon him so unexpectedly the morning of the mishap? Thoughts that touched the very life of the noble spirit that friendship had inspired to dare death itself in order to save one that was loved.

Charles Reed did not know—could not know—but William Dodge knew; and, strange to say, for once in his life, for a short time, remorse had overtaken him. To the wicked soul death is a terrible thing, and when it comes near and grins in the face of its depraved victim, the horrors of hell rise up and mock the cowering heart.

It is said the drowning man, before consciousness passes from him, sees the whole of his past life flash like a panoramic picture on the canvas of memory. Every dark deed; every unholy thought; every wicked action; every impure emotion starts up from the waste places of an ill-spent life and presents itself in all its horror and in all its deformity.

William Dodge, tossed and rolled and beaten and bruised in that hissing water, felt the fear of death, and saw the



dreadful picture of a damned soul ; and the freezing agonies of tortures seized upon his cowardly heart and steeped him in the terrible filth of horror. For the first time in his life he saw himself as he was, and shuddered at his own deformity.

There was that in the character of Charles Reed which made it a pleasure to serve one he loved, and the higher the service the sweeter the pleasure. Charles Reed was brave ; from his boyhood he had been insensible to fear. His courage was of the moral kind ; not the show of the braggart. He never wilfully sought danger, but he never turned aside when duty called. Had he seen one he knew to be his bitterest enemy—his most inveterate foe—struggling in the waves, he would have hated his own name had he not gone to the rescue ; but when he saw there in the rushing water the friend he loved almost as he would a brother, the knowledge of almost certain death could not have held him back. And now that he had saved the life of the one he so sincerely loved, this very circumstance seemed to add tenderness to his affection.

The human heart is so constituted it never seems to fully realize the strength of its attachments until by some misfortune we lose or come near losing the object of our affections. Even a mother is but a mother until she is dead and gone. Then she is "My own sweet angel mother"—"My life"—"My hope"—"My all." Oh ! if the sweet spirit of my own sainted mother could come back to me just for one hour. If her hand could only, but for one moment, touch this aching brow of mine, and the music of her loving voice just once more sound in my ears, I would be stronger. I could be braver ; I should be better. Oh ! my mother ! my mother ! my good, kind, loving mother ! I never knew what it was to love thee fully until the angels came down and claimed thy spirit—kindred of their own.

But although the mishap had made Mr. Dodge nearer and dearer to Charles Reed, he could not help feeling, though he could not tell why, that it was not so with William Dodge. Why was this? Why that abstracted look? Why that averted face? Why that absent-minded air? Why that lowering of the eye, if perchance Mr. Dodge caught the enquiring gaze? Charles saw and could but notice all this, but no answer could he return that seemed to him all sufficient. The secret was locked in the heart of Mr. Dodge. It had its origin in the agony of fear; in the cowering spirit brought close to the presence of death. In the tormenting flames seen with the eye of fear—the immortal soul had realized its immortality and acknowledged its accountability. Years of folly; days of debauchery; hours of corruption; moments of baseness and deeds of blackness were crowded into that one moment of time and pictured on the canvas of memory. And the horrors of that vision crushed his cowardly soul and bent him on the rack of torture. For the first time in his life his heart had cried out, "Oh! God! have mercy on me!" Till that moment he had recognized no dependence; acknowledged no duty; confessed no sins; worshiped no God; asked no salvation. He felt rather a pride in his disbelief, and smiled with self-complacency at the thought of his infidelity; but in that moment of agonizing fear, his soul gave the lie to his whole life, and the lips and tongue, which he had schooled to speak in the language of blasphemy, forgot all the dark lessons of the skeptical life, and in terror cried out, "Oh! God! have mercy on me!"

William Dodge still remembered that agony; he still remembered that anguish of soul; he still remembered that cry. His mind was trembling as it were upon a pivot—balanced in debate. Good and virtue for once stood without knocking at the door of his heart, there seeking for admission and claiming recognition. The spirit of

good was striving with the demon of darkness; and well would it have been with William Dodge had the victory been with the right. But alas! the frailty of man. Alas! his passion and his pride. And, oh! alas! his vain, corrupted, selfish heart; his fond delusive dream of fleeting power. He boasts his pride, but withers like a flower; he feels his strength, but crumples like a burning scroll. The day of his destiny is transient as the meteor's flash; the glory of his reign unstable as the joy of a floating bubble; he builds his hopes high on the castles in the air. They fall as the temple fell and crush the mighty amid its ruins.

William Dodge believed in the genius of his guiding star; he soared high amid the realms of speculative thought and soothed his soul with reflections on self-appointed missions. Might was right with him; power the principle of justice; success the reward of virtue; and cunning the matchless means of measureless intellectuality.

He had cowered before the eye of old Ben; for the piercing gaze of that steady eye had, like poisoned darts, quivered in his heart. He now cowered beneath the lash of a guilty conscience, and while he cowered he cursed the baseness of his cowardly cowardice. He felt the humiliation to be more than he could stand, so in secret he resolved to quit the Grove and the Abbey, and to pursue his purpose in more shaded paths. With him the battle between good and evil was short. Right and wrong had met and measured lances, and for the time William Dodge was the victor. Now bitterness was added to his thirst for revenge, and the heartless, selfish man was turned to a fiend incarnate. He soon took occasion to tell Charles of his proposed departure. Business of the most urgent nature was given as the excuse.

Charles then for the first time spoke of his approaching marriage, and asked Mr. Dodge if it was not possible for him to remain; but Dodge expressed many regrets,

and said he would be obliged to go. Charles then insisted on a promise that he would return and be one of his attendants, but this honor Mr. Dodge also declined, saying it would be utterly impossible for him to come to Virginia at that time. The most that he could promise was that he would try and come again in the spring. The first of the coming week was named for the time of his departure. He said he would be compelled to leave Tuesday morning. It was now Saturday afternoon.

After this announcement was made and became understood Mr. Dodge became more like himself again. He was cheerful almost to hilarity, except in the presence of Colonel Moore; there he still seemed serious and reflective. This, as no doubt Mr. Dodge intended, rather strengthened the good old man's desire to be as much with Mr. Dodge as possible.

It was well known that Colonel Moore had some time previous made his will, more for form's sake though than otherwise, for, of course, all that he had would descend to his only child, and she could be trusted to take care of his faithful servants. But the day that Mr. Dodge left, it became known that some changes had been made in the will, and that Mr. Dodge was in some way named in the instrument; but how and to what purpose, time alone must reveal.



## CHAPTER XXVI.

UNCLE BEN had never given Mr. Dodge an opportunity to thank him for the part he had taken in the preservation of his life, nor had Mr. Dodge specially sought any occasion to perform that duty. The old man did not care to be thanked by Mr. Dodge. He felt that there were no thanks due him. He had not thought of Mr. Dodge at the time when he made the heroic plunge into the seething water. His whole soul was absorbed in the one desire to save Charles, and the old man knew that the salvation of Mr. Dodge was incidentally due to the efforts made to save that one so dearly loved. True, the old man had done all that he could for Mr. Dodge after he was dragged ashore, but this was only the promptings of humanity. Uncle Ben could not have stood by and seen Mr. Dodge drown under ordinary circumstances, but it would have been expecting too much of the old negro to have supposed that he would have taken the terrible risk he did had it not been in behalf of one whom he loved far more than he loved William Dodge. Therefore, the honest old man was glad when Mr. Dodge left, and especially glad that no word of thanks had been expressed. Mr. Dodge knew that his life had been preserved by these two persons, whom he now hated more than he hated all else besides. He felt it keenly, and he resolved in the bitterness of his heart to pay the debt, but not in the way common gratitude would have dictated. He thought to himself that in due time he would discharge this obligation and lift this load from his mind.

Mr. Dodge had so brooded over his thirst for revenge on Charles Reed that his heart was totally dead to every

feeling of gratitude, and as for old Ben, he actually believed the old negro was sorry that he was not drowned.

But how different was the feeling between Charles and Uncle Ben. They met the next day and Charles took both of the hands of the old negro in his and tried to thank him, but if words were necessary, then indeed the thanking was a failure. They both tried to speak, but there was something in their throats which choked back the words and would not let them out. They looked at each other, but that, too, was a failure; for the big tears would rush to their eyes and blind them, but each knew that their hearts responded. The old man could not stand it long; he at last put his arm around Charles and did make out to say, "God bless you, Mars Charles; God bless you! I am happier than I ever was before."

Charles pressed the hand he held, and the old man moved away.

They met again the next day, and by this time they were able to talk. We will leave the first words of that interview unrecorded. There are feelings of the heart which no words can portray—emotions that roll over the soul like waves over the sea, beautiful in their grandeur, and glorious in their sublimity. If the hearts of two men ever met and two spirits ever mingled and two minds were ever filled with mutual admiration, the picture is now before you. Look upon it, kind reader, and sympathize with it if you can. Behold the love and admiration of the old negro for his young master—the gratitude and veneration of the young Southerner for his old black friend. No king ever boasted a more loyal subject, no prince ever claimed a more loving heart, no potentate ever received more willing service, than you may witness there. The heart of the old negro was filled with love and overflowing with kindness, while Charles Reed felt, in the very secret chambers of his soul, veneration and reverence for that grand old man, gratitude for that love, admiration for that heroic spirit.

The old man saw the gratitude, the admiration, the veneration as a bright light shining out through the beaming eyes of his young master, and he was happy; his reward was perfect, and its enjoyment sweet. It was to him the crowning glory of his life; his cup of joy was full to the brim and running over.

Charles saw the old man's happiness, saw the joy and the gladness, but still he was not satisfied. There was in his heart a deep yearning to do something for the good old man that would be worthy of the name, but what could he do commensurate with the heroism of that faithful old servant? Indeed, was there any reward that he could bestow equal to the merit displayed? He had an idea in his mind, it is true, and as to this had consulted with Colonel Moore, but the good old Colonel had given him but little comfort; he had only patted Charles on the head and said, "Do as you like, my dear boy, but you don't know Ben as I know him. He and I were boys together; we were playmates in our childhood; he has ever been more like a companion than a servant to me. I have often thought of what you propose, not only in regard to him, but in regard to all the rest of my servants, and I would not hesitate one moment, if I only believed that it would be conducive to their happiness; but I have most serious doubts on the subject, and especially as to Ben. I think he is the happiest human being that I know. He is sensible far beyond the average of his race. He fully appreciates his circumstances and his condition, but if ever the so-called chain of servitude has had for him one galling link, it is more than I believe. He was with me last winter up North and we came back by Washington. We went over to the White House to see my old friend and college classmate, President James Buchanan, and I do believe 'Old Buck,' as we have always called him, was more delighted to see Ben than he was to see me. Ah! Charles, such a time as we did have that night, talking

about old times ; Buchanan made me a visit here at the Grove and spent the summer with me the year we left college. We spent much of our time in the woods hunting, for both of us were fond of the sport. The aim of Buchanan's rifle was marvelous ; he was a splendid shot, the best with a rifle I believe I ever saw. Ben was with us for the most of the time and seemed to enjoy the 'happy hits,' as he called them. He argued that that style of shooting did not hurt the squirrel, for he would say a ball right through the head was death, but no pain.

"Ben rallied the President on being an old bachelor and told him he ought to have a wife to take care of his nice big house, but about the best laugh we had was when Ben looked around and said 'Mars Jim, where are your squirril tails? I would a thought since you is got no wife you would have some tails hangin' around jes to show the folks how you can shoot ; any way dey would remind you of old times. You aint forgot dem hunts we use to have I know.' 'Oh ! no,' said the President, laughing, 'I shall never forget those days.'

"I reckon not, Mars Jim, nor do I spose you is forgot some of de ladies you knowed down dar.'

"That I havn't, Ben, you are right there.'

"Well, you is got to be President now ; we didn't think you was gwine to do so much for yourself I spec' had Miss Mary knowed you was gwine to climb so high she would not have been so quick to ax you no.'

"At this the President laughed again and said, 'You are too hard on me, Ben ; that is an old sore and you must not touch it too roughly.'

"Mary was your mother, Charles. Perhaps you never heard that Buchanan was in love with her when she was a girl, but she loved another, and he has never loved again."

The allusion to his mother touched Charles tenderly. He made no reply, so Colonel Moore went on, saying :



“But to return to the subject, Charles, you have my permission to speak to Ben, and it will only afford me real pleasure if we can do any thing that will add to his happiness.”

That same afternoon as Charles came out to go home he saw Uncle Ben up near the barn polishing up the buckles and bit of Helen's bridle. Charles turned that way, and when he came up took a seat in the door near where Ben was at work. The old man was glad to see him and manifested it, as much in his manner as in his words. Charles began the conversation and by degrees led up to the subject which was uppermost in his thoughts. So after some talk in regard to the narrow escape they all had run, the deep gratitude which he felt, and the nobleness of the act of rescue, Charles said: “Uncle Ben, I have been trying to think of some way in which to show my appreciation of your love for me and the heroism you displayed.”

“You is done done dat, Mars Charles. I seed what was in your heart plainer den I seed the tears in your eyes, and 'tis de heart and not de tongue what tells a man's feelings.”

“I don't mean that, exactly, Uncle Ben. I know you feel assured of my great gratitude as well as my appreciation of your noble action, but I want to do something for you and your children which will inspire all who come of your race with noble aims and manly endeavors to imitate your example should occasion present itself—something, Uncle Ben, to which your descendants to the remotest degree may refer with pride and be inspired with a spirit of emulation. The world loves to honor a noble deed, Uncle Ben, and the good and true among men love to place on record the deeds of unselfish heroism. You saved my life at a great risk of your own, and I know you did it because you love me, and because you are possessed of a manly spirit and noble courage. I love you, too, in

return, Uncle Ben, because you have shown yourself a grand old man, possessed of true nobility of nature and endowed with those characteristics which go to make up heroes."

"You says too much for me, Mars Charles," replied the old man, slowly and thoughtfully, his voice not over steady. "I was not thinking of what the world would say of me when I went into that water to pull you out; I was thinking of you, Mars Charles—nobody but you. I seed you in the water struggling—it was hissing and foaming—you was drowning—I loved you—that was all."

"I know that, Uncle Ben; but the motive which prompted you makes your act all the more noble and grand, and that is what I wish to reward. The unselfishness of the deed is its real worth. You know you have our gratitude; now we want to show our admiration. I have had a talk with Colonel Moore, and he leaves the whole matter with me."

"Very well, den, Mars Charles; Mars Beverly knows me, and he knows I don't want any reward for savin' your life. He is always trying to do something for me. He seems to know better what is good for me than I knows for myself. But for dat matter, I ain't afraid dat either of you will do anything to hurt old Ben's feelings."

"Indeed we would not, Uncle Ben; you can well say that. What we want to do we think may rather serve to elevate you than to cast you down. You may not know, Uncle Ben, but history tells us that Rome was once the most splendid empire of the world. Her citizens loved glory, and her government took special pains to reward the noble deeds of her sons. She bestowed high honors upon her great men, whenever they achieved any noble deed, and her people built monuments for them when they died. She also gave crowns to those who were successful at the games in which they had shown their bravery and heroism; and to such of her citizens as

had saved the life of a fellow-citizen a special crown was awarded. Now, Uncle Ben, you know that there were slaves in Rome as there are slaves here in the South, and there was a custom there to the effect that if a slave saved the life of a Roman citizen the slave was at once set free. They considered that one who had saved a life was too noble a man to continue in bondage.

"You, Uncle Ben, have saved the life of an American citizen—yes, the lives of two citizens—and so are entitled to double reward if that could be given, and double freedom if that were possible. You have a wife and two children, and we want you all to be free and happy. We mean to give you, besides, a nice little home and enough land for you and your children to cultivate, so that you may make a good living, and then you will be able to come and go just as you please."

"Sot me and my wife and children free, Mars Charles! and make us a lot of free niggers?"

"Oh! don't put it that way, Uncle Ben!" cried Charles, quickly, as he saw that he had inadvertently wounded the old man's feelings. "Oh! don't put it that way. You know that we love you, Uncle Ben, and would only be too glad to do any thing in our power to make you happy. But come, now, don't you really think it would be a good thing to be a free man—to feel that neither you nor your children were bound to any one in servitude?"

"I don't know 'bout dat, Mars Charles; I is thought of dat many times, but I is got my doubts on dat subject; as for me, I don't hardly call myself a slave; yet, I s'pose, dat is what the law calls it. But slavery seems a hard name to call de service what I render Mars Beverly. I don't live in quite sech a big house as he do, but mine is jes' as warm and comfortable, and I can't recollect that I ebber wanted for anything to eat in all my life; and as for clothes, I is got more dan I shall ebber wear out. Den, besides, Mars Charles, I is been up North and seed de

folks up dar, and I knows dat dar ain't a single colored man nor woman on dis whole plantation dat has to work half as hard as de poor white folks up North.

"You see, Mars Charles, I was up North wid Mars Beverly last winter, and I talked wid a good many uv dem Abolitioners. Dey seem like dey want to talk long wid me, and dey ax me if I don't feel de degradation uv slavery? I let 'em talk all dey want to talk; den I tell 'em dat is sumthin' dey don't understand; I tell 'em dat de colored man don't feel no degradation because he is a slave. He is not 'shamed because he is got to serve de white folks. Seems like, Mars Charles, de colored man is better off as he is. Dar is a good number of free niggers about here now, and dar ain't a single one dat is got as much as I is got. No, de trufe is, de best one uv dem ain't got as much as de sorriest nigger on dis place.

"Now you know half de time dey is got nuffin' to eat, and dey nebber is got anything fit to wear, and dey children always look naked and hungry.

"De trufe is, Mars Charles, de colored man is got to have a white man to do de thinkin' and de plannin', and to keep de lazy nigger at work so to make him do his part. You see in slavery all de colored folks have to work. What dey make goes to feed and clothe dem all, and so dey all is got plenty. But sot dem free, and one half would work and one half wouldn't work, and dat half what didn't work would be all de time either starvin' or stealin'. Mars Charles, when de nature uv de colored man can be changed, den de time will have come to sot de darkey free. No, Mars Charles, I know you mean for good, but I spec' you and Mars Beverly had better let things be as dey be. Me and my Polly is just as happy as de day is long; we don't want no freedom to make us happy. We knows dar ain't one single pinching want eber gwine to git so much as one foot in at our door while ole Mars or you or Miss Helen can fight him away. We

is satisfied, and we radder live and die right here whar we was born and whar de mother and de father uv both uv us is burried dan to go away in freedom and perhaps to want."

The old man's heart was full, a silent tear had gathered in his eye, and as he ceased speaking trickled down his cheek. Charles took the old man's hand in his and said:

"I see from your face, Uncle Ben, that you have spoken the firm conviction of your heart. You mean what you say. You think you are better off as you are, and what you have said you think is for your good and that of your wife and children. It shall be just as you wish, and you shall be all the dearer to us because you name the relation that is to exist in the future; but is there not one wish of your heart that I can gratify? Is there not just one want you would like fulfilled—some little need or some little pleasure you desire?"

Charles stood holding the old man's hand. His voice was full of loving kindness as he spoke, and his tone was one of almost earnest supplication. He so longed to do some act that would in part be commensurate to the noble service the good old man had rendered, but what else to propose he could not think.

The old man stood silent for a moment looking down at the ground. His heart was full to overflowing; tears were falling over his cheeks. He could not command his voice for a moment or more, but finally he looked up and said:

"Yes, Mars Charles, there is just one little thing I wish, and I will tell it to you because I believe it will make you happier. Fix up the grave of my dear old mother."

The voice of the old man trembled—it failed him; emotions welled up in his throat; he could say no more. A deep fountain was moved in the depths of two souls—a love which the angels might bless filled two hearts at

the mention of that sweet name—mother. No further word was spoken, but the big tears gathered on the cheeks of the black and the pale face, and fell in heavy drops upon the sand, and methinks that music as sweet as ever rolled through the courts of heaven then burst from the lips of two angel mothers looking down from on high.



## CHAPTER XXVII.

**E**ARLY in December Governor Letcher, of Virginia, issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the Legislature to meet at Richmond to take into consideration the status of the State and consider the exigencies of the times. The 7th day of January, 1861, was named as the day for the Legislature to convene, and the members for the most part were prompt in their attendance.

The Legislature, when it met, recognized the fact that it as a legislative body had no right to pass an ordinance of secession, or in any way change the organic law of the State. This right belonged exclusively to the people, and could be exercised by the people only in a Convention duly elected and representing the sovereignty of the people. Therefore the Legislature passed a bill, January 13th, 1861, calling a Convention and appointing a day for a general election, and also naming a time and place for the Convention to meet. The canvass in this election was warm, passionate, and almost partisan. The question of the constitutional right of secession was fully discussed, as was also the expediency of withdrawing from the Union under existing circumstances.

The candidates put forward were representative men, fully posted in the constitutional history of the State as well as the principles of the Federal Government, and in every sense worthy to represent Virginia in all her dignity and in all her power and wisdom. The candidates elected knew the opinions of their constituents and voiced the sentiments of the State.

South Carolina had seceded on the 20th of December, 1860; Mississippi on the 9th of January following; Ala-

bama and Florida on the 11th, Georgia on the 20th, Louisiana on the 26th, and Texas on the 1st day of February. On the 9th of February the six seceded States, by delegates respectively appointed to a convention held at Montgomery, Alabama, organized a provisional government under the name and style of the Confederate States of America. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was chosen President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President.

The prompt and almost precipitous manner in which the six seceded States had passed ordinances of secession, showed that they at least were fully convinced that the time for discussion had passed, and that the time for action had arrived. The unanimity with which the ordinances had been passed was remarkable, and showed beyond all cavil, and beyond all question, the sincerity of those who claimed that they were exercising a constitutional right. The only point upon which there was any difference of opinion in this connection did not refer to the right of secession, but to the expediency in the matter of time and manner; and even in all the other Southern States, which had not seceded, there was no respectable party that wavered in the opinion as to the right to secede for just cause.

The doctrine that any State might secede in case of a plain and palpable violation of the Federal Constitution had been admitted by every statesman of any distinction from the foundation of the government to the election of Lincoln. And in several of the Northern States resolutions setting forth the right had been put to a vote and passed their Legislatures; Massachusetts and New Hampshire conspicuously in the lead. During the canvass in Virginia the question upon which the people were divided was, "Had there been such a violation of the Constitution as would make it expedient for Virginia to exercise this right?" And even among those who thought



that there had been such a violation as to justify secession, there was a division of opinion as to the time and manner of exercising the right. Some thought and contended for quick work and immediate secession, claiming that each State could only exercise the right, separate and independent, of all the rest. All admitted the soundness of this doctrine, but concluded that co-operation would be the better mode and the safest means, while still many more, and perhaps a large majority, were unwilling to secede for existing causes, but desired to wait for some overt act on the part of the incoming Administration. They believed that the election of a purely sectional candidate to the Presidency upon a platform openly hostile to the institutions of the South, coupled with the many inimical expressions of Northern temper, contempt, ridicule and banter, and the acknowledged violation of the letter and the spirit of the Constitution in the matter of the anti-fugitive slave acts of thirteen of the Abolition States, and the unprecedented insurrection of John Brown, and the manner in which that insurrection was regarded by the North, where Brown was lauded as a martyr and canonized as a saint, and his crime of murder, treason and robbery fully justified by the press, the pulpit and the bar, was good and sufficient cause for secession, and would justify the South in the act of secession before God and man; but still they believed that the better policy was to wait for some further act by the incoming President, or the Congress under his Administration, vainly hoping against hope that the delay would give occasion for a reaction on the part of the Northern mind in regard to violated obligations, and thus save the Union and prevent the horrors of a civil war.

Virginia felt the wrongs that had been done her. She felt the indignities that had been heaped upon her. She mourned the estrangement of her sisters and grieved

because their love and confidence had been turned to blasphemy and to bitterness. Her forbearance was the sublimity of patriotic devotion; her grief was the grandeur of a mother's forbearance—King David weeping for Absalom. The heart of this grand old Commonwealth was touched; she was sick nigh unto death because of unrequited love. Let him who aspires to place in marble record the grandest picture in the book of time, represent Virginia standing solitary and alone in the midst of this crisis, "A royal mother, a suppliant, and a queen, forgetting her wrongs, pleading for peace."

The history of the men that followed Robert E. Lee and fought with Stonewall Jackson, will tell the world that in that swelling tide of emotion, in that deep, pleading prayer for peace there was not so much as one ripple of unmanly fear. Looking back let the question be asked, and let him answer who can, under all the circumstances, how could the people of the South feel morally bound to continue in the Union, when the conduct of the North was such as to lead the South to believe that she and her institutions were so hated and despised, that nothing short of complete degradation would satisfy the temper and purpose of the North. They declared the Constitution to be "A league with hell and a covenant with the devil." They openly, publicly and repeatedly asserted that they could not and that they would not abide by and stand to the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States as rendered in the Dred Scott case; they positively and emphatically proclaimed that they would not and could not live up to and fulfill the obligations of the Constitution in its provisions in the matter of fugitives from service. The institution of slavery they contended was wrong, and no argument however logical, no compact however solemnly made, no decision however plainly announced, and no obligation however distinctly worded and deliberately

signed, sealed and delivered could induce them to keep the faith firmly pledged by their forefathers.

They saw at the South nothing but the bondage of the black man; they heard nothing but his supposed cry for freedom, and every lash of correction they repeated in ten thousand echoes, and every expression of dissatisfaction was multiplied and repeated into endless reverberations, until the whole North was filled with one wide, wailing moan, and northern indignation rose, rolled and swelled and lashed and broke like an angry sea; and buried beneath its enraged waters every vestige of calm thought and unbiased judgment upon this most unhappy subject of dispute. Still despite it all, Virginia loved the Union, and her conduct showed how dearly.

When her sons witnessed this conduct of the North, there was a shock of grief mingled with indignation. Her Chief Magistrate was openly and loudly threatened with assassination if he dared to execute John Brown, and this though not one single slave in Virginia had joined Brown nor offered him the slightest aid or tendered him a single expression of sympathy.

The fixed purpose of Virginia was to act on the defensive; to stand between the two extremes and to use every means in her power to assuage the angry flood of passion, and thus to preserve the Union if the Union could be preserved. She was unwilling to secede, and when her convention met—a vote taken stood 89 to 45 in favor of the Union; she did not believe that the North would dare to strike, over her shoulders, her seceded sister States of the South; nor did she doubt that she could in due time induce these offended States to return into the fold, if their rights could be secured.

She planned the Peace Conference to meet at Washington. The resolution of invitation passed her Legislature the 19th day of January, 1861, by a unanimous vote. To this conference of peace her noble sons came with

high hopes, earnest appeals and fervent prayers. She asked that recognition of slavery which the Constitution guaranteed—that and nothing more, but to this the North would not consent, said they could not consent—that they would not consent. The sentiment of the North was clearly and concisely set forth in a speech made in that conference by Governor Salmon P. Chase of Ohio. Governor Chase was considered a conservative Republican. He was able; he was learned; he was eloquent; he was candid; he was sincere; he was the personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect, and at that time understood to have been selected and did in due time become a member of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. During the discussions which took place before the Peace Conference, to which the whole world was looking with painful suspense and earnest hope, on the 6th day of February, Governor Chase said: "I must speak to you plainly, gentlemen of the South; it is not in my heart to deceive you; I therefore tell you explicitly that if we throw away all that has been gained in the recent triumph of our principles, the people would not sustain us, and I must tell you further that under no inducement whatever will we consent to surrender the principle of restriction of slavery within the State limits."

The Supreme Court had just decided that the Federal Government had no power to prevent the Southern people from going into the common territories with their slaves, and so here Governor Chase expressly declared that the North would not regard that decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Then, continuing, said: "Aside from the territorial question—the question of slavery outside of the slave States—I know of but one serious difficulty. I refer to the question concerning fugitives from service. The clause in the Constitution concerning this class is regarded by almost all men, North and South, as a

stipulation for the surrender to their masters of slaves escaping into free States. The people of the free States, who believe slavery is wrong, cannot and will not aid in reclamation, and the stipulation therefore becomes a dead letter. You complain of bad faith, and the complaint is retorted by denunciations of the cruelty which drags back to bondage the poor slave who has escaped from it. You, thinking slavery right, claim the fulfillment of the stipulation; we, thinking slavery wrong, cannot fulfill the stipulation without the consciousness of participation in wrong. There is a real difficulty, but it seems to me not insuperable. It would not do for us to say to you in justification of non-performance, 'The stipulation is immoral, and therefore we cannot execute it;' for you deny the immorality, and we cannot assume to judge for you. On the other hand, you ought not to exact from us the literal performance of the stipulation, when you know that we cannot perform it without conscious culpability. A true solution of the difficulty seems to be attainable by regarding it as a simple case where a contract, from changed circumstances, cannot be fulfilled exactly as made. A court of equity in such cases decrees execution as near as may be. It requires the party who cannot perform to make compensation for non-performance. Why cannot the same principle be applied to the rendition of fugitives from service? We cannot surrender, but we can compensate. Why not, then, avoid all difficulties on all sides, and show respectively good faith and good will by providing and accepting the compensation where masters reclaim escaping servants, and prove the right of reclamation under the Constitution? Instead of a judgment for rendition, let there be a judgment for compensation determined by the true value of the services, and let the same judgment assure freedom to the fugitive. The cost to the national treasury would be as nothing in comparison with the evils of discord and strife."

This speech blasted all hope that rested upon the Peace Conference. Nay, it but added fuel to the flames, and rather tended to widen the breach that was deeply yawning between the North and the South. It was an unequivocal declaration that the non-slaveholding States would not comply with their acknowledged obligations under the Constitution.

No doubt the speech was intended by its author in a spirit of compromise and as terms of conciliation, and no doubt he thought the terms fair, just, and equitable. Yet it did but serve to ring the death-knell of hope, and to bury in one deep and narrow grave the last prospect of peace. It was the ultimatum of the North—the final decree, the fixed judgment, the unchangeable sentiment, and firm, unswerving purpose of the large majority of the people of the non-slaveholding States.

The terms of the proposed compromise was indeed the ultimatum. The ground upon which it had been placed made it inevitably so. That ground was conscientious convictions.

Mr. Chase, in that calm dignity and clear conciseness of expression, joined with perfect candor, which were the chief characteristics of his nature, here named the terms, and the only terms, to which the people of the North could agree. He stated the difficulties, manfully admitted that they of the North could not keep the terms of the contract as made by the founders of the Government, declared that the North had no right to judge for the South in the matter of morals, and as to what they proposed he did not have it in his heart to deceive the South. On the sincerity of his conscientious convictions that slavery was wrong, he justified the breach of contract.

This writer maintains that every man's conscience is the rule and guide of his life—fallible, it may be, but it is the best that man has. Then stripped of all feeling which heated discussions had engendered, the whole of

the issue between the good men and true patriots of the North and the South may be narrowed down and concisely stated in that single sentence, "You think slavery right; we think slavery wrong." Taking Governor Chase as an arbiter—and upon this issue there ought to have been but one opinion as to where the path of duty lay—he declares the North has no right to judge for the South; the South has no right to judge for the North. Then let each judge for itself. The North and the South could not agree. Then let them agree to disagree, and, as Greeley put it, "part in peace."

The principles upon which the Federal compact was founded were mutual trust, mutual good faith, mutual confidence, and mutual protection—protection to all the institutions of the respective parties. The day that the parties ceased to give this faith and the compact to furnish this protection, ought to have been the day when each party be allowed to choose for itself what course it would pursue as to its own affairs. The South had no right to force upon the North moral views contrary to any fixed opinions her people might hold, nor did the North have the right, because it had the might, first to break the compact, and then to force down the throats of the Southern people the nauseating pill of coercion. All that the South asked was to be allowed to go in peace.

The North named the ultimatum. Were the terms just, equitable, and fair? Ought the South to have accepted them? Could she do so consistently with her honor? Could she do so without placing her moral character in the keeping of the Northern States? Could she do so without confessing that the institution of slavery was and had been from the beginning wrong? Could she so confess without staining her name with the foulest blot that ever darkened a people's fame? Could she have accepted these terms without at once and forever abolishing the institution of slavery? How could the in-

stitution exist if the whole North waved the beacon-light of welcome and bid the black man "come?" How could the black man stay where there was a national treasury to pay for his leisure? Where was the equity in the proposition to pay for fugitive slaves? Who does not see that it was one set of men spreading a feast and then leaving another set to pay for the fare. Who will believe that the Northern States, which were so ready to protect the fugitive, would have been willing to compensate the owner out of the State treasury where the protection was given? Why let the State protect and the nation pay? Why did not Governor Chase say we must protect, but *we* will pay—we the people of the State that protects. I do not believe that there was a single non-slaveholding State that would have agreed to that—certainly none ever proposed it. Who does not know that two-thirds of the Federal revenue before the war was drawn from the South through the duties paid on imported articles consumed on the sunny side of the Potomac? To pay for the fugitive slave out of the National treasury would then have been the South paying for its property to the extent of two-thirds of the money paid. "Oh! Consistency, thou art indeed a jewel."

What could Virginia do? What ought she to have done? What did she do?

Let the candid, impartial reader pause and consider. Let him think, and then in the deep sincerity of his heart say if duty and honor and manhood did not rise up and revolt at the idea of continued servile submission. Let the world say if the defeat our arms sustained is marked with the dishonor that would have covered the South with shame had she accepted the terms of peace which Mr. Chase proposed.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

**W**ILLIAM DODGE had brought his visit to a close and was gone—gone, he said, to his home in Washington City, but whether he felt in his heart that the house there at which he usually staid when in the city was his home is more than thought can conjecture; certainly it was not considered such a home as that which inspired the lofty genius of John Howard Payne to compose and sing that immortal song, “Home, Sweet Home.” The song of all songs which is the most beloved. The song which touches every heart and often brings tears to the eyes. “Home, Sweet Home!” Oh! what tender chords in my heart are touched at the mention of that song. What emotions sweep over the soul. What recollections it suggests.

On one of the quasi-fashionable streets of the ultra-fashionable city of Washington, out on the Georgetown side, was a large, rather old-style brick building. There was considerable shrubbery in the yard. Several pieces of marble and bronze statuary and a water fountain of rather pretentious size, all of which indicated means rather than taste in the owner. The house was ostentatiously furnished, the furniture being of the old and the new style—rather after the manner of a conglomerate. In the parlor of this somewhat peculiar house sat two persons—one an old lady well advanced in years, but dressed in flashy colors well suited to a giddy girl in her teens; the other a strikingly handsome young man in the full vigor of life. Even a casual glance would reveal the fact that the two persons were mother and son. The young man seemed somewhat excited, and was speaking with

an impatient tone. "Who was my father and what of his tragical death? You had as well tell me now as later. I know that the infamous wretch who murdered your father and then forced you to marry him is not my father."

"Stop!" exclaimed the old woman, springing to her feet. "Who told you that?"

"You," exclaimed the young man hotly. "You in your groans and moans told the most of it. The rest I have from the records which I found during my visit down in Virginia—that you should have married the murderer of"——

"Stay!" screamed the woman, springing forward; "speak not the word again. He forced me to marry him by the power which he had over my person and my property, but I swear I did not know the truth until it was too late, and by all the angels in heaven above and the demons below, I swear that the name of wife is all that I ever was to him; not so much as even our hands have ever touched since the moment he called me wife. If it be a crime let me confess it; to the love I cherished for a better man, you owe your existence. I was bound with chains. I loved, and love with me was the strongest passion of my life. His wife was dead; he was free. It was my wish, my act, and if it be a shame it is my shame. Who he was you will know when I am dead and gone, but until then all the dark spirits that flit through the flames of perdition cannot drag it from me. You have your own father's face, but not one speck of his noble nature. By some strange, mysterious process all the devils that infested the pitch-black soul of the man whose name you bear have been transferred to your heart. You want money—take this and go—and stay until you want more;" and with the words she flung a purse with all her might straight at his head.

The young man stepped quickly to one side. The heavy purse struck a vase on a side table, shattered the

vase to atoms, and fell to the floor. William Dodge, for it was he, stooped, picked up the purse, gave his mother one look of contempt and scorn, and passed from the room without a word.

The brilliant young collegiate was changed. The pleasant smile, the affable manner, the congenial spirit, were gone—all gone—a cloud, a dark angry cloud, rested on his brow. He had believed in nothing good before. He hated everything now. He was bitter—bitter against the world. He hated the whole human family. He hated himself. He recognized his baseness and loathed his own depravity. He was stung to the very quick—his pride was wounded to death. He sees in his waking thoughts that terrible picture of his past life; and in his sleep it haunts him like a frightful vision. Night nor day there is for him no rest. His body is full of pain. His limbs rack him at every joint. His throbbing head seems bound with bars of brass. His days are filled with torture; his nights with woe and fear. His sleep is haunted with frightful dreams of hideous monsters that ever and anon wind their suffocating coils around his limbs and dart forth their hissing tongues of fire. He starts from sleep to rave; to swagger and to swear; to curse life and light; to curse day and darkness; to curse God and man; to curse heaven and hell, and all that is in thought or dream.

The most miserable thing that walks God's green earth is a self-accusing soul; one that has been brought to see its baseness in all its hideous deformity and yet has no faith in God's mercy, or Christ's atoning sacrifice. William Dodge had seen what few men are permitted to see, and still be left to live. He had seen himself just as he was; just as God will see him at the judgment day. If men could only realize what they are, they would bury their heads in the dust and cry: "Remorse! Remorse!! Remorse!!!"

Satan rebelled against God, the Most High, swearing that he would rather rule in hell than to serve in heaven. William Dodge rebelled against every offer of mercy, every principle of right, every prayer that virtue could breathe, swearing like Bob Ingersoll that he would bend the suppliant knee to no potentate, nor power, human or divine. William Dodge, the poor, weak, insignificant worm of the dust, whose life is but a breath of air; whose body is less than a speck on the great canvas of creation; whose strength is more frail than a scorched strand of hair, lifts himself up and sets his foot forward in defiance against the God who unrolled the great creation like a scroll and swung all the mighty hosts of stars through the boundless realms of space.

The one ruling passion of his life now was to *down* Charles Reed; to crush his hopes; to blast his happiness and to blacken his name, and this, as he walked away from his mother's door, he swore he would do though all the surging cauldrons of a boiling perdition rolled between him and his object. And just how well he tried to keep his cruel oath let the sequel to this story bear witness.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

THE bright warm days of November had passed away. December with its cold, chilly breath had crept in and laid its icy fingers upon Nature's brow. The birds had ceased their joyful songs. The hum of the bee was hushed in silence. The rising sun now flashed upon the frosts of winter, and the snow gleamed in the moonlight in fields of matchless beauty.

Nellie and Flora impatiently stood in the stables, and Helen and Charles for the most part were confined to the house. They sat together in the parlor one evening at the Grove. They had not for a little while been conversing, for the sweetest company that the world can give is that company whose presence is all the heart requires. The brute creation shares this pleasure with man and feels the comfort of sincere affection. Man, made higher, and nobler, and nearer to God, feels this company the sweetest gift of his Creator, and lifts his heart in warmest gratitude when this blessing he feels the most. Charles had been reading from a copy of Washington Irving's Sketch Book that most touching and tenderly beautiful chapter called "The Broken Heart." As the world knows, it is a short story of the deep, dark, desolation that crushed the heart and blasted the life of Sarah Curran, the daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister. She was promised in marriage to Robert Emmett, the Irish patriot, whose tragical story still fills the world with sympathy.

Helen was sitting at his side, her book partially supported by his knee, looking over an illustration of the Bible. As Charles read the touching story of woman's devotion, woman's constancy and woman's wonderful love,

he marked with a pencil those passages which seemed to appeal for sympathy to every noble nature. "I believe in broken hearts and the possibility of dying of disappointed love. I firmly believe that it has withered down many a lovely woman into an early grave. Woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world. She embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and if shipwrecked her case is hopeless. Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. So is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. Then her rest is broken; the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams; dry sorrow drinks her blood until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury."

Charles read the chapter through to the end, and then closing the book over his right hand, let it fall until it rested on his knee. His left hand he laid gently on Helen's shoulder. She looked up with an inquiring expression into his face, and read there the deep, earnest heart-felt love which filled his whole soul—love that needed no proving, affection that needed no advocate, devotion that never could be doubted. Helen saw at a single glance the touch of sadness mingling with the flow of his affections, and with that innocent, tender caress which so strongly, but silently appeals to the heart of man, she quietly took his hand from the book, and holding it clasped in both of hers, pressed it warmly. His face brightened with the light of perfect trust, and the sweetest smile that peace and joy and gladness could wreath lit up his face.

"What is it?" she asked, "what were you reading that brought that serious expression to your face?" He said nothing, but bent forward and lightly touched her brow with his lips, and then opened the book at the page where he had been reading.

Helen noted the marked passages and said aloud, "The Broken Heart." Then she looked and said: "The sad story of Sarah Curran. It is beautiful, but like you it makes me feel sad to read it. He was so noble. How could they condemn him to die? Treason they called it; but if that be treason, then treason is the crowning virtue in the heart of liberty-loving people. But, oh! how she must have suffered—what agony must have tortured her life. She loved him and he was worthy. See there what it says: 'He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty—so intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country; the eloquent vindication of his name, and the pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation enters deeply into every generous bosom.'"

"See there; it says, too, that 'he had wooed and won her affections in happier days and fairer fortune;'—and she was beautiful and interesting—and then it says so touchingly that 'she loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love, and when every earthly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, when disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings.'

"Oh! who can tell what she must have suffered! What agonizing despair must have lowered upon her heart and darkened her life! They say she never recovered. All kinds of occupation and varied amusements were resorted to in an earnest effort to dissipate her grief and wean her away from the tragical story of her lover; but all was

vain, and well might Irving say, 'that there are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness, and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom.' She wasted away in slow but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart."

When Helen had read the last paragraph she became silent. Her heart was full to overflowing. Touched and moved by the sad, pathetic story, tears had gathered in her eyes and the dewdrops of tender sympathy were now resting on her cheek. She could say no more, but she pressed Charles's hand, which she still held, and leaned her head against his shoulder. He made no comment, but quietly passed his arm around her and drew her tenderly to his side, as he kissed away the tears from her eyes. What need is there for words when heart responds to heart and soul to soul is united. Words then become vain and empty, and only seem to mock the silent sanctity of blissful emotions. From the sad and deeply pathetic story of Sarah Curran and the tragical fate of her lover the thoughts of Helen and Charles had passed to their own love and their reciprocal devotion, each one thinking "What would we do if such sorrow should fall upon us?" Thus for a few moments they remained in silence, indulging their thoughts in heart-moving reflections, but still yielding to the sweet influence of love's tender caresses. Then Charles took up the book again and read aloud that most beautiful tribute of Moore to the love, devotion, and constancy of that noble, but truly broken heart:

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers around her are sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

"She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking—  
But little they think who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!



"He had lived for his love—for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him—  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him !

"Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow ;  
They will shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west  
From her own loved island of sorrow !"

Helen was deeply moved by the story coupled with the reading of these verses. They were touchingly beautiful, but that was not all; they suggested to her mind her own suffering at the time her lover had been brought to her home dead, as she thought, and lost to her forever. Quietly again the tears gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. She was silent; her face was turned to the fire, and Charles could not see the extent of her emotion; but he knew that her feelings were tender, and as the book again rested on his knee he drew his arm tighter around her and pressed her closer to his side. She knew the meaning of that caress—love's protection, love's sympathy, love's companionship—hearts beating in unison, and soul to soul sweetly wedded.

The world may call this deep devotion sentimental; it may mock this tender union of hearts, and laugh at the idea of wedded souls and kindred spirits; but mockery, nor jest, nor laughter will ever rob the divinity of devotion of one ray of its bright light, nor dim the lustre of its heavenly crown. Those who have given their hearts over to Mammon and their sole thoughts to the accumulation of gold, may never feel the rapturous delight of love's divine blessing; but they are rather to be pitied than condemned, for when the day of death shall overtake them, when their dread summons shall be sounded, when mortality shall end its journey and immortality begin its long travel through the depths of eternity, methinks that those who have found nothing to love here but sordid self will find but little to love there beyond the grave.

The life of Sarah Curran budded a beautiful flower, but it was bruised, and broken and blasted in its beauty, and perished away, withering into the grave. The heart of Robert Emmett was noble, his young manhood was exalted, his patriotism was sealed with the blood that flowed straight from his heart. He died accused of treason, and his death makes treason an immortal glory. The world will never forget the story of Sarah Curran and Robert Emmett, but on down the far vista of time—on and on with the rolling years as they pass into the cycles of countless ages—their story will be told and their names will live in poesy and in song.

“Cold in the urn their dust may lie,  
But the spirit that warmed it once will never die.”

“Come, Lovely, don’t let’s indulge our thoughts in sad reflections any more. We have so much to make us happy. Let our hearts be as full of light as the summer’s sun, and our voices as glad as the song of the birds.”

Helen looked up into his face and smiled in response. The tears of sympathy were still there. Charles saw them; he smiled back at her, then pushed the hair from her brow and touched it with his lips, and then again as their eyes met, he still smiling, quoted from himself a former speech: “A little shower—a little sunshine—and beauty is more beautiful still.”

“You naughty boy! Aren’t you afraid you will make me vain?”

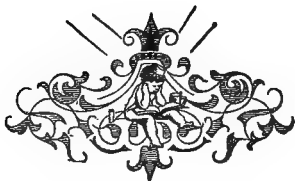
“No, my pet—ten thousand noes. You are too good, and too true, and too noble, and too pure, and—and—and—too”—he smiled and kissed her brow again—“loving ever to be made vain.”

“I wish I were all that for your sake. It would be sweet to feel myself worthy of the noble heart that I know is mine.”

"Come now, precious! I will promise never to scold you or quarrel with you as long as I live, unless—unless you disparage that sweetest of sweet flowers that is to bloom in my path and gladden my heart every moment of my life. But you—yes, even you, my sweetheart!" and again he kissed her brow—"will run a risk, a great *big* risk, if you speak disparagingly of the one I love more than I love my life itself."

Helen made no reply. She was looking at him while he spoke, slowly and feelingly. When he ceased she showed in the expression of her face the love and gratitude she felt.

Words can never express what hearts like these can feel. So let the curtain fall, and let those who know how sweet it is to love and be loved rejoice with Charles and Helen in their joy, and with them bask in that brightest light that ever burned in the human soul—mutual trust, mutual love, reciprocal affection. Those who do not know, never will know, if they wait for words to tell the story.



## CHAPTER XXX.

THE Peace Conference at Washington planned by Virginia with so much hope of happy results had failed, and the failure cast a deep gloom over all this fair land of fame; many a heart full of love for the Union and patriotism for the common country was filled with grief, and many a head was bowed in unconcealed sorrow. Deep in the breast of the grand old mother of States there was a wound; her own daughter had hurled the shaft and dealt the murderous blow. Ohio had laid down the ultimatum; had issued the dread decree; had named the terms, and the only terms, of peace. The very land which Virginia gave to the General Government to pay the price of American Freedom, furnished the statesman who stepped to the front and laid down the ultimatum and then and there sounded the tocsin of war—the death-knell to Virginia's bright hope of peace. But despite it all, did the grand old Commonwealth despair? Let the records speak; she loved peace more than she did glory; she loved the Union more than she loved the glittering bubble of fame, and vain as the effort seemed she still sought to preserve the Union. Her Convention was still in session and although a few of the members had long since despaired and yielded up all hope of saving the Union and openly advocated secession, yet a large majority still clung to the shadows of possibility and used every means within their power to stay the whirling tide of passion.

Strong among the most hopeful and earnest of these Union-loving patriots was Dabney Reed. All that the eloquent tongue could utter, hope suggest, patriotism in-

spire and manly courage maintain, he had said and declared and continued to plead for. He believed fully and firmly in the doctrine of States Rights. The resolutions of '98 and '99 were still, to him, the law and the gospel of his political creed, and State Sovereignty was the bed-rock of his abiding faith and the sheet-anchor of his deep-seated patriotism. Virginia had joined the Union with the world-famed proviso, "That the powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the people of the several States, may be resumed by them whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and every power not granted thereby remains with them, and at their will." There was not a man nor woman of ordinary intelligence North or South that did not understand fully the intent and meaning of these words, and even Massachusetts, now the hot-bed of Abolitionism, was then the champion of the ultra States Rights doctrine and took the lead in maintaining State Sovereignty; she it was that incorporated in her deed of ratification the celebrated proviso, "That the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively," and demanded that the same should be made a part of the Constitution, which was done without a dissenting voice and is now known as the tenth amendment. In adopting the Constitution and entering the Federal Union, Massachusetts had rivaled, and it might be said surpassed Virginia, in setting forth clearly the doctrine of State Sovereignty. That doctrine was that the States as States acceded to the Constitution and were still free, independent, sovereign powers and as such adopted the Constitution for the specific purposes in the Constitution named and no more. New Hampshire was no less explicit, and New York declared in express terms, "That the powers of Government may be *re-assumed* by the people whensoever it shall become necessary to their happiness ;

that every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by the Constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States, or to the departments of the Government thereof *remains to the people of the several States.*" And even little Rhode Island, the last of the thirteen States, which acceded to the Constitution and joined the Union, out-stripped all the rest in the clear, concise and emphatic manner in which she declared "That the power granted to the General Government of the United States, may be resumed by the people of Rhode Island whensoever it shall become necessary to their welfare and happiness." And it can be truthfully said without the fear of contradiction that there was not a single State that acted upon the Constitution and joined the Union that did not do so with the distinct understanding that State Sovereignty was retained and the right to secede reserved.

In 1838, long after the stormy times of '98 and '99, long after the nullification idea of 1833 had been discussed, canvassed, and digested—after the grandest debate that the world has ever heard had been duly considered—John Calhoun introduced into the Senate of the United State a series of resolutions, the first of which set forth the doctrine of State Sovereignty in these words: "That in adopting the Federal Constitution the States adopting the same acted severally as free, independent, and sovereign States." This resolution passed the Senate by an overwhelming majority, being no less than 32 to 13, as may be seen from the Congressional Globe, second session Twenty-fifth Congress, page 74. "If," said Mr. Reed, addressing the Virginia Convention, "the States as free, independent, and sovereign powers acceded to the Constitution only for the purposes in the Constitution enumerated, and at the same time made provision for all residuary powers, where is the statesman who will be so illogical as to affirm that the State has parted with its sovereignty? Who does not know that sovereignty and para-

mount authority ever have been and ever must be held synonymous terms? Can paramount authority be dual? Can it reside in two places at the same time? If the States possess paramount authority and the General Government possesses paramount authority, which paramount authority would be paramount over the other in respect to the same subject-matter? Such jargon would be unworthy even of a political monomaniac, much less an American statesman. Then, Mr. President, how can the Federal Government dare attempt the coercion of a free, independent, sovereign State? Admit the sovereignty, and you must admit the right of secession. Admit the right of secession and you must deny coercion, unless coercion is to be justified by the power of brute force alone. Admit the principle in ethics, which is sound in equity and in law, that he who gives with qualification may resume when the qualification is disregarded, and the right of resumption on the part of the States is admitted. Admit the right of resumption of delegated powers, and you must admit the right of secession so-called. Admit the right of secession, and coercion becomes the blackest deed in the calendar of crime. Coercion, then, is death or subjection to power, and death under such circumstances is murder foul and most unnatural.

"If Virginia ever was free; if Virginia ever was independent; if Virginia ever was a sovereign State, when did she part with her sovereignty? When did she surrender her independence? When did she yield up her nationality? When and where and to whom did she transfer so sacred a principle? Where is the deed of bargain and sale? Where is the grant of such a gift? Who can show the record? Who can name the consideration? That she was a free, independent, sovereign State at the time she joined the Union must be an admitted fact, else the resolution which passed the United States Senate on the

3d day of January, 1838, was a political falsehood—a heinous crime—a black, base, cowardly, ignominious lie. She joined the Union to be a member of the Union, and to continue a member of the Union as long as the Union continued to serve the ends and purposes for which it was formed. When these ends and purposes failed, her right of resumption began. The very essence of sovereignty is to make and unmake constitutions; to form and to abrogate leagues. Virginia exercised her sovereignty when she helped to make the Constitution. She has the right to exercise the same sovereignty when that Constitution fails to protect her institutions. She said so when she adopted the Constitution. She said so when she was received into the Union. She said so when she sent Jefferson, her grandest statesman, to the Presidency. She told the States, she told the people, she told the world that the powers granted to the General Government would be resumed whenever they were perverted to her injury or failed to protect her rights. Has it failed? Have her rights been protected? My God! Mr. President, it makes me mad when I think that thirteen States of this Union have slapped Virginia in the face and said, ‘You shall not claim within our borders the benefit of the second section of the fourth article of the Constitution of the United States,’ and then turn with unblushing effrontery and tell us we shall remain in the Union whether we will or no.

“Let me ask you, Mr. President—nay, let me ask the world—if Virginia is bound by the Constitution to continue her association with her sister States of the North, when her Northern sisters openly declare that they cannot and will not keep the covenant of mutual protection? Virginia has as much right to sound her bugles and summon her sons to the field, and march to Massachusetts and compel her Legislature to rescind her fugitive-slave law upon the ground that it is unconstitutional, as



Massachusetts has to transport troops to Charleston and attempt the coercion of South Carolina. Nay, more, Mr. President, for South Carolina is only doing what Massachusetts in times past has twice declared was the proper remedy. Oh! shades of the immortal Webster, on what degenerate shoulders hast thy mantle fallen! Here in our own loved Virginia, at Capon Springs, on the 28th day of June, 1851, thou didst declare that 'I will say to you here in Virginia, as I have said in the city of Boston and on the shores of Lake Erie, that if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves and Congress provide no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other, and I am as ready to fight and to fall for the constitutional rights of Virginia as I am for those of Massachusetts.'

"Oh! thou matchless genius. Oh! thou immortal spirit. 'Tis well for thee that thou wert called hence before the dark clouds of passion obscured the vision of those thou didst honor by serving, else thy words to-day would have been counted even unto thee as the language of treason.

"Mr. President, let me speak to you concerning the faith that is in me, touching the high moral and just nature of our brethren of the North. I do not believe, I cannot believe, that the great body of the intelligent, law-abiding people of the North are so lost to the principles of justice as to attempt the coercion of the South. The sons of those noble sires who fought at Bunker Hill, at Lexington, at Brandywine, and at Trenton, cannot have forgotten the grand principles of American freedom—the right of local self-government.

"I have opposed secession in this Convention because I believe the light of reason may yet break through the

dark clouds of passion, and the Northern mind be brought to look upon the principles of right and justice as revealed in our glorious Constitution.

"Let the good people of the North but keep the terms of that contract, so plainly written, so unmistakably set forth, and I still see bright visions rising along the future of our history to which all the glories of the past are but as pale shadows.

"I do not believe the incoming Administration will attempt the coercion of the South, and if coercion is not attempted I believe even South Carolina, rash and wayward as she is, will return in due season and help us form a more perfect Union.

"Congress has no constitutional right to declare war upon a State. The President, without a declaration of war, has no constitutional authority to levy men or money. Let me read to you, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention, what our Chief Executive, President Buchanan, says in his late message to Congress: 'The question fairly stated is, 'has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce into submission a State which is attempting to withdraw, or which has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy?' If answered in the affirmative it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to declare and make war against a State. After much serious reflection, I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress, or to any other department of the Federal Government. It is manifest upon an inspection of the Constitution that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress, and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not necessary and proper for carrying into execution any one of these powers.'

"Again, Mr. President, what is the opinion of the Attorney-General of the United States upon this most

delicate but all-absorbing question of coercion—Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania—than whom no abler lawyer, no purer Christian, no more patriotic citizen lives and breathes the free, fresh air of America, has spoken, and that in no uncertain sound. He has told the North, told the South, told the President, told Congress, told the people, and told the world ‘that there is no constitutional right, nor power in the Federal Government to coerce a seceded State.’ ‘War cannot be declared’ (he says), ‘nor a system of general hostilities carried on by the Central Government against a State. An attempt to do so would be *ipso facto*, an expulsion of such State from the Union. And if Congress shall break up the present Union by unconstitutionally putting strife and enmity and armed hostility between different sections of the country, instead of the domestic tranquility which the Constitution was meant to insure, will not all the States be absolved from their Federal obligations?’”

“No, Mr. President, the Federal Government must not, will not attempt the coercion of the seceded States. The moment the guns of the General Government are turned upon the breast of any one of the States of the Union, that Union as it now exists is forever dissolved. Virginia could not, would not, stand idly by and witness a war of coercion. The echoes of the first booming cannon that is fired for the purpose of coercion will be answered by a spirit of defiance bursting from the lips of every patriotic son of Virginia. Her hills and her valleys would ring with one prolonged cry of indignation. From the seaboard, over her mountains, down to the yellow waters of the Ohio the tide of unsuppressed wrath would roll, and a hundred thousand gleaming swords would flash in the sunlight of liberty in defence of constitutional right.

“Will the North dare the experiment? Will Congress, will the Administration, will Mr. Lincoln drive

Virginia and the other border States out of the Union? God forbid! We are here in the home of our fathers, and here we mean to stay until the bow of promise has lost its last tints and its beauty forever faded amid the black clouds of civil war. Shall the opinion of our Chief Magistrate, and he a Northern man, stand for naught? Shall the opinion of the Attorney-General be held as the weight of a feather? Shall the opinions of that host of patriots which convened at Albany, New York, on the 31st day of January of this present year, be considered but as idle breath and weighed as a sighing zephyr? Horace Greeley, the Ajax Telemon of the Abolition editors—he, whose blood never boiled but it cast up its venom and vituperation for the South—has had the candor to say that the Albany convention was probably the strongest and most imposing assemblage of delegates that ever convened within the State. Thirty of them had been members of Congress, three of them candidates for Governor, and one of them twice elected. This grand rally of the patriots of New York met for the avowed purpose of peace. Judge Parker was chosen chairman, and let me read you what he said: ‘The people of this State demand a peaceful settlement of the questions that have led to disunion. They have a right to insist that there shall be conciliation, concession and compromise.’

‘The venerable Alexander B. Johnson, of Utica, said: ‘The will of a large portion of the citizens of this State is against any armed coercion on the part of the General Government, or of the State governments, to restore the Union by civil war. The advocates of the horrid violence against the doctrines of our Declaration of Independence would, if successful, constitute a more radical revolution in our form of government than even secession. We sympathize in no desire to take a bloody revenge on those who think they can live more peacefully and prosperously alone than in the Union with those

who have for years irritated them almost to madness by denouncing them as a reproach and a disgrace to humanity.'

"If we now attempt to strengthen the government by coercive action, which all men know its founders would have rejected with scorn, we are the revolutionist and not the South.'

"And again, Mr. President, let me read the language of Governor Horatio Seymour, the very Nestor of New York statesmen: 'All virtue, patriotism and intelligence seem to have fled from the National Capitol. Do you not see there the senseless imbecility, the garrulous idiocy, the maddened rage displayed with regard to petty personal passions and party purposes, while the glory, the honor, and the safety of the country are all forgotten?'

"We are advised by the conservative State of Virginia that if force is to be used it must be exerted against the united South. Let us see if successful coercion by the North is less revolutionary than successful secession by the South. Shall we prevent revolution by being the foremost in overthrowing the principles of our government? Let us take care that we do not mistake passion and prejudice and partisan purposes for principle. The cry of 'no compromise' is false in morals; it is treason to the spirit of the Constitution; it is infidelity to religion. Compromise is the vital principle of the social existence. It unites the family circle; it sustains the church, and upholds nationality.'

"Again, Mr. President, a Northern man speaks, and we have the record to show that a Northern convention applauded him to the echo. Mr. James S. Thayer, not a Democrat, but a Whig of the Henry Clay school, says: 'We can at least by discussion enlighten, settle and concentrate the public sentiment in the State of New York, and save it from the fearful current that runs circuitously, but certainly sweeps madly on through the narrow gorge

of the enforcement of the laws to the shoreless ocean of civil war; against this, under all circumstances, in every place and form, we must now and at all times oppose a resolute and unfaltering resistance. And if the incoming Administration shall attempt to carry out the line of policy that has been foreshadowed, we announce that when the hand of Black Republicanism turns to blood red and seeks from the fragment of the Constitution to construct a scaffolding for coercion, we will reverse the order of the French Revolution and save the blood of the people by making those who would inaugurate a reign of terror the first victims of a national guillotine. There are some men who, when the fever of fight has subsided, will wake up and wonder that they mistook the madness of passion for the glow of patriotism. You remember the story of William Tell, who when the condition was imposed upon him to shoot an apple from the head of his son, after he had performed the task let fall an arrow from his bosom. 'For what is that?' said Gesler. 'To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!' Let but one arrow winged by the Federal bow strike the heart of an American citizen, and who can number the avenging darts that will cloud the heavens in the conflict that will ensue?'

"Who, Mr. President, can mistake this language? Who can misunderstand the sentiment and the opinion expressed? Who can doubt the ability of that Convention? Who will call in question the sincerity of the speakers? If such a host of the good people of the North; such a gathering of her ablest, purest and most patriotic statesmen agree with our Chief Magistrate and our Attorney-General that coercion would be a political crime, why should the southern sky be darkened by a single cloud of doubt. Virginia published it to the world, when she entered the Union that she did so with distinct understanding that she would resume all of her delegated powers

whensoever they should be perverted to her injury or oppression. Does it need a logician, Mr. President, to prove that the powers granted have been perverted to the injury of Virginia, when these powers are being invoked by the dominant party of the North to destroy, defeat and suppress the domestic institutions of the South? Does the mind require a legal training to see that from the admitted facts and the avowed principles of the Republican party so candidly declared by Governor Chase in the Peace Conference, that Virginia has the right to resume her delegated powers? That resumption is secession, and that secession becomes a constitutional remedy for the injury sustained? But, Mr. President, for the sake of this Union, for the sake of the love that I still bear our brethren of the North, for the sake of the glories of the past and the brighter glories that yet may come, let me indulge the hope that no steps will yet be taken by Virginia to secede, and oh! let me indulge the hope also that no efforts looking to coercion will be made by the North, and from the deep sincerity of my soul let me offer up the prayer that the scales may fall from the eyes of Republican fanaticism, and that our country—our glorious country—may not be steeped in the bloody horrors of a civil war."

This speech made by Mr. Reed in the Convention created a profound impression. It was eloquent; it was logical; it was manly; it was patriotic. It was published and read all over the North. The peace-loving citizens up there hailed it with delight, but the enemies of the South—the Black Republican party—greeted it with ridicule, with jeers, with mockery and with derision; they were elated with their victory, flushed with their success and blinded with their fanaticism. They saw nothing clearly; they mistook this magnanimous forbearance and deep fervent prayer for peace as signs of a cowardly spirit and conscious weakness; they said the old mother of States and of statesmen had become imbecile, craven and cowardly

and proposed to palm off on the North presumption for patriotism. They declared that her genius had degenerated since the days of her giants; that she was hoary with old age; paralytic with helplessness and patient for the lack of power, and thus they dared to lay over her shoulders the lash of correction. And so in a single moment perished the hope of years.





## CHAPTER XXXI.

THE old haunted house had burned to the ground ; what was once a beautiful home, where peace and happiness reigned, was now a heap of brick and ashes ; the shade trees which once stood in all their grandeur, the pride of the place, and waved their branches a joyful welcome alike to the stranger and the friend, now stood scorched, black and blasted, mournful sentinels of the ruin. Long the old house had stood there silent and deserted, a sad reminder of the vicissitudes of life, its sorrows and its cares. Who was the owner of that spot of desolated ground, no one knew ; no one would have stopped to consider, had it not been for a mysterious stranger that appeared in the neighborhood, in whom all the curiosity of the country was centered ; he came on Christmas eve, the anniversary of the very night on which that dreadful tragedy of murder had been enacted. The first that was seen of him was when he was standing in the midst of the pile of burnt bricks, his arms folded on his breast, silently and sadly gazing on the ruins around him. He was an old man, his long white hair fell in heavy folds low down upon his shoulders, while his thick beard, white almost as the driven snow, hung nearly to his waist. Who he was, and what he was, no one knew, but conjecture was rife, for the old cottage of Mr. Kelley on the river bank had become the abode of the mysterious stranger. No one had been near enough to the cottage to speak to the strange man, but several had seen him walking about ; his head bent down, his body drooping, his step unsteady and slow. How long he had been at the cottage none could tell, and why he came was a

mystery more profound. The colored people believed him to be a veritable ghost and well did his appearance justify the superstition.

The story of the terrible tragedy of the haunted house was revived and told and talked of at every fire-side, and it was suggested and believed that the murderer had yielded to that strange fascination which it is known that crime has for its victims and returned to view the spot, possibly to do penance for the deed that was done, in order to drown the deep remorse that beggared his soul.

Several weeks had passed since the mysterious stranger made his appearance in the neighborhood, and comment in regard to him became less frequent.

Charles had been over to the Grove to spend the evening with Helen; the day appointed for their marriage was now near at hand and all necessary preparations were about completed. January had passed and the 25th of February was fast approaching; the wedding day—the day to which two tender hearts could turn with fond hopes as for them the brightest that had ever yet dawned along the east.

Charles had had a long talk with Helen, in which he explained to her fully the terrible crisis through which our unhappy country was passing. He gave it as his candid opinion that there would be a civil war, and that Virginia would be driven out of the Union by the aggressive measures which the incoming Administration would inaugurate. But Helen seemed to be more hopeful; she could not believe that the North would be so cruel as to deliberately make war on the South when the South only asked to be let alone in the management of its own affairs. She could not understand the motive that would move any people to be so wicked; coercion and subjugation to her mind were crimes of the most cruel nature, but come what might she did not think the South could ever be subdued. "The men are too brave," she said, "for that;"

and she looked at Charles with feelings of pride, "and the women are too noble, too true, too unselfish for the men ever to yield in their defence."

Said Charles, taking up the sentence :

"No, my brave little sweetheart, I did not mean that the South would be subdued, but that I thought the North would attempt it and press it until they find out that the South is in dead earnest about the matter." Then continuing, he said, "I need not tell you that it distresses me to think of breaking up this Union, for my heart is wedded to our noble government, certainly the best that the world ever saw if it is only administered as it is written; but if they begin to change it by construction, if they abandon its principles as they are clearly written out, and let the President and the Congress and the judiciary construe its powers just to suit their views and to serve their purposes, it will soon be so changed and undermined that it will fall from its own weakness. The best principles for any government are those which enable every man, woman and child to know just what to expect and just what will be done; strict construction is the safest way to interpret every contract. Let each party do exactly what they agree to do and let all stand to the old motto '*fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*'"

Helen and Charles continued to talk for some time upon the general subject of political affairs until the evening was well advanced, when Charles consulted his watch and said, "It is almost eleven o'clock; I must be riding." He arose as he spoke, and Helen got up and stood beside him. He took her hand in his as she did so, and then she said :

"I hate to see you go out in the cold; can't you spend this one night from home? You will find your old room comfortable."

Charles thanked her for the invitation, but said he was compelled to be at home early in the morning, and he

thought it would be less disagreeable to ride at night than in the cold of the accumulated frost. Helen then got his hat and overcoat for him and warmed his glove by the fire as he drew on his overcoat. He then took her hand to say good night, and said, "By the way, I had a letter from Mr. Dodge this afternoon; he sent his kindest regards to you, and said you would find a more substantial evidence of his good wishes at the express office."

"I will send to the office to-morrow, and when I have seen what it is for which I am to thank him will write to him. What is his address?"

"'Washington, Lock-box 590,' is his usual address, but he said he would not be in the city for some time. His letter is postmarked Washington, but it is dated the 20th and mailed the 19th. I do not exactly understand why he did not get my letter if he was in the city on the 19th or 20th. I wrote on the 17th; my letter ought to have reached Washington that night and he should have received it the next day, but it is evident that he had not received it when he wrote me. He only wrote a short letter; said he was quite busy, and would write again soon and explain."

Helen said she would write her note of thanks any way and send it to Washington, and perhaps it would be forwarded if he proposed to be absent any length of time.

Charles then said, "good-night," and took his leave, promising to come over to tea the next evening. Uncle Ben had seen that the hostler had Charles's horse at the stile promptly at the hour requested, and as Charles took the bridle he slipped a silver piece in the boy's hand.

The moon had fallen below the horizon when Charles came out to go home, and as there was a slight haze, and consequently, but few stars, the night was comparatively dark. As Charles gathered up his reins to mount, a large white dog came forward wagging his tail and whining with pleasure. "You here Ruler?" said Charles,

speaking to the dog. "It was nice of you to wait for Master," and he patted the faithful animal on the head, which in return rubbed his nose against Charles's hand in acknowledgment of the caress.

Ruler was a big white dog, a cross between a hound and a St. Bernard, and of late had taken the greatest fancy to Charles, which he manifested by following him every where he went. Quite a rivalry had sprung up between Ruler and Ponto, the pointer. The latter, pointer-like, being cold-natured, now for the most part kept to the house, but Ruler being more hardy got the better of it whenever Charles was out from home.

He had followed him to-night, and when Charles went in the house, had gone to the stable and there laid down in the stall by his horse, waiting patiently his master's return. Oh! the constancy and sincerity of a dog's attachment. It never changes, it never grows cold, it never burns out. The dog loves with a love of which the human heart might be envious. He never leaves you in sickness; he never deserts you in sorrow; he never forsakes you in misfortune, nor abandons you in danger. In cold and hunger and suffering, even up to death's door, he is your friend, and will lick your hand at the moment he yields up his heart's blood shed in your defence as an evidence of his unfading attachment.

Some years ago in the city of Savannah this writer was called to assist in the defence of a man charged with some heinous crime. He was a stranger in the city, and, for reasons of his own, refused to give any account of his past life. He was strong and robust in body, but his face indicated sorrow and mental suffering. There was no positive proof of the prisoner's guilt, but circumstantial evidence was strong, and suspicion was still stronger owing to the fact that quite a large reward was offered for the arrest and conviction of the perpetrator of the deed.

The prisoner had been confined for some days in jail, and every means known to the detective service used to secure evidence against him. Watches had been set near his cell; promises of impunity made to induce confession; but all to no purpose. The prisoner asserted his innocence, and repelled the accusation of guilt with scorn and contempt.

When the prisoner was thrust in jail a small black and yellow fice dog that trotted at his heels was kicked away and went crying around the building, but he did not leave; he soon came back and lay there in the sunshine watching that prison door. The poor little fellow, unfed, wasted away with hunger, until he was but little more than skin and bones; still he was faithful in his watch and lingered on in love's patience.

That day when the writer came, by some strange intuitive or instinctive power, the littledog seemed to see in me something of friendly kindness, and came forward to meet me, and when I gave him a guess name and snapped my fingers at him he showed unmistakable signs of appreciation and took his place at my side. I was told by the jailer that the prisoner was a hard-hearted, stubborn, dangerous man; slow to speak, but when he spoke, bitter in his feelings; bitter towards all the world; bitter towards his accusers—bitter and hopeless, but firmly defiant. I need not say that I entered the prison to consult with my client with some feelings of prejudice in my heart; for the guilty, abandoned wretch, whose conscience has been sapped by crime, often plays the stoic when overtaken by the law. The prisoner knew that I was coming, but he seemed to expect little or no hope from my efforts. He was sitting on the side of his bed, his face buried in his hands, apparently in deep thought. As the cell door sounded on its hinges and swung open, he looked up. There was but one expression—despair—hopeless despair. He put his hand down as though to rise and receive me, but before he could do so, the little dog sprang through

the door, and leaped into his arms. Such gladness, such delight, such manifestations of joy! The prisoner clasped the little animal to his breast, pressed him to his heart and burst into tears, as he said in broken accents: "This is the only living thing in all God's green earth that loves me." That scene was hallowed. I turned my face and leaned my head against the door and stood silent, tears of sympathy trickling down my cheeks.

From that moment I believed the prisoner innocent. I resolved to save him if he could be saved, and when the storm of grief had partially subsided, I stepped forward and took his hand in mine, and pressed it as I would have done the hand of a friend in misfortune.

I went to work with all the energy of my mind, and the deep enthusiasm of my heart, and when the trial came on, I pleaded as I had never plead before. I established his innocence; he was acquitted and became a useful, respected citizen, and when the yellow fever broke out there in the summer of 1876, and death came and knocked at every door, when thousands fell and tens of thousands fled in fright, Charles Edgar Jones remained. Night and day he could be seen going from house to house, a minister of peace, an alleviator of suffering, until at last the dreadful messenger of death laid its icy fingers upon his brow. He died and his body was laid to rest beneath the moss-covered trees of far-famed Bonaventure. But methinks when his soul took its flight from the shores of time upward towards the Golden Gates of the New Jerusalem, there flashed out from beneath his wings a light more radiant than ever burst from the summer's sun.

As Charles mounted his horse, Jim, the hostler, said: "Uncle Ben is jes' gone on down your way, Mars Charles. He waited to see you, but said he was bound to go on. Thar is to be a quiltin' at Dr. Hall's to-night, and Uncle Ben is gone to fetch Lucy, his daughter, home. I spec' you will overtake him, he ain't been gone long."

"I will try and overtake him; Jim, but if I don't you tell him the tombstones were set up in the graveyard this morning, and that the enclosure will be completed by Saturday."

"All right, Mars Charles, I'll tell him and mighty glad I know he will be to hear it."

"Well, good-night, Jim,"

"Good-night, Mars Charles; dat horse will soon take you home out de cold."

Charles touched his horse with the spur and she bounded away in a canter. He rode briskly for something like a half mile, and then brought his mare down to a steady pace.

Uncle Ben was just ahead of him now, though it was too dark for them to see each other. At this point the road was narrow; there were a few trees on the right, while on the left there was a body of woods. Ben thought he heard the sound of the horse's feet coming, and stopped to listen, but as Charles had brought his horse to a pace just at that moment, Ben concluded that he was mistaken and started forward again. As he did so, a dark shadow glided from the side of the road and disappeared in the woods. The old man thought he saw something move, but he was not sure. He stopped, looked, listened and then muttering to himself, said: "I reckon I was mistaken," and so walked on.

Charles came forward, now pacing leisurely, Ruler following a little distance behind, when all at once his horse shied to the left and sprang forward, and, at the same moment he felt something like a rope strike him across the chest and drag him from the saddle. He fell heavily to the ground somewhat stunned and greatly startled. He attempted to rise to his feet, but as he did so he was struck a terrible blow across the shoulder; he fell back, and as he fell he saw the shadow of a man bending over him; he threw up his arm to protect his head from a second



blow, and, as he thought, caught his assailant by the beard; he gave a jerk, hoping to bring the man to the ground, and thus gain time to get to his feet, but whatever it was that he had caught gave way and at the same moment he felt the cold blade of a knife pierce his side, and the hot blood spurted over his hand as he threw it up to ward off further assault; just then he heard one quick sharp yelp and saw in the star-light his faithful dog drag the assassin to the ground. Charles staggered to his feet greatly stunned and now bleeding profusely. At this moment, Uncle Ben, who had heard the fall and seen the frightened horse, rushed back exclaiming, "What is the matter—for God's sake what is the matter?" He saw the white dog struggling with something in the road; he saw Charles stagger and fall against the fence, and sprang to his side. "Help the dog—help the dog," was all that Charles could say, but the words came too late; the dog gave one cry of pain and rolled over on his side, just as the assassin sprang to his feet and disappeared in the wood. Uncle Ben happened to have a small lantern with him, which he now quickly lighted. He found Charles badly bruised about the head and shoulder, with a deep wound in the side from which the blood was flowing freely. Uncle Ben tore up the lining of his coat, and, with this and Charles's handkerchief, made a bandage the best he could to stop the bleeding, but he was afraid to leave Charles in his present condition and go for medical aid lest the murderous assailant should return to the attack.

What was he to do? Charles was too badly hurt to walk; he could not carry him so far by himself; he could not leave him to go for aid. The good old man fairly wept with grief and perplexity. He stood for a moment wringing his hands, not knowing what to do, when, Lo! joy of joys, he heard voices coming, and in a moment some of the Grove servants who had been to the quilting came up.

Poor, brave, faithful, affectionate Ruler! He still lay in the road where he fell, now almost gone, weltering in his heart's blood. He had received a terrible gash in the chest; there was no hope for him.

Charles, weak as he was, and still bleeding, came and stooped by the side of his dying friend, and called his name. The noble animal recognized his master's voice, wagged his tail, raised his head, licked the hand that caressed him, lay back, and expired.

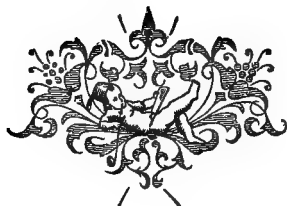
Charles was taken back to the Grove, Dr. Hall summoned, and all that love and medical skill could do was done. The doctor said he was badly wounded—seriously wounded, though his injuries were not necessarily fatal—time alone could tell. Bright and early the next morning the whole neighborhood had assembled to view the spot where the assault was made. It was found that a rope had been stretched across the road, tied securely to two trees, so that it would strike a person riding, about the chest and drag him from his horse. Just where Charles fell there was found a heavy stick, and near it a suit of long, white, false whiskers and a flowing wig to match. At a glance these were recognized as the beard and hair of the mysterious stranger, domiciled at the Kelley cabin. The cabin was searched. The stranger was gone. The mystery made more mysterious. Not a thing was found from which to start the trail.

Mr. Reed was telegraphed for. He came and brought with him the most skilled detectives. Every point was tried; every suggestion followed up, but no clue could be had. The mystery was profound. Who could be the enemy of Charles Reed? Who could deliberately attempt to take his life? What could possibly be the motive?

There was but one person in all the world that even had so much as a suspicion, and that suspicion had so little to sustain it, Uncle Ben was almost ashamed of it himself. Nevertheless, he told it in confidence to the detec-

tive. The detective got from Mr. Reed the story of the haunted house, and with this took his way to Washington. He saw the lady who owned the site where the house had stood, ascertained much of her history, but she knew of no one having lived there recently. Her son was up in New York—at least she supposed he was; but just where she could not tell.

The trail might have been followed further, but political events were rushing madly to a climax, and the shrewd detective was called off the track.



## CHAPTER XXXII.

A SMALL company of Federal troops, under the command of Major Robert Anderson, garrisoned the forts in Charleston harbor at the time South Carolina seceded. Of these forts, Fort Moultrie was the oldest, though, perhaps, the weakest; but as it was the nearest to the city, it was the one mainly occupied by the troops. On the night of the 26th of December, just six days after the secession of South Carolina, Major Anderson transferred his entire command to Fort Sumter, taking with him all the provisions he had, and such of the munitions of war as could be transferred, and immediately proceeded to put the fort in the best condition for defensive warfare possible.

Major Anderson's action was not anticipated in Charleston, and was greatly complained of by the State authorities as a breach of good faith on the part of the Federal Administration, President Buchanan having promised that the status of military affairs should not be changed without due notice.

This move of Major Anderson sent a thrill of horror through the heart of every Union-loving patriot, North and South. It was regarded as the initiation of armed strife, and greatly feared as the first wave that would roll to a sea of fraternal blood.

The Secretary of War, the Hon. John B. Floyd, of Virginia, urged the President to order, or allow him to order, Major Anderson back to Fort Moultrie, and asserted as his reason that he had promised South Carolina that no change should be made in the disposition of the Federal troops in the Charleston harbor without notice being given. He plead that the promise had been

given with the President's knowledge, and he now asked that he might vindicate his honor, which could but suffer as things then stood. He insisted that the honor of the Federal Government would suffer by the move, and that every principle of good faith demanded it, and he earnestly advocated good faith as the only means that could save the Union and prevent civil war. He assured the President that the condition of the fort was such that it could not be held against an attack, and the presence of the garrison there, under the circumstances, could only serve to exasperate and inflame the Southern mind. He gave as an additional reason, that the fort was short of provisions, and could only hold out a few weeks at best, and that under existing circumstances South Carolina could not and would not allow the fort to be reinforced or provisioned, and that any attempt to do so would meet with armed resistance, and precipitate the country into disastrous war. But his pleading was in vain. The President, no doubt influenced by the Republican press, which cried, "Hold the Fort!" in a spirit of vacillation and indecision, declined, or what is nearer the truth, neglected to give or allow the order to be given; so Mr. Floyd, on the 29th, in order to vindicate his personal reputation, tendered his resignation and left the Cabinet.

On the 26th of December South Carolina sent a Special Commission to Washington to urge the evacuation of the forts in the Charleston harbor, and further to negotiate with the General Government concerning all public property situated within the State; but to this Commission no satisfactory or even definite answer was given.

On the 5th of January the steamer *Star of the West* left New York on a secret mission. On the 6th, Secretary Thompson, of the Interior Department, having learned at a Cabinet meeting that the destination of the vessel was

for the Charleston harbor, and that her mission was to reinforce and provision Fort Sumter, immediately telegraphed the facts to the State authorities of South Carolina and resigned his office, alleging as his reason that the attempt to reinforce Fort Sumter, under the circumstances, was a violation of the Executive promise and an act dishonorable to the whole Administration.

On the 9th of January, the *Star of the West*, with 250 soldiers and ample provisions on board, appeared off the harbor at Charleston and attempted to pass up the channel to Fort Sumter; but she was fired upon from Fort Moultrie and a battery on Morris Island, and, having been struck by a shot, drew off and returned to New York.

Thus matters stood during the rest of Mr. Buchanan's administration. Virginia and the other border slave States had continued to do and to say all that patriotism could suggest, or hope inspire, to roll back the waves of civil war and save the Union.

We have seen with what ridicule and derision these earnest efforts and patriotic endeavors were greeted by the Republicans of the North, and how these efforts were seconded and encouraged by many of the best men of that section. On the 4th of March, 1861, Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States. The whole country stood a-tip-toe in breathless anxiety and painful suspense waiting to hear what he would say; to see what he would do. In the hands of this one man the fate of the whole country now rested. On his way from Springfield, Illinois, to Washington, he made many so-called "conservative speeches," if a spirit of non-committal and evasion can be considered conservative. He used the pithy phrase, and repeated it, "No body is hurt," until it became a proverb and a pass-word, and it went the rounds of the press in derision. At Philadelphia he declared "that there is no occasion for the shedding of blood; no necessity for war," and then, with emphasis, he added,

"I am not in favor of it; the Government will only act on the defensive."

Such language, if we are to judge by his subsequent action, was either insincere or intended as the language of contempt for the then six seceded States, either of which was unworthy of the President elect of a great people, and certainly unworthy of the manhood and the moral courage of Mr. Lincoln, so eminently displayed in his after life; for if moral courage ever did reach the sublime, it did so in the life and character of Abraham Lincoln.

Yet, despite this language, despite these assurances, despite this conservatism, Mr. Lincoln by his own act contradicted the opinions expressed as to hoped-for peace, for hardly had the echoes of the language quoted died away in the distance, before Mr. Lincoln, in secret and in silence, if not in actual disguise, as some have stated, unknown and unsuspected passed through the city of Baltimore on his way to Washington.

His inaugural, too, was no less non-committal, so much so that even Horace Greeley—the most rampant Republican of the Abolition school—was constrained to say, "that the habitual tone of this most remarkable paper is deprecatory, not to say apologetic." So non-committal that the Virginia Convention, which was then still in session, sent a special commissioner to Washington to wait upon the President and learn of him personally, what policy the Federal Executive intended to pursue in regard to the seceded States.

Mr. Lincoln, in 1848, as has been before stated, had said that, "any people, any where, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and to form a new one, that suits them better;" "this," he said, "is a most valuable right—a sacred right—a right which he hoped and believed is to liberate the world;" "nor," said he, "is this right con-

fined to cases in which the whole people of the existing government may choose to exercise it; for any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own government of so much of the territory as they may inhabit. "Such," he said, "was precisely the case of our own glorious Revolution."

In his inaugural he said, "If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any constitutional right, in a moral sense it certainly would justify revolution."

Mr. Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, sometimes styled "the Little Giant," and sometimes "the Webster of the West," had, just before this inaugural, said in the United States Senate, in regard to the policy which the Federal Executive should pursue towards the Confederate States, "We certainly cannot justify the holding of forts there, much less the recapturing of those which have been taken; we cannot deny that there is a Confederacy *de facto* in existence, with its capital at Montgomery; we regret it; I regret it most profoundly, but I cannot deny the truth, painful and mortifying as it is."

No wonder, then, that Mr. Lincoln was undecided, evasive and non-committal, if he felt uneasy of the ground on which he stood; but he might at least have been candid, or kept his silence.

The plain facts, coupled with Mr. Lincoln's record that had gone to the world, taken together with the open and boldly expressed opinion of such men as Stephen A. Douglas, Horatio Seymour and Daniel Webster, made the question of coercion doubtful, not only as regards power and policy, but also as to morals.

If the Resolutions of '98 and '99, were a true exposition of the principles of the Federal Government—if Mr. Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and who also wrote the Resolutions of '98 and '99, and upon them as a party platform, was elected to the Presi-



dency, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if the Senators of the United States, who voted for and passed the Calhoun Resolutions of 1838, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1844, when it passed the resolution promulgating the right of dissolution, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if Daniel Webster, when he spoke at Capon Springs, in 1851, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if the Senate of the United States, in 1860, when it passed the Jefferson Davis resolutions, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1856, when it decided the Dred Scott case, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if the Albany Convention and the men of the Philadelphia mass-meeting knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if Mr. Buchanan, when he penned his last message to Congress, in which he said, “there was no constitutional right of coercion”, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if Jeremiah S. Black, the Attorney-General, when he rendered his official opinion to Congress declaring that coercion would be unconstitutional, and, *ipso facto*, work a dissolution of the Union, knew anything of the principles of the Federal Government—if Mr. Lincoln proposed in the policy of his administration to be governed by principles and not power; if he knew the history of his country from the days of Jefferson to the nights of old John Brown; if he was aware that thirteen of the Northern States had deliberately passed acts in contravention of the constitution of the United States in the matter of fugitive slaves; if he endorsed the sentiments of Governor Chase, as expressed in the Peace Conference, declaring that the Republican party would not and could not obey the constitution as it was written; if Mr. Lincoln was sincere in 1848, when he

advocated the sacred right of revolution ; if he was sincere when he wrote and delivered his inaugural asserting the moral right of secession if the majority should deprive a minority of any constitutional right ; if moral right with him was to take precedence over brute force and physical power and the scales of justice were to be hung from the pillars of heaven, then, indeed, did Mr. Lincoln have ample reason for being doubtful and non-committal as regarded his purpose of coercion.

These remarks are not here intended by the narrator as a criticism of Mr. Lincoln's moral character, for it is respected, *de mortuis nihil sine bonum*, nor is this language offered to the public perusal in a spirit of sectional prejudice, but only to show the ground upon which the South founded its firm opinion as regarded the constitutional right of secession.

If, then, the people were right when they elected Mr. Jefferson President in 1800 ; if they were right in 1808 when they elected Mr. Madison ; if the Senate was right in 1838 ; if Massachusetts was right in 1844 ; if Mr. Lincoln was right in 1848 ; if Mr. Webster was right in 1851 ; if the Senate again was right in 1860 ; if President Buchanan and Attorney-General Black and Senator Douglas were right in 1861 ; if the Philadelphia mass-meeting and the Albany Convention were right, then coercion was wrong, and the men who died defending the cause they believed to be just, ought not to be stigmatized as traitors ; nor should the men who risked their lives in a vain endeavor to uphold the principles they believed to be sacred be branded as rebels and outlaws simply because they failed. The grandest men the world has ever known were traitors in some one's eye. Brutus was a traitor when he lifted his hand against the life of Cæsar. Tell was a traitor when he hid the arrow intended for Gessler's heart. Emmet was a traitor when he attempted his country's freedom. Crom-

well was a traitor when he sent Charles I to the scaffold. Henry was a traitor when he shouted "Give me liberty or give me death." Washington was a traitor when his gleaming sword flashed in the sunlight of American freedom, and Benjamin Franklin was a traitor even while the good old man knelt in prayer.

So, after all, it seems 'tis no disgrace to be a traitor; the disgrace consists not in the act, but in the failure. Thad. Stevens thought Robert E. Lee a traitor who should have been hung. The world shudders at such a judgment. Robert E. Lee followed the dictates of an enlightened mind, patriotic heart and Christian conscience. Stonewall Jackson was denounced as a traitor by Charles Sumner. The shield of protection to which Jackson looked was the grace of God; the invocation was deep and earnest prayer. Lee and Jackson may have been wrong, and Stevens and Sumner right, but the names of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson will live in the land of poesy and song, and will shine in the bright light of immortal glory, long after the names of Stevens and Sumner shall have paled and perished amid the shades of oblivion.

I plead a truce to the term traitor, to the offensive word rebellion. If kindred and countrymen we are to be, let the veil of charity fall and hide the wounds that have been inflicted. Each one fought, as each one thought, for his country and for his right.



## CHAPTER XXXIII.

**N**EARLY four weeks had passed since that cruel night attack was made on Charles Reed's life. When Uncle Ben got him to the Grove he had bled profusely, and was almost gone. The wound was deep, and while no large artery was cut, many small veins were severed, and it was impossible to keep the bandages well in place, while Charles was being borne along, half walking, half carried. Dr. Hall had been summoned and came quickly, but the great loss of blood had so reduced the temperature of the body it was feared that congestion of the wound would take place. He was dreadfully chilled, and shivered in every limb. Hot drinks were given him, and mustard applications placed about his extremities, and as these took effect he became more comfortable, and gradually yielded to physical weakness and passed into heavy sleep.

Again we must pass over in silence, to some extent, the pain and anguish of Helen's heart. Women are weak in some things, but they are strong in others. They will scream at a mouse, but they will face the lion in defense of one they love; and just so, when they told Helen she must be calm if she would see Charles—though her nerves were tingling with excitement, though her heart was bursting with pain, though her bosom was heaving with wild emotions, and her eyes streaming with tears—for his sake she brushed those tears from her cheeks, pressed her heart with her hands to stop its throbbing, and went calmly to his bedside. She knelt beside his couch, took his hand and laid it upon her breast, pushed back the hair from his forehead, and said, "My noble, brave boy!" Charles tried to speak, but his heart was full,

moved by the tender caress. She saw the effort; saw his lips tremble and his eyes fill. She felt her heart almost bursting, but for his sake she must be brave. She said no further word, but her face passed to a sweet smile, and she laid her lips on his—Love's first kiss—the first kiss she had ever given him. It was hallowed—it was love's offering, not passion's pleasure. The dews of Heaven are not so pure. The breath of flowers is not so sweet.

The next day Charles was worse. Symptoms of pneumonia appeared, and painful suspense was turned to dreadful alarm. As the day wore on the terrible disease was more fully developed, and the case became critical in the extreme. Charles soon became delirious, and all could see that his life hung, as it were, by a hair.

Helen was his constant nurse; she seldom left his bedside; she saw every change of his countenance; she watched every expression of his face; she observed every motion of his hands, and love was there to divine and administer to his needs and wants. His heavy groans seemed to go to her very heart and to pierce her soul; still she did not give way to her feelings, for she felt, if nursing would save him, he must be saved. He knew no one, but he often called her name, and seemed to recognize her voice, and would grow calm under its soothing influence. Sometimes he slept, and at such moments Helen would slip from her chair to her knees by his bed-side and pour out her heart to God in fervent prayer, invoking divine aid in the preservation of his life. She believed in prayer; she believed in God's mercy; she believed in the help of ministering angels, and in her heart she felt her faith strong, that deep, earnest, fervent prayer wafted upward from the depths of the soul will be heard and answered in heaven.

All that skill could do was done; all that love could suggest was accomplished, still the dreadful disease would not yield. Days and nights passed away, but

there was no change, except the wasting of the body and the gradual loss of strength, until what was once a strong robust manly form was now but a simple skeleton. It seemed that the end was drawing nigh, the death-rattle was in his throat; his arms lay limp at his side; his eyes were dull and void of expression; his breathing slow and labored. Still he lived.

Oh! who can tell the agonies of a loving heart watching the last struggle between life and death. Oh! how the soul can then go up, pleading—pleading—pleading—“Spare him—spare him, Oh! my God. Give him back to me.”

The twenty-seventh day had arrived, the last hope seemed faded. The climax had been reached—the patient passed to a quiet sleep. The good old doctor took Helen’s hand and told her to be brave, to be strong, to remember if she must lose, that her loss would be his eternal gain. He told her “that sleep will decide the issue. He will be conscious if he ever awakes—one hour more you will know the worst—let no sound be heard—to awake him is certain death. Go watch at his side; if he opens his eyes give him this. Go pray God to spare our friend.”

The good old man passed from the room. Helen sank to her knees, her eyes were streaming with tears, but no quiver shook her frame. She scarcely breathed for fear she would awake him. Slowly the moments passed away; he lay so still it seemed death itself. She prayed as she had never prayed before. Her heart was breaking, but still she believed in God; she believed in his mercy; she believed in his goodness, in his wisdom, in his protecting care. She clasped her hands and stretched her arms high above her head, looked upward with the eye of faith, and breathed the words “Thy will, not mine; Oh! God, my heavenly Father.”

She turned to look at the sleeper; his lips moved; he turned his head to one side; his eyes opened; he was

conscious; a smile lit up his face; he knew that it was his own sweet Helen kneeling there. She could not speak, her heart was too full; her whole soul was shaken with emotion; she felt it necessary for his sake to still be brave, to control her feelings. Her left hand lay confidently in his; she smoothed back his hair from his brow; his fever was gone; their eyes met; their hearts responded; their souls mingled as one stream. He was the first to speak, "My sunbeam—light of my life." Her face beamed with rapturous joy; she was happy; she did not hide it; she said nothing; she only smiled and laid her finger on her lips, then bent her head and kissed his brow. He understood—it was necessary that he be silent. She gave him the medicine, then passed out of the room to summon the doctor. Thank heaven, our friend is safe, he will soon be convalescent now, and light and life and love will once again crown the hopes of sweet Helen Moore.

Another week had passed, and Charles was in that happy state of convalescence. He had been deathly sick, but now that he was fast recovering, the world seemed brighter, hope seemed more hopeful, life seemed sweeter, happiness more happy, and even love more lovely. The spirit at such moments seems to have wings, and the heart is inflated with joy, while the soul seems to rise and float away through the realms of purer air into a brighter light and more lasting peace.

Helen was beside him, and he felt her presence as the sunlight of his heart. He loved his father; he loved his friends; he loved his home; he loved his country; he loved his profession; but the sum of all these loves could not equal that love he bore for his promised bride—the chaste, sweet Helen Moore. To him this love was joy and gladness, peace and comfort and happiness; all that the heart can feel that is sweet, all that the soul requires.

He lay on his low bed holding both her hands in his; she sat on a cushioned stool leaning her elbows on his couch, looking in his face, watching his expressive eyes and chatting away as only a lovely woman can chat. Shy and timid and coy, yet hiding nothing; bright and glad and happy, yet in words nothing revealing; blushing and bashful and modest, yet nothing concealing. Woman's fascination, attraction and charm—everything in heart and feeling, nothing in words.

She chatted away to entertain him, laughing and smiling, all gay in her gladness, she told the story of contentment. She bent on him eyes of affection and revealed the trust of her soul. She chided him with sweet lips half pouting; he had foiled her on their wedding day. "No, no; no, no," she said; "the mice have eaten the cake." "No, no; no, no," she laughed; "the flowers have faded and gone." "No, no; no, no," she smiled, and her lips caressed his brow. "I'll hunt me another lover that won't run out in the cold."

Ah! my gentle reader, the world can never know what true love is. 'Tis not of earth, it belongs to heaven. 'Tis like the glory of that better land. The heart may feel its bliss and joy, but words can never express it.

Oh! what a comfort to a good man is the love of a good woman; she can help him when all else has failed; she can lift him up when he is deeply cast down; she can encourage him when his heart is hopeless; she can make it light in the gloom of despair. From the mud and the mire, from the shadows and the shades, from danger and from darkness, from sorrow and from care, she can lift him up and place his feet upon a rock that will stand firm when the earth heaves and the hills tremble with emotion.



## CHAPTER XXXIV.

ON a sick bed at the St. James Hotel, in Washington, lay a young man, his hands torn, his face cut, his arms and chest frightfully lacerated. He came to the city on the morning train; registered at the hotel as James Smith, of Baltimore; sent for a doctor; slipped some gold pieces into his hand and said, "Take care of me, there is more where that came from;" gave the waiter at the hotel a five dollar bill, and said, "Wait on me while I am here; my horse threw me while riding in a fox-chase; my foot was hung in the stirrup; I was dragged a considerable distance, and, as you see, badly hurt." Those who are well paid generally do as they are told, unless some inducement is offered to the contrary. The doctor had had his fee; the waiter his perquisite; the proprietor his bill in advance and all had strong expectations of more; why should they ask questions or talk unless talked to? The newspapers were read, but nothing appeared which they saw, the least suggestive, so the matter passed and in due time the young man left.

During his stay he was often nervous and restless; not from his wounds—these he bore with stoic fortitude; it was some mental care, some dread or anxiety of mind that broke his rest. Each day he sent the waiter out and had him purchase copies of all the Virginia papers. He read them but little, but he looked at the heading of every article; he could not find what he wanted, or it may be what he did not want. Was Charles Reed living or dead? If dead, would the blood-hounds of the law follow the trail? He shuddered at the thought; he grew cold as death at the bare idea; he could find out, no doubt, if he

could only get his mail, but to ask for that mail might start a story. "No," he said, "let that be; I can better wait; but if dead," he said, "William Dodge will find the field clear for his purposes; William Dodge will then have no co-executor; *that will*, ah! *that will*—it will place every thing in case of the death of Charles Reed in the hands of William Dodge; the proud beauty can then be humbled; that vast estate turned to good account."

Some one knocked at the door; the sick man's heart leaped up to his throat. "The detectives!" he thought they were coming. Oh! the agonies of guilty fear; oh! the horrors of an accusing conscience. Every stranger seems a detective; every sound the cry of pursuit; every sigh of the winds the whisper of suspicion; every door a trap standing ready set to catch the trembling soul.

Time passed and no detectives came; time passed and the wounds healed; time passed and the so-called James Smith, of Baltimore, ventured forth. He soon learned that Charles Reed was still alive; he soon ascertained that there was no suspicion at the Abbey as to the guilty party. Mr. Reed had written, giving an account of the mysterious man of the Kelley cabin; the midnight attack; the dreadful wound; noble action of the dog; his death; the timely arrival of Uncle Ben. At the mention of that name the so-called James Smith ground his teeth with rage and clutched the air like a maniac, and cursed the name of the old negro with the bitterest and most blasphemous curses that a fiendish heart could conceive. The letter continued, told of the long severe spell of sickness; the present convalescence; the political situation in Virginia, and finally of the postponement of the marriage between Charles and Helen and closed with an invitation to visit the Abbey.

This letter was quickly answered. The answer was mailed in New York. It stated the great regret and pain felt by William Dodge for Charles Reed in his misfortune;

thanked his friends for the kind invitation to visit Virginia again ; expressed regrets that he could not come just then and gave as a reason, confidentially, that he had a difficulty with a young German up in Canada which resulted in a duel with foils ; stated that he had wounded his antagonist quite severely in the side and that he himself was right badly scratched about the hands and face, and that it was perhaps best for him to keep out of the way until the matter was forgotten. Mr. James Smith, of Baltimore, thought that this most plausible story might some day help to account for the scars which it was evident would be left on the face of William Dodge.

Charles Reed could give no information as to the identity of his assailant. He could not think that he had an enemy in the world, so he, like all the rest, concluded that robbery was the motive of the assault and there the matter rested.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

ON the 12th of March, 1861, commissioners representing the Montgomery Confederacy arrived in Washington and immediately made known their mission by sending to the Secretary of War a communication, which, among other things, said, "That the commissioners had come with a view to a speedy adjustment of all questions growing out of the political separation, upon such terms of amity and good will as the respective interests and future welfare of the two sections may render necessary; that it is neither their interest nor their wish to make any demands which are not founded in strict justice, nor to do any act to injure their late confederates."

All parties understood that the more especial object of this commission was to negotiate for the evacuation of Fort Sumter, of which Mr. Douglas had said, "We cannot justify the holding." No written reply was made to this communication for some time. But Judge John A. Campbell, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, had a personal interview with the Secretary of War, after which Judge Campbell felt justified in saying, and did say, in a letter addressed to the commissioners, "I feel entire confidence that Fort Sumter will be evacuated within the next ten days."

Judge Campbell then urged the commissioners not to press for an immediate answer to their communication, and gave as his reason that such a demand would be productive of evil consequences. The object of Judge Campbell was to prevent any clash, either of sentiment or of arms, and to aid Virginia in her efforts towards conciliation. The commissioners were kept waiting at Washing-

ton, trusting in hope, but without further answer to their communication, until the 13th of April—just one month and one day—at which time Judge Campbell sent a letter to the Secretary of War in which he quoted the language he had used in his letter to the commissioners in regard to the evacuation of Fort Sumter, and also stated that the substance of that letter had been repeated to the Secretary of War the same evening that it was written, and that he, the Secretary of War, did not disapprove.

Judge Campbell then states further to the Secretary that he is informed that Major Anderson is repairing the fort, and complains bitterly of the duplicity practiced in the matter, and of the false light in which he, Judge Campbell, had been placed by the Secretary's action. He accused the Secretary, Mr. Cameron, of the most willful and deliberate duplicity and breach of faith, and quotes from letters which had passed between them to prove it.

Mr. Campbell says to the Secretary: "On the 7th of April I addressed you a letter on the subject of the alarm which the preparations by the Government had created in the matter of repairing Fort Sumter, and asked you if the assurances I had given the commissioners were well or ill founded in regard to Fort Sumter. Your reply was, "Faith as to Sumter fully kept—wait and see." Judge Campbell then goes on to tell Mr. Cameron that on the very next day Mr. Lincoln had notified the Governor of South Carolina that reinforcements would be sent to Fort Sumter, "peaceably if they could, or otherwise by force," and closes his letter by saying "that there had been systematic duplicity practiced by the Administration in the matter from the very first."

Whether Mr. Lincoln was a party to this duplicity or not, is a matter left to the opinion of the reader; but as against Mr. Cameron the proof is conclusive, and to the end of time will leave a stain upon his name, which no apology, no explanation, no excuse can ever wipe away.

That Mr. Cameron should have taken advantage of the high standing of Judge Campbell, and the earnest efforts of the patriotic Union-loving people of Virginia to save the country from civil war, and, possibly, pave the way back to a perpetual restoration of the Union, to blind, deceive and hoodwink the commissioners, and through them the whole South—was, and is, and ever will be, a shame and a disgrace.

That duplicity on the part of the Administration destroyed the last ray of hope that lingered to light the hearts of the millions of Union-loving people throughout the entire border States. That notice served on Governor Pickens to the effect that armed force was coming to force submission on South Carolina, was a declaration of war; and the booming cannon, whose reverberations went echoing over the waters, and the kindling fires that were set ablaze around the walls of Sumter, were but the acceptance of the gage of battle.

The decision was forced upon South Carolina, either to reduce the fort or stand idly by and see it reinforced. If all that South Carolina had done and said was not mere child's play, then there was but one course left for her to pursue. The assertion has been made, time and again, that South Carolina began the war. The facts are a flat contradiction to this assertion. The accusation is refuted by every principle of self-defence. Even Mr. Greeley, in his "American Conflict," is candid enough to say, "that whether the bombardment and reduction of Fort Sumter shall or shall not be justified by posterity, it is clear that the Confederacy had no alternative left but its own dissolution." It is remarkable, and the candid reader, be he who he may, must admit it, that neither Mr. Lincoln, nor any member of his Cabinet, nor a single State of the thirteen, which admitted that they had violated the constitution, ever made one single effort either to pacify the South or to rectify the wrongs complained of. Every effort

towards conciliation; every effort towards peace; every effort towards adjustment; every effort to save the Union, and to avert civil war, came from the South. Mr. Lincoln never so much as sent a message, or made a proposition, or offered a suggestion in behalf of peace. The South had been denied its constitutional rights, and now it had to submit to Northern dictation without an excuse, or explanation, or it had to be whipped into measures. The whipping they got is not half as bad as the disgrace they would have suffered had they yielded without a fight. Let those recreant spirits that sigh and sob for the loss of property and the licks they received, go bend the suppliant knee and kiss the rod, while they confess their cowardice; but, my brethren, let us, who loved and followed Lee and Jackson and Stuart, Beauregard, Breckenridge, and the two Johnstons, say to the world, and live up to the saying, "We did what we thought was right; we did what manhood required, and for the doing we have no apology to make. We have lost the fight; we accept the issue; we will abide the result; we will join Southern energy to Northern enterprise, and help to build a firmer Union on the waste places of war; but we will never confess that the principle we embraced was treason to constitutional right."

When the first gun was fired from Sullivan's Island, a flying shell went shrieking over Fort Sumter, and gave notice to the world that the era of compromise and "duplicity" had ended, and that the South had taken an appeal from the decision of coercion to the arbitrament of arms. The Federal fleet, with ample reinforcements for Sumter, was standing in full view; but she had no comfort for the beleaguered, save the dip of a flag, and no consolation to bear back from her "secret" mission, save the mortifying thought that she was the first to inaugurate hostilities, and the first to fly the danger. The relief squadron, which Mr. Lincoln was fitting out at the New

York Navy Yard during the whole time that Secretary Cameron was coquetting with Judge Campbell and the Confederate commissioners, consisted of seven ships, carrying two hundred and eighty-five guns and two thousand four hundred men. The very day it sailed from New York Mr. Cameron sealed its orders, which said "Reinforce Sumter; peaceably if permitted, otherwise by force;" then turned and wrote to Judge Campbell, "Faith as to Sumter kept—wait and see."

The firing on Fort Sumter began at 4:30 P. M., April the 12th, 1861, and was continued without cessation until the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th—just thirty-two hours—at which time the fort was silenced and the garrison surrendered. Not a man was killed on either side.

The next day, April the 15th, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation, the most remarkable the world has ever known, calling for 75,000 troops to be contributed by the non-seceded States in proportion to their respective population. The object of this call was plainly set forth in the proclamation, which recited "That whereas the laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial procedure, I have thought fit to call forth the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of 75,000, in order to suppress said combinations; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and to retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days."

This proclamation fell as a fire-brand in the midst of the excited minds of the border States, and the indignation it aroused knew no bounds. Every Southern heart was fired as with a burning flame; every mind was moved with anger; every soul filled with the glowing heat of all-consuming passion.



This proclamation was remarkable, in that it was intended for those purposes which the late Chief Magistrate and the Attorney-General had officially said could not be done except by the plainest and most palpable violation of the constitution; intended to do that which Mr. Douglas had said, on the 15th of March, in a speech before the Senate, could not be attempted by the President "without the most censurable and criminal violation of his official oath"; intended to do what Mr. Douglas challenged the whole Senate and all the people "to find law to empower, authority to justify, or precedent to sanction"; intended to do what even an Abolition Congress would not so far stultify itself as to pass a resolution legalizing the act; but, on the contrary, positively refused when the attempt was made by some of its members.

This proclamation was issued, purporting to have for its object to maintain the dignity of the constitution. Then isn't it most remarkable as well as significant that no writer, no statesman, no lawyer, no friend has ever dared to attempt to defend this action of Mr. Lincoln upon legal grounds? The people of the United States thought that they were living under a constitutional government, but it must appear that they were a deluded people, for there can be no doubt of the unconstitutionality of this proclamation, no doubt of its being an unprecedented usurpation of authority deliberately assumed.

The proclamation was beyond all question an exercise of the war power, and no one will attempt to maintain that the constitution confers upon the Administrative Department the sole authority to levy war and to be the sole judge of the occasion when this power shall be exercised. No lawyer who can lay claim even to respectability in the profession, will maintain that the constitution confers upon the President the authority to call out the militia of the several States to coerce a seceded State, and no one can read the constitution without see-

ing that the power to declare war is conferred upon the Congress alone. Nevertheless, the proclamation was received by the governors of the free States with general approval, and the cars of war went pouring forward to Washington in hot haste.

On the other hand, the proclamation was received by the border States with general amazement, and answered with indignation and contempt. No one had dreamed that the President would dare to violate the constitution so openly and assume powers so far beyond the scope of the Executive authority. The Government of the United States had, on all hands, been regarded as a constitutional government; and up to the issuing of that proclamation the wildest Anti-States-Rights fanatic had never advanced the idea that the power to inaugurate war was vested in the Executive; hence, the hot indignation of the border States. They regarded this proclamation as a deliberate violation of the most sacred right of the human race—the right of self-government. They regarded it as a willful perversion of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and a contravention of every construction of the organic law of the Government. The day before the issuing of this proclamation Virginia stood in her convention 89 to 45 in favor of peace and the Union. That very night the convention voted 85 to 55 for secession. Governor Letcher, in his reply to Mr. Lincoln's call for troops, said, "You have chosen to inaugurate civil war, and having done so we will meet you in a spirit as determined as the Administration has exhibited towards the South."

Governor Harris, of Tennessee, said, "Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defence of our rights." Kentucky said, "Emphatically no troops will be furnished for the wicked purpose of subjugation." Governor Jackson, of Missouri, replied, "It is illegal, unconstitutional, revolu-

tionary, inhuman, diabolical." Governor Burton, of Delaware, said, "The laws of this State do not confer upon the Executive any authority to comply with such a requisition." Governor Hicks, of Maryland, treated the call with silent contempt. Governor Ellis, of North Carolina, said *in extenso*, "Your dispatch is received; if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply that I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South, as in violation of the constitution and a usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violation of the laws of the country and this war upon the liberties of the people." Arkansas had refused to secede—her convention had adjourned—but when this proclamation was issued the convention reassembled and passed the ordinance of secession by a vote of 69 to 1.

The Republican party, then the dominant party of almost the entire North, approved of what Mr. Lincoln had done. The Governors of the free States, it may be said, were unanimous in their endorsement of the proclamation, and vied with each other in their efforts to respond, while on the other hand, for the most part, the Democratic press of that section was no less emphatic in an unqualified denunciation of the act of usurpation. The New York *Express* said, "The 'irrepressible conflict' started by Mr. Seward, and endorsed by the Republican party, has at length attained its logical result; that conflict undertaken for the sake of humanity, culminates now in inhumanity itself. That party flushed with the power and patronage of the Federal Government has madly rushed into a civil war, which will drive the remaining slave States into the arms of the Southern Confederacy, and dash to pieces the last hope of a reconstruction of the Union. To the cold-blooded, heartless demagogues who started this war, we can only say, 'you must

find your account at the hands of an indignant people, or in the tears of women and orphans. The South is fighting upon her own soil in behalf of her dearest rights; for her public institutions; her homes and her firesides; the rank of her armies is filled by men as intelligent, patriotic and brave as ever faced a foe; the Administration, egged on by the halloo of the Black Republican journals has sent its mercenary forces to pick a quarrel and initiate the work of desolation and ruin."

The *Utica Observer*, of the same State, declared that, "Of all the wars that have disgraced the human race, it has been reserved for our own enlightened nation to be involved in the most useless and foolish one. Brave men fighting on their own soil and for their dearest rights can never be subjugated."

The *Bangor Union*, of Maine, still more emphatic, calls upon the Democracy of the country and says, "The loyal sons of the South have gathered around Charleston as your brothers of old gathered about Boston in defence of the same sacred principles—principles which you have upheld and defended with your vote, your voice, and your strong right arm. Those who have inaugurated this unholy and unjustifiable war are no friends of yours; no friends of democratic liberty. When the government at Washington calls for volunteers to do the dirty work of subjugation, under the specious phrase of enforcing the laws, let every Democrat fold his arms and bid the minions of Tory despotism do a Tory despot's work. Say to them fearlessly and boldly in the language of England's Lord, if I were a Southerner as I am a Northerner while a foreign troop was landed in my country I would never lay down my arms—never—never—never."

The *Albany Argus* pointedly expresses the sentiment and the cause of the conflict, and declares that "a fearful responsibility is due to those who have brought this crisis upon the country. Between the States of the Union

war is to be declared, and its provocation is to be found in the aggression of section against section and the defiance of constitutional guarantees. It is a civil war where success is without glory, where noblest deeds are without honor. If this call (meaning the proclamation) were even a natural, intelligent assertion of government authority it would appeal to the moral sentiment of the country; but it can not in any event have this effect. The deed of separation is sealed in the first blood shed in this conflict."

The New York *Herald* asks, "What is all this for? To show that we have a Government—to show that the seceded States are still in the Union? This is the fatal mistake of Mr. Lincoln. The simple truth patent to all the world is that the seceded States are out of the Union, and are organized under an independent government of their own. War will only widen the breach and consolidate the Confederacy."

The Boston *Post* said, "The people must speak, a national convention should be convened; then if all measures for a satisfactory adjustment fail after a full hearing, let it depart in peace."

Mr. Horace Greeley, who, it is well known, never had one kind word for the South until the time when the "Presidential Bee" began to buzz in his ears, says in his *American Conflict*, "That the *True American*, of Trenton, New Jersey, and so far as can be traced every other prominent Democratic journal of the State blamed the Administration and the Black Republican party for inciting and provoking the South, and condemned the proclamation in language in substantial accordance with that quoted from the New York *Express* and the Albany *Argus*, and that nearly every leading Democratic paper in Pennsylvania did the same thing;" prominent among them he names the *Pennsylvanian*, the *Patriot* and the *Union*. So also he says did the ablest and most widely

circulated journals of Connecticut. Also the *Chicago Times*, the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Ohio Statesman*. What a chapter for the North to look back to? But every line of it is history. We quote not to confound the North; not to condemn; not to place her in a bad light before the world, but to do that which is one of the main objects of this work, to give the grounds upon which the South claim to justify its action, and induce all men to forget the words "traitor," "rebel," "treason," and to join hands and hearts as we are joined in government and to strive for mutual protection, mutual good and national prosperity. For if such were the sentiments of so many of the patriotic citizens of the North the candid opinions of her gifted statesmen and the conscientious out-pouring of just and noble hearts, that loved the constitution, but loved right and reason and justice more, what could be the feeling at the South, but fiery indignation? What measures could they invoke, but the means of might to meet subjugation? What course could they pursue, other than the course which defied coercion? What action could they employ, but the act of active opposition?

The whole South arose as one man; defiance was depicted on every face; indignation blazed in every eye; passion roared like an angry sea, while excitement rolled over the land like the waves of a sweeping fire. Discord and dissension vanished like a shadow. The ultra Unionist was now the hottest in mad defiance. Let them come, they cried. "We will sweep them from the land of the living." "We will scorch their very souls with the fires of our indignation." "We will show them that Southern prayers for peace can be turned to a sirocco of wrath."

Virginia seceded on the 17th of April; Arkansas, North Carolina and Tennessee followed in quick succession. The hosts were gathering—armies marching, bands playing, troops massing, soldiers drilling, drums beating—

excitement surging like a sea. Into the angry, whirling vortex every rank and condition was drawn; youth and old age mingling in the dashing circle, while beauty stood and waved the patriots on. Conspicuous among the citizen soldiery could be seen the manly form and splendid figure of Charles Reed. He had completely recovered from his late attack, and now moved among the gathering band of patriotic spirits a typical representative of the Southern soldier.

All eyes were turned to Virginia. She now stood clothed in the panoply of right—the sublime embodiment of dignified defiance. Her magnanimous forbearance, coupled with her heroic struggle for peace, her relentless enemies mistook for signs of conscious weakness. “She is no longer the mother of States and of statesmen,” they cried, “but a laggard in war, a craven in danger; the genius of her youth is shadowed with fear and toppling with dotage in the gloom of its eclipse. The breast that gave suckle to Washington, to Henry, to Light-Horse Harry Lee is now dry with cowering stagnation.” And thus they dared to stretch over her head the rod of correction; but the impious hand that held it was paralyzed by the terrible stroke of flashing indignation, and she whom they had named cowardly and decrepid flamed up at the insolent touch a pyramid of consuming fire. She loved the Union; she had tried hard to preserve it. Again and again she had tried to roll back those waves of war that were being driven upon her and to let the flag of peace float in triumph above the roaring floods of passion; again and again she had stood undaunted amid the black cloud of gathering wrath and waved the olive-branch in efforts vain to assuage the heaving tide of mad contention, but her prayers were hushed with denunciations, and her invocations with mockery. She hoped and prayed and plead until the farthest point of endurance was passed and the polluting hand of coercion raised

before her very eyes, then her supplication changed to indignation and her indignation flashed a flame of consuming fire. She stood forth the unterrified Virginia of 1776—the glorious Commonwealth of heroic splendor—crowned again with the beauty of her immortal youth. She took down her ancient shield from her capitol walls and flung her banner to the breeze; her gleaming sword flashed in the sunlight of liberty before the eyes of oppression, while her *Sic Semper Tyrannis* waved to bid the world beware. She stood the true type of Southern chivalry—conscientious, cautious, fearless, pure and unselfish—elevated in principle, dauntless in courage, fearless of battle, with an eye raised in religious faith to the righteous heavens, trusting to divine approval. She saw the mighty hosts of Northern hatred gathering its forces and making ready to spring upon the fair forms of her disaffected sisters of the South, and with a heroism that must challenge the world's applause and the enemy's admiration, she stepped between and received the blow upon her own breast. Condemn her if you will—condemn her if you can—condemn her if you must; but we, her children, will love her in adversity as we loved her in prosperity, and our love will live on down the channel of time to the very end of the chapter.

On the 19th of April Mr. Lincoln issued another proclamation, ordering a blockade of all the ports of the seceded States—an act admitted to be unconstitutional. On the 3d of May he issued his third proclamation, ordering an increase of the regular army to 64,748 men, and an increase to the navy of 18,000—all unquestionably beyond the scope of the Executive authority. This was followed by another proclamation, issued the 10th of May, suspending the writ of *habeas corpus*, an act which the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, in the case of John Merryman, declared to be clearly unconstitutional, but which decision the Executive set at de-



fiance—high-handed measures for the Executive officer of a constitutional government to assume—but the people of the North not only submitted but endorsed and approved. Congress soon assembled in extra session, in obedience to the call of Mr. Lincoln, and one of its first acts was to increase the army 525,000 men and appropriating \$500,000,000 to arm and equip the same.

Under these most vigorous measures a mighty host was gathered at Washington ready to strike Virginia at every point, and to crush her if it could be done at a single blow, and it looked as though this effort would not be in vain, for while her citizens were patriotic, they had no organization, and while her sons were brave they had no arms, but nothing daunted they flew to the front to stand a living breast-work before the hostile invasion.

The day that Virginia seceded Dabney Reed called to see Governor Letcher at the Executive mansion in Richmond, and said: "I have come, Governor, to tender my services in behalf of the defence of my native State. Command me and mine while there is a single hostile foot on Virginia's sacred soil." His services were accepted, and Virginia having soon united with the general government of the seceded States, he was assigned to duty as colonel of the —— regiment in the provisional army of the Confederate States. As Dabney Reed was taking leave of Governor Letcher, he said: "I have a son, Governor, and if you will excuse a father's pride, I will say he is worthy to serve his country. A letter from him this morning said he has raised a company of cavalry, has been elected its captain, and requests me to offer its services to you as Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia forces. He is ready to move at a moment's notice."

"I know Charles Reed," replied the Governor, as he pressed the father's hand. "I know his worth. Telegraph him to-night to march his command to Winchester. I will send his commission and his orders there."

The 25th of April had been named by Helen as the day when she would be ready the second time to become the wife of Charles Reed. Every preparation had been made, every arrangement provided, but the political events of the last few days seemed anything but propitious for the joyful occasion. Love was the light of these two hearts. It filled their whole being with gladness, and crowned their lives with a halo which made every prospect pleasing. They had never thought of separation. They had never dreamed of a fate so cruel as to drag them apart while living; all their anticipations flowed a silvery stream of glad rejoicing; all their hopes gleamed a bright star never paling. Love is so sweet: it makes us feel so strong; so brave; so ready to meet opposition, and to defy adversity. It reflects the rainbow of hope on the storm-cloud of misfortune, and holds out the beacon-light of promise, when the sea runs deep, dark and dangerous. There is something in the enduring tenderness of love that transcends all the other emotions of the heart, and lights up the soul with a light so bright, so pure, so constant, the shadows of despair can never gather into gloom. Helen loved Charles with all the deep sincerity of her nature; with all the fond affection of a true woman's heart, and in return Charles loved her as a true woman should be loved, undividedly, unselfishly, unceasingly; loved her with tenderness, with deep delight and rapturous gladness; loved her as the sweet flowers love the dew drops of the morning, as the gleaming moonbeams love the swelling billows of the sea, as the rainbow loves the cloudlet that lies slumbering in the summer air. Loving thus, why should they think of sadness; why should they dream of sorrow or anticipate care. What could sever hearts like these? What could disunite lives that flowed as a single stream? Hope and trust and faith and confidence had gathered every joy of the heart and wreathed a garland of matchless beauty,

and love descending from the sky had breathed upon it the breath of immortality.

A few days more, they each one thought, would bring happiness to happy perfection; their hands would then be joined as their hearts had been for years. Their lives would be united with that tie which death alone could sever. The twain would be one flesh; God would join them together and no man could put them asunder: but alas! how vain is hope, and oh, alas! how often is the cup of joy ever ready at the lips to be quaffed, rudely dashed to earth and broken. That happy day was not to be reached in the realization of anticipated joy until trials had tested their courage; danger had tried their fortitude, and sorrow purified and sanctified their love and hallowed their affection.

They were to be separated; he to go to danger, hardship, privation and suffering; to pass through smoke and dust and fire and furious battle, up to the jaws of death, into the pain and anguish of ghastly wounds. She to witness the desolation of war; the devastation of fire and the inhumanity of relentless foes; to tread the wine-press of sorrow and sad separation almost up to the grave of cherished hopes and earthly idols. But they knew it not, the veil of futurity could not be pierced, nor did they rejoicing in their joy attempt the vain endeavor. Supremely happy in the present, they believed in an unclouded future.

The telegraphic message of Governor Letcher, owing to the fact that it was to be transmitted in part by mail, did not reach Charles until the afternoon of the 21st, just three days before the day of all days to which he had looked forward as the happiest of his whole life; the day of his anticipated marriage with the loveliest of the lovely; the sweetest of the sweet; the noblest of the noble; the purest of the pure. But now this order had come, it bade him march; it ordered him forward in de-

fence of his home, to meet with defiance an invading foe. What was he to do? Go where glory and honor awaited him; where duty called and patriotism pointed; where heroes were gathering and his country needed him; or stay and steep his soul in the matchless bliss of wedded love. Yesterday he had mingled in the splendid spectacle of a glorious review, filled with the fires of indignation at the impious tread of hostile invasion on Virginia's sacred soil; the gathering of defiant spirits had excited and delighted him. His heated imagination pictured the glorious reality of war. He saw the light of defiant faces; the glitter of tinselled uniforms; the fluttering of flags; the gleam of flashing arms. He heard the roll of heavy guns mingling with the stirring notes of the fife and the inspiring rattle of the drum, answering back the bugle's blast calling the cavalry to parade; while the long line of helmets and polished accoutrements shining in the morning sun brought back his boyish dreams of joust and tournament, and made his heart beat high with chivalrous enthusiasm. But to-day he is called upon to go—to go and leave her whom he loves with a love deeper than his thirst for glory; whose voice is to him sweeter than the trump of fame; whose presence is brighter than the sunbeams of heaven. His heart fails him; his ambition slumbers; his pride sleeps; his manhood weakens. "I cannot leave her now. She is more to me than life; more than fame; more than glory, yea, more than my country. Next week, when I have kept my vows; when I have made good the faith that has filled my heart from my childhood's hour to the present moment; then I will go; then I can go with a braver spirit, with a more dauntless courage: but not now—not to-day; one man cannot matter; one arm will not be missed. 'Twould break her heart. My duty is to her first before all the world. I will go to her at once; in my every thought she shall be my partner and my companion."

An hour later and Charles Reed stood in the splendid parlor at the Grove. His face was clouded with care, his eyes were cast down, expressive of painful thoughts. There was a struggle in his heart; contending emotions were striving for the mastery in his breast. A light step was heard upon the stair. He looked up and Helen entered the room. She came a vision of beauty—a radiant light of beaming hope and Love's sweet comforting promise. Charles smiled the sweet, glad smile of devotion, mingling with admiration, as she came forward, and held out both his hands in welcome greeting. Helen laid her hands in his and raised her eyes. She saw that welcome smile; but, with woman's intuitive perception, quickened by love, she saw behind that smile the shadows of late care. She said not a word; but disengaging her right hand, stroked his forehead from centre to sides, as though to smooth the traces of care and to brush away the mist that had gathered there, and then taking up his hand again, looked straight into his eyes, and asked, with a voice full of tenderness and sympathy, "What is it?"

All that the human heart can feel of love, Charles felt; all that the human eye can speak of affection was spoken; all of devotion that the soul can reveal was made manifest. Love, admiration, and devotion were there, mingling with that one sad thought of early separation. He said not a word. He took from his breast pocket the dispatch and placed it in her hand. She read.

"March with your command to Winchester without one moment's delay. Instructions await you there. By order of Governor Letcher.

"[Signed] DABNEY REED."

A sharp, cutting pain shot through the heart of Helen Moore. The color fled from her cheeks; her body trembled with emotion. She realized the terrible blow; it meant war, danger, separation, perhaps death. The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It burst

now upon her dream of felicity, and for a moment seemed to shatter her every hope. Hot tears sprang into her eyes and rolled over her now pale cheeks. Charles drew her to his bosom, kissed away from her streaming eyes the heavy distillations of sorrow. She did not repulse him, for there are moments of mingled sorrow and sympathy which hallow the caresses of affection. He tried to comfort her. He told her of his love, his devotion, his undying attachment. He tried to make her think that the trouble would soon end and all would be well again; but she seemed to realize that all this were but the words of affection, intended to check her grief; and so her bosom continued to heave and her tears to flow. At length he ventured to tell her of his resolve not to go until the next week, but to wait and make her his wife in the fulfilment of the brightest hope of his life. When he said this Helen became calm. She dried her tears. She pressed her hands to her heart to still its throbbing. Then she clasped her arms around his neck and drew his head down and kissed his lips. He smiled at the sweet caress; he thought he had pleased her; he was glad his resolve had met with her approbation, but this delusion was only for a single moment; for she took his hands in hers, and, with a calm voice, said: "I love you with all my heart, but I will not come between you and your honor. It will almost kill me to see you go, but it would be a living death to have you stay and tarnish the glory of your name, which is dearer to me a thousand times than life itself."

Woman is stronger than man. She is braver in all that goes to make up moral courage. She is possessed of fortitude, ready to meet and baffle misfortunes, that man can never boast. She is blessed with a spirit of confiding trust that comes down from on high, which will sustain her amidst the most overwhelming reverses of fortune, the like of which man can never feel. When disaster overtakes man, he yields up his energy and cowers in de-

spair. When grief falls upon a woman and covers her with its shadows, her faith in the heavenly promise shines through the gathering mist with a light and a love that is truly sublime. There is in the heart of every true woman, a spark of celestial fire, which lies dormant in the bright light of prosperity; but let disaster come; let darkness fall; let adversity threaten, and this spark of heavenly fire will kindle into a blaze, that will loom up into glowing beams more radiant than the glory of the sun. The spirit of man will break down and droop under the weight of disaster, like the sails of a helpless ship in the breathless calm of the ocean; but, with woman, disaster, misfortune, adversity, only serve to awaken all the nobler attributes of her nature, and give intrepidity and elevation to her character.

Charles Reed was among the noblest of noble men, but he was ready when misfortune came to turn aside from the path of duty into the pleasing walks of gratified affection; but Helen Moore was among the noblest of noble women, and she was equal to the occasion when duty demanded the sacrifice. Helen Moore loved Charles Reed, but she loved his honor as she loved her own, and she could not let her affections be the weight to drag him down, nor would she allow her grief at the thought of parting, distress him in the sore hour of his trials. She looked up into his face and smiled her sweetest smile of comfort and encouragement, and showed the pride she felt kindling in her heart when she called him "my brave soldier boy." She bade him go and serve his country with a zeal equal to his love for her, and she would follow him with her prayers and love him a thousand times more for the dangers he should dare.

Charles saw that she was right; he saw the true nobility of her nature and the unselfishness of her character, and in his heart he thanked her for the example she set for him. He clasped her in his arms in a transport of joy and covered her cheek with caresses.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

ON the 19th of April, two days after Virginia seceded the small Federal garrison at Harper's Ferry, for reasons best known only to themselves, evacuated the place, having first attempted to destroy the Arsenal there, and retired across the Potomac river into Maryland. This building was, however, saved from destruction by the timely arrival of a few Virginia forces, and a greater portion of the machinery, and a very large number of valuable arms, saved to the State. On the same day the great naval depot in the Norfolk harbor was evacuated by the Federal authorities after a partial destruction; and the troops transferred to Fortress Monroe. By this time, short as it may seem, an army of seventy-five thousand men had been gathered at Washington, which was quickly increased by troops enlisting under Mr. Lincoln's second call to 150,000 men. This vast host, the largest army that had ever assembled on the western continent, was intended, for the most part, to operate directly against Virginia.

It would seem that the plans of the Federal Government for crushing the South were in brief these: To send an army into the Mississippi Valley and occupy it; to take possession of Kentucky and check any Southern movement there; while the third objective point was the city of Richmond, which it was understood would, and did soon become, the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

This move against Richmond was to consist of four columns—one from Fortress Monroe by the way of the Peninsula; one from the northwest by the way of Staun-



ton; one from Pennsylvania by the way of Winchester and the Shenandoah Valley, while the fourth and main column was from Washington by the way of Alexandria and Manassas Junction. The whole to be under the command of General Winfield Scott, of Mexican fame.

The immediate command of the army of the northwest was given to General George B. McClellan. The army of the Peninsula was placed under the command of General Butler. General Patterson was assigned to the command of the army intended to move by the way of Winchester, while the main column, styled the army of the Potomac, and moving by the way of Alexandria upon Manassas Junction, was commanded by General Irwin McDowell, an officer of great skill and ability.

General McClellan had under his command in the army of the northwest about 10,000 men. General Patterson had something more than 18,000. There were about 20,000 in the army of the Peninsula, while the grand army of the Potomac, under General McDowell, numbered 60,000 men.

To meet this mighty host Virginia had to depend upon volunteer companies, armed for the most part by the soldiers themselves, together with a few Southern troops, which had been hastened to her relief.

The Virginia forces at Harper's Ferry were placed under the command of Col. T. J. Jackson, who subsequently became the celebrated *Stonewall*. When Charles Reed, now Captain Reed, reached Winchester with his command he found awaiting him there orders to report to Colonel Jackson at Harper's Ferry, which he did without delay.

When Colonel Jackson assumed command at Harper's Ferry he proceeded at once to organize the companies of volunteers assembled there into regiments, and to diligently instruct them in military drill and discipline, and to fortify the place as best he could, so as to resist any advance, which might be made by General Patterson by

that route. But Virginia having, on the 2d of May, united her fortune with that of the Southern Confederacy, General Joseph E. Johnston, of the C. S. A., was ordered to Harper's Ferry and immediately assumed command of all forces operating in the Valley. Whereupon the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th and 33d Virginia regiments were organized into a brigade. Colonel Jackson was promoted to brigadier-general, and placed in command, and thus began the history of the celebrated brigade, which will live in story and in song, while liberty and heroism have votaries in the world.

The Federal commander, General Patterson, having now approached the Potomac by the way of the great Pennsylvania Valley, northwest of Harper's Ferry, to the little village of Williamsport, his purpose being to effect a junction with General McClellan at Winchester. General Johnston broke up his camp at Harper's Ferry June 16th, and fell back to Winchester.

By this time General Johnston had received some additional reinforcements, and now had under his command about 8,000 men. On the 19th of June General Jackson was sent with his brigade to watch the enemy, who were then crossing the Potomac river at Williamsport, but as Jackson advanced Patterson re-crossed to the Maryland side of the river, without hazarding a battle. As soon as the Federals had re-crossed the river General Jackson went into camp a little north of Martinsburg, having posted Captain Reed with his company of cavalry in his front to do picket duty and keep watch over the enemy. On the 2d of July, Patterson again crossed to the south side of the Potomac with his whole force, about 18,000 men, and advanced towards Jackson's camp, who immediately struck his tents and ordered his men under arms. General Johnston had instructed General Jackson to watch the enemy closely, and if he advanced with full force to retire until he was supported by a body of his friends.

In accordance with these instructions Jackson advanced the Fifth regiment to meet the Federals, taking with him Captain Reed's company of cavalry and one field-piece of Pendleton's battery. With this force, which in all amounted to some 500 men, he met the Federal advance near Martinsburg, and so vigorous was his assault the enemy fell back to their main column, which then advanced in a body, but were again repulsed; but by this time perceiving the smallness of the force that was holding them in check, the Federal army extended both of its wings with the view of enveloping Jackson in their folds. At this moment Jackson sent an order to the colonel commanding the Fifth regiment to retire his men, but so anxious were they to meet the enemy and try their strength, they were slow in obeying the order, and lingered in their position until their right flank was turned and their retreat almost entirely cut off, and would have been cut off, but for the fact that Captain Reed, anticipating the enemy's movements, made a detour around a hill and taking the enemy's left wing in the rear in a most gallant charge, broke the Federal line in two and captured some fifty or more prisoners. By this time Johnston had come up with his full force and the Federals fell back to Martinsburg. Johnston continued in position for four days expecting Patterson to come out and fight, but it did not seem that Patterson was disposed to accept the challenge, although he had 18,000 men while Johnston only had 8,000.

On the 15th day of July Patterson advanced his left wing to Bunker Hill, where Johnston came out to meet him, but instead of making an attack he again extended his left wing to Smithfield, seemingly with the view of surrounding General Johnston, but in reality to place himself in position to co-operate with General McDowell at Manassas Junction, who was about to assail the Confederate forces, under the command of General Beauregard at that point.

This little battle of Martinsburg was in reality but a small affair, comparing it with the mighty struggle that was soon to follow, but it served the purpose to show the mettle of the Southern soldiers and let them see what they could do when they tried. Jackson, in his report, declared that "both officers and men behaved beautifully," and special mention was made of the gallant and soldierly conduct of the brilliant young cavalry officer, Captain Charles Reed.

There is nothing in war so essential to success as perfect confidence between the officer commanding and the men of the army; for every man that comes to truly love and confide in his commanding officer, becomes a hero, ready to go where he is ordered and ready to stand where he is commanded. An army then becomes a perfect machine, capable of being operated with almost irresistible force. Let a feeling of perfect confidence fill the breast of every man, and a firm conviction that there will be entire concert of action in every part, and a spirit of determination to do or die will prevail that no earthly power can resist. This unbounded confidence between the commanded and the commander was the grand secret of Napoleon's wonderful success. His men believed him to be invincible—one of the immortals that was not destined to die. This same confidence was the power which enabled Alexander to conquer the world, and Cæsar to lead his victorious legions wherever his ambition suggested; and just so, this little affair at Martinsburg filled the First Virginia brigade with confidence in their general commanding which made them a stonewall at Manassas, so solid as to save the day.

William Dodge had lingered in New York that he might fully recover the effect of his wounds. The cuts on his face had now healed, but they had left marks and scars which somewhat disfigured that handsome face greatly to the mortification of its vain owner, for while

William Dodge affected indifference his heart was overflowing with self-importance. His hatred for Charles Reed had grown with the revolving days. His thirst for revenge deepened as the days rolled by, and extended as the widening waves as they run, to take in all that Charles Reed loved, his father, his friends, his home, his country, his native Virginia. The civil war had now broken out, and William Dodge saw the opportunity which it presented, not only "*to turn an honest penny,*" but to steep his very soul in the sweet gratification of hatred, and that through the agency of the General Government. So prompted by these ambitious motives he returned to Washington and obtained through some acquaintance in Congress an interview with Mr. Seward, who introduced him to the Secretary of War. He told the Secretary, Mr. Simon Cameron, in brief, that he had been educated at Hampden Sidney College, in Virginia; that he was well acquainted with Dabney Reed, and exhibited the late letter received from that gentleman, to show the terms of their acquaintance. He then stated that it was his purpose to enter the secret service of the Government, and that he believed, with the facilities he possessed and the introductions which could be had, he could be put in position to furnish the Government most valuable information. The risk, he knew, was great, and the expense would be considerable, but his compensation should be in proportion to the value of the services rendered.

The Secretary was much pleased with Mr. Dodge, and readily acceded to his proposition, and stated that the Government was anxious just at that time to secure information in regard to the Confederate forces organizing under General Beauregard at Manassas. The Secretary told Mr. Dodge that recent information from Richmond was to the effect that Mr. Dabney Reed had been promoted, and was now commissioned a brigadier-general in the provisional army of the Confederate States, and was with General Beauregard at Manassas.

Before the conference ended it was agreed, that Mr. Dodge should write a letter to Mr. Reed, rather on the sympathetic order, and expressing a determination to come South as soon as practicable, and if the Confederate States should consider his services worth considering, to do what he could in behalf of the cause of opposition to coercion. This letter was to be stamped as though mailed in New York, and Mr. Cameron was to see that it ran the blockade successfully. In the meantime Mr. Dodge was to proceed to Fortress Monroe and to work his way from there to Richmond, where he was to show Mr. Reed's letter to Governor Letcher and ask of him a passport to the presence of Mr. Reed. Mr. Dodge was to profess perfect ignorance of all details in Confederate matters, except that he was to say he had seen from some Northern paper that Mr. Reed had joined the army and had been commissioned as a colonel. He was also to intimate his wish to serve the Confederacy, but desired to consult with his friend, Mr. Reed, before taking any decided action. Mr. Cameron then placed a purse containing one thousand dollars in Mr. Dodge's hand, and stated that three thousand more would be paid if full and accurate information was furnished in regard to the forces, disposition and movements of General Beauregard's army.

On the first day of July the mail-bag containing Mr. Dodge's letter was permitted to pass the Federal lines, near Leesburg, and the same day was carried by the trains, on the Manassas Gap railroad, to Manassas, and reached Mr. Reed (now General Reed), late that afternoon. On the 2d Mr. Dodge arrived in Richmond and proceeded at once to wait upon Governor Letcher, and to acquaint him with so much of the programme as it was intended for "*Honest John*" to know. Mr. Dodge had lost none of his suavity of manners. He was still, despite the total wreck of his moral nature, the same graceful, easy, unassuming, agreeable conversationalist.

He apologized to the Governor for presuming to call, but expressed the hope that the circumstances would justify the intrusion. He stated that he was a total stranger in Richmond, but by no means a stranger in the State; that he was seeking to find Mr. Dabney Reed, who, he understood, had joined the Confederate army; his object being to consult with Mr. Reed, who was a warm personal friend of his, as to the propriety of entering the Confederate service. He further stated that he was an old college friend and classmate of Charles Reed, and had spent the hunting season last fall at Mr. Reed's home. He then casually presented Mr. Reed's letter, as though it was not a special matter of importance, but contained some allusion to Mr. Reed's movements, which might assist the Governor in case he was not positive as to Mr. Reed's present whereabouts.

It is almost needless to say that Governor Letcher, like every one else, who came in contact with this most extraordinary man, was more than pleased with him, for the fascination of William Dodge was irresistible. Governor Letcher gave Mr. Dodge a passport to Manassas Junction, and told Mr. Dodge that General Reed commanded one of the Virginia brigades in General Beauregard's army, properly styled the Army of Northern Virginia; that he would have no difficulty in finding his friend, and that he, Governor Letcher, would be pleased to hear from him, and would be glad to unite his efforts with those of General Reed in any direction, that distinguished gentleman might suggest.

On the 3rd Mr. Dodge arrived at Manassas, and went at once to the headquarters of General Reed, who was more than delighted to see him, and manifested it by many a hearty handshake and expression of warm friendly greeting. General Reed, at the time Mr. Dodge came in, was busy in preparing a report of his brigade, which General Beauregard had requested should be furnished

him by noon of that day. It so happened that General Reed's clerk was sick, the general was, therefore, compelled to do his own writing, and, as Mr. Dodge was an accurate writer and rapid pensman, he volunteered to act as an amanuensis, which offer General Reed most willingly accepted. This report gave Mr. Dodge much valuable information, besides it suggested many questions about other brigades, which General Reed did not hesitate to answer.

The report was finished in due time and General Reed decided to ride over to General Beauregard's headquarters and take the report himself. He invited Mr. Dodge to join him in the ride, which invitation, kindly extended, was greedily accepted, and as they rode along Mr. Dodge gathered up much information in regard to the number of the troops and their respective positions.

That night after supper as General Reed and Mr. Dodge smoked their cigars out on the porch in the starlight, General Reed mentioned the reception of Mr. Dodge's letter, and asked pointedly, "What, Mr. Dodge, is your idea in regard to entering the service of the Confederate States?" to which Mr. Dodge replied:

"I have no very definite idea. My wish is to consult with you and ultimately to adopt your views; but I have been thinking if the Government will permit it, I will act as a volunteer on some staff until I become familiar with the service, and then I would like to go over into Maryland and solicit recruits for the Confederate States army. I think it probable I could raise a cavalry company over there—possibly a regiment—as I am well acquainted in that part of the State bordering on the Virginia line."

General Reed was well pleased with this idea, and said that the Government could not possibly object, and that he himself would be glad to have Mr. Dodge act as an *aide-de-camp* on his staff until such time as would prove



propitious for the Maryland enterprise. In due time Mr. Dodge had donned the Confederate uniform, and the heavy gold lace on the sleeves and the three shining bars on the collar entitled him to be addressed as "captain."

Mr. Dodge was particularly anxious to secure that three thousand dollars, so he lost no opportunity to secure all the information that could be had, nor any time in writing it down in cipher, the key to which was known only to Mr. Cameron.

On the 10th Mr. Dodge found an opportunity to send a letter through the lines addressed to Mr. Cameron, which, when the cipher was interpreted, gave full account of every brigade and battery in the army of Northern Virginia, together with an accurate description of all defensive works, as well as of the fords and roads. When Mr. Cameron received this information he was almost wild with delight; it was the very thing they wanted; the right man was in the right place. Now the grand army of the Potomac could advance right on to Richmond. Patterson was holding Johnston in check in the Valley; McClellan was engaging General Garnett's attention in the Northwest; Beauregard only had 20,000 men; McDowell had sixty. "On to Richmond" was the watchword; "On to Richmond" the cry; "On to Richmond they would go, or they would know the reason why." There were no reinforcements that could possibly come to Beauregard's relief after he was attacked. McDowell's big army could walk right over *Mr. Beauregard* any morning before breakfast. Richmond would be taken, the Rebel chiefs be hung, and the "boys get back home almost in time to plant corn"—"certainly in time to cut wheat."

There is no mistake in the affairs of men so likely to prove fatal as that of an over-confidence of success. Overrate your ability; underrate the strength of your adversary and a slight reverse will sweep to the destruction

of a Waterloo. Napoleon found it so, when he met Wellington; Darius found it so, when he met Alexander; McDowell found it so, when he met Beauregard.

On the 16th of July the grand army of the Potomac—the mighty hosts of McDowell—left their entrenched camp along the Potomac and marched towards Fairfax Courthouse. Never did an army move forward to battle with higher hopes, brighter anticipations, or prouder tread. Ten thousand banners fluttered in the breeze, sixty thousand muskets gleamed in the morning's sun, while every breath of air floated the inspiring strains of martial music. It was no secret move; no stealthy march; no cautious advance, but open, boastful and grandly proud. The display was imposing. The sight heart-inspiring. The spectacle grand and sublime—an army with banners, moving to martial music—all that man can represent of power and strength and grandeur was there, and a nation stood looking on with joyous pride and deep-swelling emotions.

The whole army, and all the people of the North, were inflated with positive assurances of an easy victory. The quartermaster had labelled the packages of supplies "For Richmond." The fanatics among the volunteers had supplied their pockets with ropes to hang the rebel chiefs. Congress had adjourned in order that its members might go and witness the grandeur of triumphant battle, while long lines of splendid carriages, filled with females, dressed in gorgeous apparel and brilliant flashing colors, brought up the rear of the grand invasion, with baskets of champagne, ready for the feast and the dance that was to mock the cries and the groans of the dying vanquished. Mr. Horace Greeley, in his *New York Tribune*, declared "The hanging of traitors is sure to begin by the middle of July. The nations of Europe may rest assured that Jeff. Davis & Co. will be swinging from the battlements at Washington at least by the end of the month; we spit

upon a later and longer deferred justice." The New York *Times* said, "Let us make quick work of it. The rebellion is nothing but an unborn tadpole." The Philadelphia *Press* declared that "no man of sense could doubt that this much-ado-about-nothing would end in thirty days, and that the rebel ragamuffins would fly like chaff before the wind of the advancing hosts." But let it be remembered that words and music and gay-fluttering ribbons can never frighten brave men, fighting for the sanctity of their homes and firesides, and the principles they inherited from their forefathers. On the 17th General Beauregard moved forward and assembled his whole army along the south bank of the Bull Run, extending his line from the Stone bridge to the Union mills, a distance of eight miles. On the 18th General McDowell massed his forces at Centreville; drove in the Confederate pickets, and attempted to force the stream, but deep water, blazing cannon and rattling musketry proved an obstacle, and the jovial sightseers and gay camp-followers were subjected to the inconveniences of a delay. The 19th and 20th were spent with explorations looking to a flank move and a *smoother* road. The road was found, the route was discovered. The Stone bridge was to be the *via sacra*, and Sunday, July 21st, was to be the desecrated day. General Joseph E. Johnston had been notified by telegram from the Government at Richmond of the situation of affairs at Manassas, and authorized to pursue such course as he might think best under the circumstances. The same day General Beauregard had notified him that the time had come for him to render his aid if it could be done. The little army of the Shenandoah Valley was red hot for a scratch with the Patterson party, but General Johnston thought that the best service the army of the Valley could render would be to prevent the army of Northern Virginia from being defeated. He decided to fly to Beauregard's relief; but to do this he must whip

Patterson, or elude him. To elude him, he thought the preferable plan. Late in the day on the 18th Johnston ordered his men under arms; tents were struck and the troops marched several times around in a circle to augment their numbers in the eyes of the boys in blue, and then suddenly struck off, in an opposite direction, through Winchester and on to the fords of the Shenandoah, while the cavalry was left to keep up the show. They galloped around from point to point, raising clouds of dust, well calculated to deceive, while a few dismounted horsemen mounted stove-pipes on wagon wheels to represent frowning cannon.

Patterson rushed to arms and waited in breathless silence to catch the first shouts of the Rebel yell. He waited all the afternoon, and waited until dark. He waited all night until broad daylight, when he found the bird had flown—not a “*secesh*” was in sight. Johnston marched on towards the Shenandoah river; the men murmured; they were dissatisfied; they wished to front the foe; their heels they did not wish to show. When they reached the river a halt was ordered, and a circular read to the troops explaining their destination. It said: “My soldiers, our gallant army, under General Beauregard, is now attacked by overwhelming numbers. Your commanding general hopes that these troops will step out like men and make a forced march to save the country.” At this inspiring call, every countenance brightened with joy; every face was wreathed with a smile, and the call was answered by a wild and ringing shout that seemed to rend the very air. The troops did “step out,” and they stepped like men. ’Twas sixty miles to Manassas—thirty to the nearest railroad station—that thirty the troops accomplished by the early morning, and the infantry placed on board cars, while the artillery and cavalry were left to continue their march by the country roads.

The president of the railroad company promised General Johnston that his whole army should be transported on successive trains to Manassas Junction by Saturday morning. But there was an enemy in Beauregard's army; a traitor on General Reed's staff; a spy dressed in Confederate gray. There was a collision on the Manassas Gap railroad; William Dodge could explain the reason why Johnston was delayed one day; his army did not reach Manassas until Sunday morning. It was a beautiful day. The roseate blush of the early dawn deepened along the eastern horizon with all the beauty and softness of a summer Sabbath. The birds greeted the rising sun with joyous matins of swelling songs as sweet and melodious as ever floated upward from happy hearts, while the air was soft and sweet and balmy, full of fragrance and freshness and the delightful aroma of opening flowers as ever came wafted from Ceylon's spicy isles. Nature rejoiced in her beauty, smiled in delightful realization of radiant loveliness, and basked in the sunlight of heaven's approval and the Creator's unfading glory. All was light and life and love and smiling gladness, that God had made, while man alone was vile. He alone came forth with malice and impious tread to practice his bloody orgies before the Moloch of his ambition.

The golden light of the rising sun had hardly flashed along the plains and exhaled the dews of the morning, when great clouds of dust were seen rising into the quiet air, which showed that heavy columns of the Federal army were moving along the Warrenton turnpike towards the Stone bridge, two miles to the left of Beauregard's position. Almost simultaneous with the rising of the cloud of dust, one puff of white smoke was seen to shoot upwards from the crest of a little hill near Centreville, quickly followed by the deep reverberations of a cannon shot that went rolling over the hills mingling with the scream of a flying shell that fell to the right of the Confederate line.

"A signal gun," said Beauregard, addressing General Johnston ; and instantly the whole earth seemed to tremble and the very air to vibrate from the terrible crash of fifty opening cannon. Shell and shot and grape and canister fell like hail-stones upon the heads of the gallant patriots that held the right of Beauregard's army. The battle had begun. The Confederate forces were stretched for a distance of eight miles along the banks of the Bull Run, guarding the several fords. Where would the main attack be made? where the grand battle be fought? The position of the Confederates was now critical in the extreme; sixty thousand against thirty. The Federals might mass at any one point and crush the opposing forces; possibly sever their line and shatter their columns in detail. Was the terrific cannonade on the right a feint—a ruse to draw Johnston and Beauregard there? then to rush the Federal forces across the Stone bridge, sweep to the rear of the Confederate line and crush the little army with one terrible blow. Who could tell? None could know; but the eye of genius was there to watch, and the spirit of chivalry was there to do or to die. Johnston was there, Beauregard was there, Longstreet was there, Evans and Cocke were there, Jackson was there, Bee was there, and Dabney Reed was there—immortal names that will float down through the channel of time so long as deeds of prowess shall stir the hearts of man and glory live in poetry and in song.

The heavy cannonade to the right, for a time, disconcerted the minds of the Southern leaders, and subjected them to a cruel dilemma. The firing there deepened, the rattle of musketry was now heard mingling with the roar of artillery; the battle seemed to rage there, but what means yonder cloud of dust rising to the left of the Confederate army? Three brigades were to the right, two brigades to the left, three held in reserve to await developments. The firing on the right became terrific—

deafening—the battle must be there. But no; 40,000 Federals had crossed the Stone bridge. Charles Reed sent the dispatch; the courier came like an arrow from the bow; his horse white with gathering foam. Evans and Cocke are pressed with overwhelming numbers—forty thousand to five; still they stand; the cannonade to the right is a feint; the battle is yonder on the left. Reed and Bee and Jackson are hurried there. They lead their brigades at a double quick; now the Federals have turned the left flank of Evans's line; the men can't stand; a sheet of fire surrounds them; they give way. Johnston and Beauregard gallop to the front; they ride along the line; they call upon the troops to rally; the field is swept with grape and canister; the roar of the musketry is deafening, and the air is full of death. Jackson and Bee and Reed come up; a new line is formed; the battle becomes furious: the slaughter appalling. Still out-numbered three to one, the men of the South bare their breasts to the storm. Again and again the Federals press forward, only to break and retire; again and again they bring up fresh troops in solid mass, but Southern courage meets the gathering hosts with a galling fire and defiant yell. But now Bee's line is broken; he calls upon his men to stand; he waves his sword; he points to Jackson; he shouts, "Stay, men, stay—see them yonder standing like a stone wall."

They rally to that cry; they turn; they stay; they stand; but the immortal Bee falls to the earth covered with death wounds. The enemy here massed for the last struggle on the extreme left. Dabney Reed is there. They pour down upon him in overwhelming numbers—on they come, a furious storm of gathering wrath—fire and smoke and dust roll and sway and surge and boil; and booming cannon and shrieking shell and screaming shot and roaring musketry mingle with the shouts of men and the groans of death. Up to the very muzzles

of Reed's guns they come—they penetrate his lines; they grapple in the struggle. The odds against Reed are terrible; he is furious in the excitement of raging battle; he rushes from point to point; he waves his sword; he shouts to his men, "For the honor of Old Virginia, stay—rally, men, rally; rally, for the love of God—the safety of your homes and your mothers' fame!" Charles Reed sees that struggle. He sees his father sway in the saddle; he sees him reel to one side and then up again; he sees his face red with flowing blood, but he sees no more; he calls upon his men to follow; he leads them to the charge; he sweeps like a flaming fire right upon that mass; in among them he leads his troops, his sword flashing; right and left they sabre the astonished Federals down; they recoil; they give way. Jackson charges from the right. The Federal line is broken; they fly; they are seized with a panic; they rush for the Stone bridge; their artillery is taken. Charles Reed leaps from his horse and turns the guns on the flying foe; his men man every gun and terrible slaughter is made of the fleeing mass. The victory is complete. The whole army of McDowell is routed. They rush back towards Washington: Charles Reed still leading his men in hot pursuit. He had just gathered up his reins and called upon his men to charge again when a pistol shot is heard behind him. He is seen to reel in his saddle and fall to the ground, just as an officer dressed in Confederate gray, showing the rank of captain, shot past him with a pistol in his hand and disappeared in the brush to the right. No one saw his face; no one recognized his form; none could tell who he was, or how he came there—treachery, but who was the traitor? Night closes over the battle-field and the pale moon climbs the eastern sky and looks down on a sickening sight. Five thousand dead bodies lay there cold, and still and silent, ghastly in the white light of the harvest moon; while ten thousand



wounded men mingled their groans with the sighs of the night wind.

On a pile of straw, in a rude hut close to the Stone bridge, lay a young man dressed in a captain's uniform. The yellow braid on his gray, handsome suit showed that he belonged to the Confederate cavalry. Who was he? Why should such marked attention be shown him? Why should Johnston and Beauregard and Jackson, and Evans and Cocke and Dabney Reed, wounded as the latter was, gather around that bed of straw? The reader shall know: that gallant soldier lying there had done much to contribute to the glory of that day's victory. He had struck the blow which turned the tide of battle. He had turned the Federal guns upon the flying foe and converted the defeat of the invaders into a complete rout. That young officer lying there, shot in the side, was Charles Reed.

Among the many who gathered around that bed of straw to express their sympathy for the wounded, and their great admiration of the gallantry displayed, was William Dodge. He was profuse in his words of regret, and more than profuse in his words of commendation, all of which was very unlike the William Dodge of former times, besides even Charles could not help noticing the constant change of expression. He seemed to be in mortal dread of something, and when some one speaking of the circumstances of the wounding of Captain Reed, pointed to Dodge, and said, "The officer that swept passed us was about his size, and dressed in a uniform similar to that." William Dodge turned deathly pale, complained of being very warm, and left the room and did not return.

When Captain Reed was taken from the field to the nearest house, which proved to be nothing but a laborer's hut, it was supposed that he was mortally wounded. He was bleeding very little, but the nervous shock which he had sustained was very great, and it was feared that he

was bleeding internally. The ball had entered his back near the spinal column, and came out to the left of the front centre. Apparently the ball had passed entirely through his abdomen, and if this were so, there was but little hope, if any, of his recovery. Charles was told the worst fears of his friends. Dr. Hall, who had enlisted as a surgeon in the army and was serving under General Reed, bent over the young hero, and taking Charles by the hand, said, in answer to the earnest gaze of the sufferer, "Charles, my friend, my dear gallant boy, I fear"—he could not go on, tears of deep grief filled his eyes, his words were cut short with choking emotions, down over his cheeks the warm stream of affection's prompting was fast flowing. The good old doctor could say no more, his heart was too full for words, but he bent low on one knee and raised the hand of his wounded friend and pressed it to his lips. The scene was deeply affecting. Those brave men who stood there, Johnston and Beauregard, and Jackson and Evans and Cocke—men, who but an hour ago stood amid the storm of battle, and, with a courage that the world will love to honor to the end of time, led heroes on to do heroic deeds, now bent their heads and wept like little children. Charles saw it all, he understood it; those sad faces, those heaving chests, those deep sobs, those flowing tears, told him they thought he must die. He looked around at his friends with an expression of sadness, mingled with gratification; for who, even in the hour of death, can help feeling that it is sweet to be loved. Charles Reed was brave—naturally brave; he had gone into that grand charge with his heart burning with enthusiastic valor, and led his gallant squadron right up to the very cannon's mouth, without one thought of fear. His spirit glowed with heroic fire, and the kindling light showed him the path of duty and the knowledge of certain death could not have checked him in that splendid onset; and now that he was wounded nigh unto

death, the same brave heart and the same spirit of heroic Christian fortitude sustained and comforted him. His was the most cheerful face there—his the only smile of all those gathered around. He called his father to him, and as he came, bent with sorrow, almost broken-hearted with grief, and knelt beside the bed, Charles took his hand, and said, "Father, do not be cast down; if I die, you will have the comforting assurance that I died fighting for the land we love, and that I will carry with me to my grave that sweet invocation, 'Be not afraid, it is I.' But, father, let me say, our good old friend the doctor here may know best, yet I do not feel that I am going to die; I do not believe that I am to die at the hand of a traitor. In my heart there is something that tells me that God will spare me for a nobler death."

This cheerfulness on the part of the brave young officer gave his friends some hope of his recovery. Dr. Hall then gave Charles a potion to quiet his nerves and produce sleep, thinking it would be best not to probe the wound, as the probe could do no good and might do very great harm.

That night General Reed telegraphed Colonel Moore: "A great battle has been fought—our armies are victorious—Charles is seriously, we fear, mortally wounded." This sad news fell upon Helen's heart like a mill-stone, crushing the very life out of her, yet she did not weep. She only clasped her hands and pressed them against her heart with all her might, as she said to her father: "My place is at his side; tell Ben to order the carriage at once and that he get ready to accompany me. By a forced drive I can reach Charlottesville in time to catch the morning train; by noon I can be at Manassas."

Colonel Moore said not a word in reply; he kissed his daughter, turned, and went at once to do her bidding. When Helen reached Charlottesville the next morning, she telegraphed General Reed: "Will be on the noon train. Meet me at Manassas Junction."

If there is one thing above all others that should render the civil war between the States memorable, and make the struggle in behalf of the Confederate cause glorious the world over in the hearts of home-loving, patriotic people, that one thing is the heroic conduct of the Southern women. All that love could do; all that devotion could suggest; all that affection could prompt was done; all that self-sacrifice could bear; all that self-abnegation could endure; all that self-denial could stand was borne, and that with a cheerfulness and Christian fortitude that made their bearing grand and glorious in the sight of the world and heavenly exalted in the sight of the Southern soldier. Reared in the lap of luxury; nurtured in the arms of tender care; guarded and protected from the rude winds of heaven and the coarse, rough manners of men, modesty and bashfulness and maiden timidity, joined to a high and exalted appreciation of honor and manly courage, were the most striking characteristics of the Southern woman. She had never jostled with the crowd; she had never elbowed for place at the public gathering; she had never pushed for room amid the struggling stream of busy life, but when occasion called her; when her country needed her; when pain required her, and suffering and sickness and wounds and bleeding limbs and broken bones and mangled bodies and dying groans invoked her, she came forth from her home into the gloom of sorrow and suffering, like the stars amid the shades of night, to dispel the darkness gathering around the bed of anguish and to shed abroad the light of hope. I have seen her when the battle raged around her unprotected home; when the sky was darkened with the smoke of furious conflict; when blazing cannon and bursting shell and flashing fire filled the air with the terrible missiles of death, stand with her loose hair floating, as it were, on the tempestuous tide of surging contest and wave her white arms to cheer on

the charging squadrons, and when the battle was won her arm was the pillow of support for the head of the dying boy, whose home was far, far away in the land of the sunny South. She wiped the flowing blood from his ghastly wounds, the clammy sweat of death from his pale brow, and when the heroic spirit of the child-soldier had taken its flight from the battle-field of fame upward to the land of peace and rest, she pressed her trembling lips to those made still in death and said: "Let me kiss him for his mother!"\* God bless the noble women of our Southern land! May peace be their portion on high, and joy their reward forever and forever!

As the train went rushing along through the beautiful country which lay between Charlottesville and Manassas Junction, Helen sat at the window of the car looking out at the long range of the Blue Ridge mountains which stretched along the western horizon, but her thoughts were not fixed on those far off hills, she was thinking of the words of that distressing telegram, "Seriously, we fear, mortally wounded," but strange as it may seem though these words were well calculated to produce the greatest alarm, for it was natural that General Reed would send the most hopeful message possible, yet Helen did not believe the wound would prove mortal. There seemed to be a strong presentiment in her mind that Charles would not die and this mysterious assurance, come from whatever source it might, made her almost cheerful; but as the cars rattled on, her thoughts would dwell on those strange dreams which she had experienced of him months before, and now, how near they seemed to have been fulfilled. She could imagine to herself how it all must have happened; the smoke and dust and cannon and musketry and shouts and sighs and groans, and the gathering of friends around, all now seemed real, only that strange life with the double face, the one face which so resembled the face of William

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\* Incident at the battle of Stevensburg, October 11, 1863.

Dodge. And then she wondered where he was, and what he could be doing; no one had spoken of him in any of their letters home, so she thought he must be still in the North. Then her thoughts came back to Charles, and she became impatient to be with him. Uncle Ben sat quietly behind her on the next seat and shaded his eyes with his hand, pretending to be deeply absorbed in thought, but in reality watching every motion which Helen made and every expression of her face. He was her sole companion. Colonel Moore had continued to grow more nervous and feeble since the war began, and was now too unwell to leave home.

"Here we are, Miss Helen," said Uncle Ben, as the train stopped and the brakeman called out "Manassas Junction," "and yonder is Mars Dabney wid a carriage."

General Reed came forward to meet Helen as she stepped from the car and hurried her on to the carriage. Uncle Ben closed the door and climbed on to the box with the driver, who drove off without delay. But little was said until after the carriage started, then Helen turned her eyes and looked at General Reed. He understood the look of silent inquiry, and, as he noted the earnest expression of Helen's face, smiled and said, "Charles is better. We think there is no danger now. At first we thought he would certainly die, but this morning we find that the ball, instead of going straight through his body, struck the lowest rib on the left side and passed around and came out in front. We have moved him up to my headquarters at the Lewis House."

The wound which General Reed had received in the battle, though painful at the time, was by no means serious. The ball had struck just above the right temple, split the scalp but had not broken the skull, and while at the moment he was struck he was considerably stunned, he was now able to attend to his command. When the carriage reached the headquarters of General Reed, Helen

alighted and the general led her at once to the sick-room. Charles was delighted to see her, and she was so overjoyed to find him out of danger they both forgot all the terrors of the past and gave way to present happiness. The proudest moment of a soldier's life, when it falls to his lot to enjoy it, is when his friends tell him that he has distinguished himself for gallantry—when his commanding general makes honorable mention of his name in his official report; when he has been wounded and made much of by his brother officers; when the good old doctor has pronounced his hurt not serious, and when his sweetheart comes to nurse him and take care of him, and get him well again. Ah! reader, if you have ever been a soldier; been wounded; been praised for gallant conduct, and then *fallen* into the hands of the woman you love, to be nursed back to health again, you at least of mortals here below have known what it is to be perfectly happy. Charles was happy; Helen was happy; they both were perfectly happy. The sunlight of love was shining there. The peace and contentment of mutual trust and faith filled their hearts, and heaven's blessing seemed to rest upon every pleasing prospect. Words can never tell all that the heart can feel; language cannot paint the matchless beauty of heaven-born love, no more than the pencil portray the lovely tints of heaven-made flowers. Helen knelt at the bedside of her wounded hero and sweetly chided him with a voice of affection and tender scolding. She stroked his brow with her hand and smiling, said, "My bad, bad boy; my bad little soldier boy. What made you go and get wounded when you knew the wound would hurt me the most?" "No, no; not one; you shan't have a single one," and she bent her head until her lips almost touched his, while her hair caressed his cheek, while she half pouting to make temptation more terrible, shook her head and said again, "No, no; no, no; you shan't have a single one; not a single

one; you won't obey me; you will go where the naughty boys play ball and get yourself hurt; you shan't have a single one; not a single *whole one*; only this little *wee-wee* one on the brow to show you how nice I could be if you would only be a good boy—a real, real good boy." Let the curtain fall, kind reader; no use to try to tell the joy of these two hearts. Love like that is "a part of Him who made the whole—a glory centering in the soul." If you have never felt it, you have never known how sweet it is. •

Late that night Helen was sitting quietly with General Reed in the library at the Lewis House, the room which the family had given up to be used as the headquarters of General Reed. Charles had dropped to sleep something more than an hour previous, and Uncle Ben was keeping watch in the sick chamber, with a vigilance which showed the devotion of that noble old black slave.

General Reed had related to Helen the full particulars of the battle, but more especially such parts of it as Charles and himself had been engaged in. He told of the terrible onslaught made on his brigade; of the crushing masses thrown against him; of the determined and brave advance of the enemy under a sweeping fire; the final piercing of his lines; his desperate efforts to hold his ground, and then of the splendid charge of the cavalry from the left, led by Charles, and the infantry from the right, led by Jackson; the breaking of the enemy's lines; the capture of their guns; the panic among their soldiers; the rout; the stampede; the pursuit; the pistol shot; the wounding and fall of Charles, and last of the mysterious captain dressed in Confederate gray. Helen heard the whole story through to the end without a comment, and then as the general ceased speaking, sighed and said, "How strange; how very, very strange."

"What is strange?" asked General Reed, looking at Helen attentively.



"The coincidence between the circumstances which you have just related and a dream I once had."

"In what particular circumstance is the coincidence?"

"In the whole battle, but especially in the wounding of Charles."

"Tell me about it, Helen; you have excited my curiosity."

"You will laugh at me, General, and think me weak and superstitious, for it must have been very childish in me to think of it again, yet struggle as I may that horrid dream will come into my mind and make me nervous; but I will tell it all to you, and trust that you will find some excuse for my folly. I never told Charles simply because I felt ashamed to tell him that I could be so weak. It is the only secret I ever kept from him; but now that the dream has been so nearly verified, I think I will be justified in repeating it, but still you must not think me superstitious, for indeed I am not."

"That is all right, you can trust to me and need not fear that you will ever fall in my good opinion."

"Well, to begin. You remember last fall when Charles was thrown from his horse, and so badly hurt? You remember he was brought to the Grove in a state of unconsciousness and laid on the porch?"

The general bowed his head.

"Well, I will not try to tell you the pain and anguish I felt when I saw him lying there pale and helpless. I thought he was dead, and I felt my own life crushed out of me. The nervous shock was terrible, and it was some weeks before I fully recovered. During that time I often dreamed, and some how there was a sameness about all of those dreams. I could see him stretched upon the ground bleeding, lifeless, pale. He seemed to be surrounded by friends, many of them deeply distressed and greatly agitated. Only one of these friends seemed to have two faces, two voices and two hearts, and the strange

being with the double life seem to be in part super-human. He possessed the power to heal and the power to wound; the power to attract and the power to repel. One of these faces was beautiful, the other hideous; one full of noble candor, the other rigid with enmity, selfishness, and fiendish hate. And likewise the two voices of the mysterious stranger differed the same as the two faces. One was soft, sweet and full of melody, the other harsh and painfully discordant; and his two hearts were more unlike than his two faces. One was full of love, tenderness and sympathy; the other the very incarnation of vile corruption. The embodiment of deceit and base depravity, a perfect cesspool of filthy falsehood; and some one standing near whispered and said, 'the one is as he seems, the other is as he is.'

"Then, too, the place in which he seemed to be was all strange to me. It was far, far away, some distance from home, in a miserable hut he was lying; and just before he was wounded—for it seemed that he was shot and the blood had stained his clothes—there seemed to have been great excitement; men rushing here and there, horses without riders speeding over the plain, while men mounted seemed to be charging at each other and cutting their opponents down. And then, too, there was a terrible smoke and clouds of dust, and lightnings flashed and blazed, and deep thunders rolled and burst and echoed along the sky and shook the hills with its dreadful power, only the thunder and lightning seemed to have been the work of men, and not the natural storm. And mingling with the deep roll of the thunders came the wild shouts of angry men and the sharp cries of pain and groans of despair, and, as I said, some of those who stood gathering around Charles, after he was carried to that miserable hut and placed upon that bed of straw, had their faces bathed in tears, while those who were outside were all excitement and joyfully exultant, while others were still rushing to

and fro with shining guns or flashing sabres in their hands. And among those who stood at the bedside of Charles I seemed to recognize you and Dr. Hall, and the good old doctor tried to tell Charles that his wound was mortal and that he must die, but the words seemed to choke him and he could not speak; but Charles understood him, and turning his face to you, smiled, and said, 'Not so, father—not by a traitor's hand.'"

When Helen said this, General Reed became deeply agitated, he arose from his chair and walked back and forth across the room, his face expressive of profound astonishment, while the muscles working on his forehead showed the terrible excitement of his mind. Back and forth across the room several times he passed, Helen almost frightened by the excited expression of his face, she sitting still watching him the while, until he stopped short in front of her and asked:

"The man with the double life—did you recognize him; would you know the face should you see it again?"

Helen's countenance changed; she looked steadily at General Reed a moment, then let her eyes fall to the floor in evident embarrassment, she pulled at her handkerchief and hesitated in her reply. General Reed saw her embarrassment and understood her hesitation, and said:

"Speak, Helen, speak plain; did you recognize the strange man—would you know him if you should see him again?"

"Yes," she said; "I did seem to recognize the face of the man with the double life, and that was one of the strangest and most disagreeable parts of my dream, for I know he is a very dear friend to Charles, and, besides, he is not here, but way up in New York—at least the last time any of you mentioned him, he was there."

"Who do you mean, Helen?" asked General Reed, almost sternly.

Again Helen hesitated for a moment, and then looking up said, with a subdued tone:

"You will not tell Charles? I mean Mr. Dodge."

General Reed looked at Helen as though he would read her very soul; his face rigid with its expression of astonishment. She looked down a moment and then looked up again. Her lips parted as though to speak some words in behalf of the defence of her lover's friend, but General Reed stopped her with a gesture, and said:

"Not another word more to-night, Helen; I must consider this strange story. You go to bed now; as you pass tell Ben to come to me."

Helen arose without saying another word, picked up her handkerchief which had fallen to the floor, walked up to General Reed, kissed him good night, then turned and left the room. She felt sad and depressed, but still there was something in her heart which gave her comfort; she felt that she had done right; she had relieved herself of a burden; she had told the one secret of her life to General Reed, the father of him whom she loved and cherished with all the tenderness of woman's devotion; she had not hid her thoughts from Charles from any want of confidence, but simply because she felt the deepest and most earnest desire to be in his eyes all that a brave and loving woman should be. She had not told her father, because she had noted his nervousness of late and the manifest excitement that the slightest allusion to spiritualism in any of its forms would produce. She had thought of speaking to General Reed before, but no opportunity had presented itself as he was away. Besides, though she was worried and distressed by these dreams, she did not believe that they were real presentiments. But when things had come to pass so near in accord as she had seen them in her sleep, she was startled and frightened and felt that she must speak, and so she did speak to that one she knew to be her friend, capable and willing to advise her in all that it was her duty to do.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEN Helen left the room she left General Reed much more excited than he would have been pleased to admit. The strange story to which he had just listened struck home to the heart and started a train of thought that was in direct conflict with his previous contempt for so-called spiritualism. No sooner had the door closed behind Helen, than he arose from his chair, and, as was his habit when disturbed by perplexing thoughts, walked back and forth across the room murmuring to himself in half articulate words. After a moment he came and took his seat again nearer the table and mechanically, the rather to give his hands something to do, picked up a book that had been left there by the Lewis family. The book proved to be a copy of Shakespeare, and as General Reed carelessly opened it, his eyes fell upon the following passage from Richard III: "Give me another horse; bind up my wounds; have mercy—Jesu. Soft, I did but dream. Oh! coward conscience, how dost thou affect me? The light burns blue. It is now dead midnight. Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, and every tongue brings a several tale. Methought the souls of all that I had murdered came to my tent, and every one did threat to-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

"Sounds! who is there?

"Ratcliffe, my Lord; tis I.

"Oh! Ratcliffe, I have dreamed a fearful dream, and by the Apostle Paul, shadows to-night have struck more fear to the soul of Richard than can the substance of ten

thousand soldiers armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond."

General Reed started from his chair more excited than ever. "The prophetic dream of Richard," he exclaimed, "foretelling his defeat and death. Why did I fall upon that passage just now? Was it a coincidence? Why just now when my brain is racked by Helen's most strange, most remarkable dream." He dropped the book upon the table; it struck another book which fell to the floor, opening as it fell. He stooped to pick it up; a leaf fluttered out; he gathered up the leaf—a page from Haven's *Mental Philosophy*; his eye caught the words, and he read aloud: "May there not be an inner consciousness: a hidden soul-life not dependent on the body organization, which at times comes forth into development and manifests itself when the usual relations of body and soul are disturbed or suspended? For we must admit that in certain disordered states of the nervous system, the soul can and does sometimes perceive what, under ordinary circumstances, is not perceptible to the eye or to the ear. Nay, even dispenses with the uses of the so-called senses altogether, and thus by some law of our being, not fully understood by us, the mind becomes susceptible of impressions not ordinarily received, and is so put in communication in some way to us mysterious with scenes and events far distant, so as to make us strangely cognizant of the future."

"What does this mean?" again General Reed cried; his excitement increasing beyond his control. "This from the ablest living metaphysician of the day; this from Bishop Haven, of the Chicago Theological Seminary, and to be presented in this most remarkable way at the very moment when my whole soul is absorbed in the subject. Is this, too, a simple coincidence, or is there some supernatural agency shaping my thoughts?" Great beads of perspiration stood upon the general's face.

He clinched his hands and gesticulated wildly as he passed to and fro across the room, speaking in half-suppressed tones to himself. "Can it be that there is some law of our being by which the mind dispenses with the senses and becomes susceptible to impressions, so as to put us in communication with scenes and events far distant, so as to make us strangely cognizant of the future? If so, can it be possible that Helen's dream was really prophetic, and that William Dodge was the would-be assassin? I remember his strange conduct; I recall his embarrassment; I noted his pale face and abrupt departure when Sergeant Lee pointed to him and said: 'The officer that swept passed us was about his size and dressed in a uniform similar to that.'"

"Then, why, too, was he in such hot haste to get away this morning and go beyond the Potomac upon his recruiting scheme? 'Tis strange, 'tis strange, indeed; it is passing strange."

Just at this moment the door was opened and Uncle Ben walked in. He noted the flushed face of General Reed, and understood that there was some great excitement which held possession of his mind. So the old man quietly closed the door behind him and stood silent, hat in hand, waiting for the general to speak.

"Ben, I can trust you?"

"You can, Mars Dabney."

"Your discretion, Ben, as well as your fidelity?"

"I will not tell what you tell me not to tell, and I'll try to do what you want me to do. You can well bleive dat, Mars Dabney."

"Well, then, Ben, now right to the point: What do you know of William Dodge? You must have seen a good deal of him last fall at the Grove?"

"Nothing, I might say, Mars Dabney, do I know; but I thinks a great deal."

"What do you think, Ben?"

"I thinks that he is not what he makes believe. I don't believe he is any friend to any of you."

"Why do you think that, Ben?"

"Now, Mars Dabney, you ask me a hard question. I can't give no special reason; I only know that somethin' tells me so, and my heart feels dat it is so. He knows dat I 'spicion dat he is up to some devilment, Mars Dabney, and he can't look at me straight no more den a sheep-killin' dog can look at you. He is got a bad eye, Mars Dabney, and de man what is got a bad eye is sure to have a bad heart."

"Did you ever speak of this to any one, Ben?"

"Yes, sar. I told dat 'tective what you sent for from Richmond last fall when somebody tried to kill Mars Charles. I thought then, and I think now, dat disguised man was Mr. Dodge."

"What did the detective say to your suspicion, Ben?"

"He said very little; told me not to make mention of my 'spicion; that he would follow on de trail. I heerd he went to Washington to see 'bout it, and dat de war come on and he had to give it up."

"Yes, I remember telling you that myself; but I did not think of Mr. Dodge as in any way connected with the assault."

"I did do, Mars Dabney, and I thought it mighty strange that nobody could tell whar Mr. Dodge was for some time arter de tempt to kill Mars Charles."

"Do you think that the dog could have hurt the man that night, Ben?"

"I knows he did—Ruler was a powerful dog—and he had de man down shakin' him when de man cut him wid de knife. Ruler must have bit him 'bout de face, for dat is de way Ruler fights. I is been see him try it."

General Reed stopped to think. Mr. Dodge's face was badly scarred; Mr. Dodge had decided to leave the moment he heard that old Ben was coming; Mr. Dodge had



actually gone; Mr. Dodge had never given any account of himself during the battle; he was not with the brigade, where he should have been. General Johnston and General Beauregard were both confident that there was a spy with the army somewhere. Papers found in the possession of one of the captured Federals showed this conclusively. The delay of the troops on the Manassas Gap railroad indicated the same. Could it be possible that William Dodge was the man?

"Ben, what motive do you think Dodge could have in trying to kill Charles?"

"Plunder, Mars Dabney; 'tis whispered about dat Mr. Dodge done hoodwinked Mars Beverly and 'duced him to put Mr. Dodge's name in his will, and if dis be true I 'spose Mr. Dodge calculated if Mars Charles was out de way, he could have de management of de property all to heself."

Again General Reed stopped to think. He knew that Colonel Moore had made some changes in his will. He knew that Mr. Dodge was in some way named in the instrument; he knew that Colonel Moore had not consulted him in the matter; he knew that he had thought strangely of this, because he himself had written the will, and was Colonel Moore's legal adviser.

General Reed sat for some time in deep thought, pulling at his moustache, as was his habit when greatly perplexed. At length he looked up and said, "Ben, I am going to telegraph Mr. Prosser and have him come up here at once and ascertain what information, if any, he succeeded in gathering up during his visit to Washington. I cannot say that I see anything connected with this matter that actually criminales Mr. Dodge, but his guilt has been suggested, and we owe it to him, if he is innocent, to relieve his name of every shadow of suspicion. On the other hand, it is our duty to follow every thought that may arise which can possibly lead to a cor-

rect solution of this perplexing matter. But you must understand that whether Mr. Dodge is guilty or innocent it is best that not one word escape you that can possibly put Charles to thinking, for if Dodge is guilty he will keep up the deception if he can, and he will more easily fall into our hands if Charles continues to treat him in the future as in the past. Charles will have no part to act then, and Dodge will be all the bolder when he is certain that he is not suspected."

"I understand, Mars Dabney; you can trust me to keep the sécret; I is been keeping my thoughts to myself all dis time for de same reason."

"Now, Ben, I want you to follow Mr. Dodge up North and see what he is doing. As you are a colored man no one will be likely to suspect your mission. I will have Mr. Prosser go with you, and you two can work together. Prosser is a skillful detective, and he will show you how to work and what to do."

"All right, Mars Dabney; I is just as sure dat Mr. Dodge is a bold, bad man, as I am dat Mars Charles is a good, true one; and it will be de joy of my life to catch Mr. Dodge in his tricks. Mars Dabney, I is been seen Mr. Dodge, when he was mad, and sure as my name is Ben, de debil is done put his mark on dat man; and what is more, Mars Dabney, I is always believed dat same debil had some hand in dat hurt what Mars Beverly got last fall. You recollect dat it was me dat come for you and Mars Charles dat night?"

"Yes, I remember that, Ben; but what of that?"

"Well, when you and Mars Charles run to get your clothes to go, Mr. Dodge he come to de door. I looked at him and he looked at me. He seed what was in my mind. He never axed one single question. I believed dat he knowed what was de matter. He showed it in his face. Mars Dabney, did you eber catch a dog killin' a sheep? Well, if you is you knows de look of a sheep-

killin' dog. I don't know just how to tell it, but Mr. Dodge had de look of a sheep-killin' dog dat night."

"It may all be just as you say, Ben; still we have all thought so much of Mr. Dodge I can't help hoping that your suspicions are ill-founded; still, I must confess that there now appear to my mind some circumstances that I do not understand, and which place Mr. Dodge in rather an unfavorable light. But, to change the subject a little, do you think you could disguise yourself so that Mr. Dodge would not be likely to know you? If you are to track his movements it would be best that he should not recognize you, if, by any chance, you and he should meet."

"I aint so certain 'bout dat, Mars Dabney; I nebber tried dat sort of thing, but I will think about it to-night and let you know in the mornin'."

"All right, Ben; I reckon Mr. Prosser will be here by the noon train, and you must be ready to pass our lines during the night."

"Den I is certain for to go, I spose, Mars Dabney?"

"Yes; I want you to go and keep track of Mr. Dodge, whether Mr. Prosser comes to-morrow or not."

"I'll be ready; you can count on my bein' ready, Mars Dabney, and I'll cotch dat debil ef he can be cotched."

"I hopeso, Ben; indeed, I hopeso. But you may go now, it is getting late. Call me if Charles needs me during the night."

"Well, good night, Mars Dabney."

'Good night, Ben.'

General Reed sat for some time when the old negro was gone, in deep and profound meditation. His head was resting on his left hand, while, with his right, he handled a paper-knife which he had picked up from the table. Just what his thoughts were would be hard to tell, but the troubled expression of his face showed that his mind was deeply perplexed. He had never entertained the

slightest faith in prophetic dreams, and yet he now found that this dream of Helen's had suggested thoughts that never would have come to his mind through any other channel, and had pointed his attention to circumstances and facts that in all probability would have passed unnoticed.

"It is a mystery—it is a deep mystery," he said; "I do not understand it; indeed I do not understand it, but I will send a fathoming bar to the bottom if it can be done." Thus saying, he took up a pen and hastily wrote a dispatch to the chief of the Richmond police requesting him to send Detective Prosser to Manassas as quickly as possible. He then walked to the door, called a courier, and sent the message to the telegraph station.

About noon the next day Detective Prosser reached Manassas. He went at once to General Reed, whom he found at headquarters patiently awaiting his coming. The general received him kindly and courteously; thanked him for his promptness in responding to the message of summons, and then proceeded without circumlocution to explain the matter under consideration. He related every circumstance concisely and presented every incident with full particulars and detailed minutæ, not omitting the strange and most remarkable dream which Helen had related and the fact that this dream was the starting point of the enquiry. He told the detective plainly that he was no proselyte to the dogmas of spiritualism, mesmerism, or to any other "ism" that taught mediumistic agency or yielded up either positive or negative faith in the so-called prophetic dreams; that such jargon to him, for the most part, was the very abomination of ignorant superstition and in direct conflict with every principle and attribute of intellectual philosophy: but that dreams, like wakeful thoughts, are subject to the rules of suggestion and that it might be possible that in dreams when some of the senses and faculties are dormant, others may be

susceptible of more accurate or more perfect exercise, and that the imagination is then, as we all know, capable of a wider sweep and a bolder flight, for, said the general, "to claim for any dream that it is prophetic is to claim that which the very dream itself contradicts, for to say that a dream is prophetic is to say that it unfolds or foretells future events; if this be true and is to be considered reliable, then it must be subject to some law either human or divine. It cannot be human law, for the prophetic nature claimed for the dream pre-supposes some supernatural power. It cannot be divine law, for that would debase divinity below the level of imperfection, when the very essence of divinity is perfection itself. Therefore, if the so-called prophetic nature of the dream is subject to no law, it follows logically that it is but a thing of change—a mere incident, and if a mere incident, the most that can be said of it as relating to something else which it may seem to resemble, is that it is a coincident. Nevertheless, this strange dream of Helen's has started a train of thought which has served to fix my attention upon circumstances and facts which do seem to reflect upon William Dodge and subject him to suspicion, and as I have said before, I will say again to you, that it is a duty incumbent upon us to follow up the trail and to acquit Mr. Dodge if he be innocent, or to convict him if he be guilty. Therefore, it is my wish that you go North, accompanied by Uncle Ben, whom you may remember; that you will shadow Mr. Dodge in all of his movements and learn all that you can touching his real character."

Mr. Prosser bowed his assent and expressed himself both ready and willing to undertake the service, and pledged himself to do all that could be done to sound the mystery to the bottom and place the whole truth in its proper light. He also expressed himself as very much pleased at the idea of having Uncle Ben to assist him in his efforts. He said he remembered Ben quite

well. He was shrewd and intelligent, and his heart was in the effort to fix the guilt where it belonged. His only fear was that Ben would not be able to get up much of a disguise. He was a large fine looking, rather venerable old negro, with a full head of bushy gray hair, and heavy gray moustache.

Just at this moment a knock was sounded on the door, and General Reed said, "Come in." The door was thrown open and a big buck negro walked into the room, hat in hand.

"Sarvent, Boss," said the negro, bowing low and looking first at one and then at the other of the gentlemen, as though he was uncertain which one to address.

"Well, my man," said General Reed, "what is it you would have?"

"I is lookin' for a situation, boss. I heard last night dat you was gwine to send your man Ben up North, on business, and I thought you might want for to hire some one to nurse your son."

"Who told you that I was going to send Ben up North?" asked General Reed, evidently displeased at the idea that the matter had been mentioned. "Did Ben tell you?"

"No, Boss, Ben he never told me nothin'; 'twouldn't be like Ben to tell a thing what he was told not for to tell."

"Then who did tell you? Come, I want to know." The general was nettled and showed it in his voice and manner. "Come, I say; I wish to know."

"Well, now really, Boss, I would not like to say gis now, as it seems to displease you."

"But I must know, and will know; who was it?"

A mischievous smile played around the corners of the mouth of the negro, who seemed to be more amused than discomfited by the manifest displeasure of the general. He looked down at the floor for one moment, twirled his hat around on his hands, then looked up and said, "I hates to tell on a friend and give him away, but as you make me do it I am not to fault."

"Then, who was it?"

"Why, Boss, 'twas General Reed, heself, what told me."

"I did nothing of the kind, sir; I am General Reed. I told you nothing of the kind."

"Yes you did, Mars Dabney," and the buck negro burst into a good merry laugh, in which General Reed joined him most heartily, in the midst of which he cried out, "Bravo, Ben, that disguise will do; I would never have known you in the world."

Ben had shaved his head and his moustache clean, had twisted his mouth as he talked to change his voice, put on some tight-fitting clothes, and looked as little like the venerable Uncle Ben of the night before as the day did the darkness.

That night Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben were passed through the Confederate lines and started on their secret mission, with instructions to spare no cost, nor to remit any labor that could possibly aid in revealing the true status of the matter in hand.



## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SOME three months or more have passed away since the occurrence of the events related in the preceding chapter. The South was greatly elated over the brilliant victory gained at Manassas, and the valor of the Southern troops was lauded to the skies. In the glory of that battle; in the splendid achievement of that trial of strength, and the heroic courage of the citizen-soldiers of the land of sunshine, the people of the South thought they saw the certain and speedy triumph of the cause of the Confederacy. The slain were martyrs to live in song, and to be commemorated in glowing marble, while the complete rout of the Federals, and their inglorious flight from the field, only served to make them insignificant enemies in the eyes of the elated victors. Success sometimes has its disadvantages as well as its rewards, and so the South, when it was too late, found it. Over confidence is a sad mistake; it is a bitter enemy to energy and to activity. When the battle of Manassas had been fought and fairly won; when the twenty thousand under Beauregard and Johnston had met, repulsed, defeated and put to complete rout the sixty thousand soldiers marshaled under McDowell, war in the South became a romance, and valuable time, that should have been spent in energy and activity, making ready to strike a second and a harder blow, was wasted in sounding jubilees and boastful rejoicings. Just the converse of this was the effect beyond the Potomac. Up there the people were goaded to desperation; their pride was stung to the quick and their energy aroused to the last heat of a manly pulsation. General McClellan defeated General Garnett in the



northwest, and as a just reward and befitting tribute to his skill and valor, he was called to the command of that mighty host that was organized by General Scott, and now again stood facing General Johnston on the plains around Centreville and at Manassas.

General Jackson, the "stone wall" against which the rushing tide of Federal infantry had dashed and broken on the bloody field of Manassas, had been promoted to the rank of major-general, and sent back to Winchester to assume command of all the forces operating in Western Virginia, and very soon at his special request the old Stonewall brigade, and the troops under General Reed, were added to his command.

It is no part of the purpose of this narrator to write a history of the war, but in passing I pause and invite the world to stay a moment and pay its tribute to the genius of Jackson. To the matchless splendors of his Valley campaign. For boldness of conception; daring in execution; rapidity of movement, and contempt of obstacles and opposition, Jackson's Valley campaign has never been surpassed. His blazing genius dazzled the eyes of his enemies, while his flashing sword struck terror to their hearts. His plans were formed and his purposes executed with a rapidity that borrowed the strength of the whirlwind. He swept like a falcon from the sky, and crushed his foes while they cowered in fright. He blazed like a meteor before their bewildered gaze, and broke their power before their purpose was formed. He defeated Shields at Kernstown; Milroy at McDowell: routed Banks at Winchester; thrashed Fremont at Cross Keys, and again punished Shields at Port Republic. With his little army of less than 15,000 men, in forty days' time he marched 400 miles, defeated four armies, aggregating at least 50,000 soldiers, captured 4,000 prisoners, and killed and disabled twice as many more of the enemy; and then at the very moment, when the Federal

Government was hurrying troops forward to reinforce its defeated generals, and protect its capital city, swept down from the heights of the Blue Ridge to the swamps of the Chickahominy, to the right flank of McClellan's grand army of the Potomac, and struck the first blow in that series of brilliant Confederate victories, known as the Seven Days' Battle around Richmond. Well might the world stand aghast and gaze with wonder and astonishment.

But, stay, I must not anticipate. 'Tis meet now that we return and trace the circumstances and surroundings of Charles and Helen. The summer had passed away and autumn had come again; the beautiful flowers had dropped their leaves and faded; they had been wooed by the north winds, and the west wind had kissed their blushing beauty and left the chill of its breath to wither the tender life of the emblems of modesty. The birds, too, had ceased their songs of glad rejoicing, and only chirped some melancholy note in sad refrain over the graves of departing loneliness, while the gay-winged butterfly that loves to flit from bud to flower in the bright sunlight of congenial warmth now drooped on tired wing or clung to some falling leaf, and settled itself down to die. There is something mournfully melancholy in the falling of the leaves, the withering of the flowers, the fading of the sunlight and the turning to sombre gray the bright green of the waving grass. These things suggest to the mind change—decay—death; and death suggests the vanities of life, the frailties of man and the immortality of the soul, while the immortality of the soul suggests the accountability of the spirit and the judgment bar of justice.

Charles had passed through trying ordeals during this last year of his life. Four times within that brief space he had traveled close up to the brink of the grave. He had felt the shock of battle; the stinging wound of the

murderous bullet ; the sharp edge of the assassin's blade ; the convulsive suffocation of drowning agony and the paralytic torpor of brain concussion, and he would have been more than human had these severe experiences not left some impressions upon his mind. Naturally he was of a pious turn of thought. From his very childhood he had been taught to reverence the Deity and love religion ; and as his intellectual faculties were educated and developed, he experienced that firm and abiding faith in the gospel of Christ which gives comfort to the heart and brings light to the soul. As soon as his wounds would admit his removal after the battle of Manassas, his father obtained for him an unlimited leave of absence, and he was taken home to recruit his health. Here for sometime he was confined to his bed. The wound which at first was considered mortal, was a few days later considered but a trivial affair ; but still a few days more some unfavorable symptoms were developed and now blood poisoning was greatly feared. The wound at first seemed to heal very quickly, in fact almost too quickly, but after a short time it became manifest that the healing was confined to the points where the ball had entered and came out and the passage along which it had passed was still inflamed and suppurating freely. Charles bore the long confinement with great patience.

There was a lull in military matters. No stirring events were being enacted during the remainder of the summer and the early fall. No special glory was being won by his comrades in the field, so it was easy for him to be reconciled in the matter of his absence from the army. Then, besides, he had Helen for a nurse. She was ever near to beguile the tedium of the sick bed, and to soothe with her tender touch and loving care the pain of throbbing wounds.

Sometimes she would read to him for hours, and the books which she selected were those well calculated to

interest, amuse and entertain. And with that quick perception peculiar to woman, she noted each passing humor and varied the reading to suit each present fancy, and to make these hours all the more pleasing she would often stop and indulge in agreeable comments upon the various passages of the author, pointing out some beautiful sentence, which claimed especial admiration, or remarking the grace, rhythm or faultless style of some happy expression. Helen was a good reader. She possessed that rare gift and most desirable talent in an eminent degree. Her voice was full, clear and strong, and her words came forth from her mouth moulded models of musical symmetry. Then, too, her enunciation was unexceptionably happy, and her pronunciation, which was in the Old Virginia style of broad a's, was both pleasant and sweet. There are few attractions which add greater charm to the fascinations of an intelligent and refined young lady than that of a sweet and musical voice. This will often touch the heart and reach those deeper seats of feeling in the human breast, when regularity of features and delicacy of complexion are passed by unnoticed; for the voice goes forth an index of the character, and beauty of character is a thousand times more beautiful than beauty of person; and to hear that voice, so soft, so sweet, so free from all affectation, you could but know and feel that Helen Moore was a pure being of heart and soul—full of sympathetic emotions and tender sensibilities. She belonged to that class of noble natures that can realize the truth of the expression, "that the worm, when crushed, feels all the agonies of death the same as the giant." She could not wilfully hurt the tiniest thing that crawls. She could not be unkind to aught that lives and breathes. She loved music, too, and played well. The soft harmonies of rhythmic numbers found sweet echoes in all the chambers of her heart, and moved her spirit to float upward nearer to the realms of pure delight.

And often at the twilight hour she would slip away to her piano and there in the semi-darkness pour out her heart in the deep, sweet, touching harmony of emotional music. At such hours no pieces delighted her so much, or appealed so strongly to her feelings, as those simple melodies, which breathe the language of hope, of heaven, of home and earnest love. And among these pieces, dearer to her heart than all the rest, was that sweet air, that soul-moving song of "Home, Sweet Home." It was Charles's favorite of all her pieces, and with it she had come to associate tender, touching recollections of him and memories of her dear mother. She had made him a promise to think of him whenever she played that piece, and then to remember the deep, earnest love of his heart and his yearning desire to make her happy; and often in accord with this promise, as the soft, sweet notes of the music floated away over the evening air, they bore upward with them a prayer for his protection, his guidance and his eternal joy. And sometimes when he stood by and she had been playing for him, and the hour came for him to say good-night, she in the fullness of her heart would remind him of this promise, so sweet to her to keep, by playing this sacred air of "Home, Sweet Home," and he, when the music would cease, would lift her hand and in silence press it to his lips, while his heart was full to overflowing of that deep devotion which words can never express.

There is something so sacred in pure love, so exalting, so sweetly hallowed, so like to that which heaven must be, the souls that feel it truly in mutual trust have approached near to the gates of Paradise. And this love was the love which Helen and Charles felt for each other, and feeling it, their hearts were full of happiness and their souls were exalted far above the thrilling passion of voluptuous sensuality. Her hand could lay in his with that purity of thought and confiding trust which the angels

may scan, while he could lift that hand and press it to his lips in caresses as hallowed as ever a mother laid upon the brow of sleeping innocence. Blessed, indeed, is that pure love, which heaven in its high and exalted mercy has let down to ennoble man and to deify the noble nature of most noble woman. But from these pleasing contemplations, which the love of Charles and Helen have suggested, let us go back and pick up the thread of our story. The summer had passed as we have said and the autumn had come. The flowers had faded and the birds had ceased their songs. The grass had withered and the leaves were falling. Helen had nursed Charles through the long tedium of his sickness, and now he was convalescent, and she was happy—happy as the bright day was long; and that happiness was made manifest in all of those bewitching wiles and joyful exhilaration of spirits which belong to gentle natures and innocent hearts. Charles watched her playful moods with that delight which love is pleased to contemplate in the happiness of the being for whom love is living.

They spent very many of the passing hours in each other's company, sometimes reading the one to the other; sometimes joining in pleasant converse, and then again pursuing some interesting study in which they both felt pleased. Helen was a dear lover of flowers and had devoted many of her leisure moments to the fascinations of botanic research. She knew the names of the flowers. She knew their language. She knew their natures, and understood much of that deeper mystery which belongs to the principle of their lovely life, and during the days of her lover's convalescence she had engaged to teach him something of the beauties of her favorite study. Many and happy were the hours they spent together in this delightful exercise. She would gather the rarest and most beautiful flowers of the field or garden, and bring them in her apron to him to admire, and then take her

seat on the grass at his side and explain to him those wonderful principles of law and order which deep and earnest research had revealed in regard to the nature of flowers. She taught him to understand that flowers, like the human heart, seem to be the recipient of the tenderest sentiment. That each one has its mate, and is wooed, and perhaps won, in a language more soft and gentle than ever the evening zephyr breathed. That the tender, caressing kiss of some must be given and the sweet aromatic breath of others must be mingled, in order that the divinely appointed mission of procreation may be fulfilled among them. From which fact she drew the conclusion, that love is the perfection of life; the divine attribute revealed in animal and vegetable existence, and more than any other, exhibits the impress of the Creator's nature; and, therefore, she thought that the more truly, earnestly and tenderly the human heart is filled with love the higher, nobler and more exalted would be its nature and the nearer would be its approach to the perfections of heaven. And well did Charles love to listen to her in such pleasing discourse, for the play of her imagination was like the sunlight flashing on dimpled waters, and the music of her voice was sweeter to him than the softest zephyr's sigh.

So the summer passed and autumn came, and Charles grew strong and well; and Helen's happiness would have been perfect in his restored health, but that with his renewed strength new duties came—duties both pleasant and painful to perform—pleasant, because it was his country he was called to serve; painful, because it bore him away from the presence of the one he so loved.

The second Monday in November was fixed upon as the day for his return to the army. He had been promoted to the rank of colonel as a fit reward for the splendid gallantry and valuable service rendered at the battle of Manassas; and the regiment to which he had been as-

signed was now with Jackson, in the Valley, near Winchester.

It was Sunday afternoon, the day before that appointed for his departure. He was at the Grove, and he and Helen had been left alone to enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted companionship. They were in the parlor and Helen had been singing to him some of those gospel hymns in which all true Christians find so much pleasure. She played on for some time, one after another, and finally, when her heart seemed full she touched the chords and began that dear old song, so full of music and promise and comfort "In the Sweet By and By." Charles was no proficient in music, but he joined his voice with Helen's, and they sang the dear old song through to the end with much feeling; and at its close the tears gathered in the eyes of each, and perchance one or more trickled down their cheeks. Charles noticed the deep emotions which it was manifest were welling up in Helen's heart, and with an effort he controlled his feelings; he laid his hand on Helen's shoulder, and said, "God bless you, my dear, sweet noble friend. May we meet and greet, never to part, 'in the sweet by and by.'" Helen could not reply in words; her heart was full. She bent her head and her tears fell fast for a moment, and then her hands moved over the keys of the piano, and she played, as her response to his words, the air of that song of all songs, which goes straightest to the heart, that song so full of feeling, so touchingly tender, so sweetly beautiful, which breathes through every note sentiments of love, and abiding affections, "Home, Sweet Home." Their hearts were full before, but now they were more than overflowing; each felt that deep awakening of the soul which the touching appeal and sweet associations of the music were so well calculated to inspire, and tears that trembled in their eyes before, fell upon their burning cheeks. Tomorrow they were to be parted; and oh! who could tell



if ever again these mutual eyes shall greet. The thought cut like a knife to Helen's heart. She bent her head to hide the deep emotions that rolled over her whole soul. Charles said not a word, for there are moments when the human heart feels more than the human tongue can speak. Then actions became more eloquent and more expressive than words. He stooped, took both her hands in his, and pressed them warmly. She leaned her head against his side, for a moment, and then he said, with a cheerful voice, "Come, dearest; hearts like ours, full of love and trust and confidence, should never be sad." He led her back to the fire, and there, for some time, he exerted all his best endeavors to chase away the shadows that clouded her brow. He assumed a cheerfulness which he did not feel, and tried to comfort her by assurances that all would go well with the cause of the South, and that there would be no people in all the shining circle of the sun so happy as those of the dear land of sunshine and flowers, and then he said, as he passed his arm around her and drew her tenderly towards him, "I shall return to you and we shall be the happiest of the happy." "Do you know, dearest," he continued, as he laid his cheek caressingly against her shoulder, "that if you will descend to the bottom of a deep well, and look up, you can see the bright stars shining in the sky even in the very midst of the glare and glory of the noon-day's sun; and just so when the heart is full, when deep shadows gather around us; when the burthens of life seem the heaviest, and pain and sorrow and care press us down with a weight almost too great for us to bear; if we will only look up with the eye of faith, and give our hearts to feel, and our souls to confess, that He, who made the shadow, makes the sunshine also, we will see the star of hope burning like a beacon light, a sure guide to the haven of rest."

'Tis sweet to be persuaded with words of love ; 'tis sweet to be comforted with the voice of affection ; 'tis sweet to be assured with emotion's tender endeavors, and so Helen found it. Little by little her tears were dried ; little by little the shadow of pain faded from her brow, and little by little hope crept again to her heart, and then a smile lighted up her sweet fair face as bright and as beautiful as the sunshine dispelling an April shower. Charles saw the smile ; he saw the light of gladness break over her face, and his whole heart was filled with the rushing tide of deep devotion. He almost forgot himself in the swelling rapture of his love. He caught her to his heart in one wild passionate embrace, and then, as he released her and looked into her eyes, and saw there the glad response of his soul's desire, said, " Bless you, my darling ; ten thousand blessings on your dear head," and then, smiling again, quoted : " A little shower and a little sunshine, and then beauty is more beautiful still."

Oh ! who can tell the joy, the gladness, the peace, the comfort, the heavenly rapture of united hearts ; 'tis beautiful as the sunlight of glorious day, lovely as the rainbow arching o'er the cloud, peaceful as the moonbeams sleeping on dimpled waters. Seek it, gentle reader ; find it if you can, and let your soul feel what heavenly happiness pure unselfish love can reveal.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE detective, Mr. Prosser, and Uncle Ben passed the Federal lines near Leesburg, the same night they left Manassas, and made their way the next day to Washington. They soon found that Mr. Dodge was in the city and that he was stopping at the St. James hotel. Mr. Prosser registered there also and Uncle Ben found comfortable quarters close by. It was agreed that they should not recognize each other in public, and that Uncle Ben's room should be the rendezvous for their secret conferences. They kept the closest watch upon every movement of Mr. Dodge, whom they soon saw was studious in his efforts to avoid the forming even so much as a single acquaintance; but that each day he was in the habit of visiting the building in which the Secretary of War had his office, and after much trouble they ascertained that these visits were to see no less a person than the Secretary himself, but wherefore and for what purpose they could not learn. Mr. Prosser tried several times to place himself in the way and speak to Mr. Dodge, but each time he was so pointedly repulsed it was decided not to pursue that course any further. Prosser then made special friendly overtures towards the landlord, whom he found quite ready to criticise the strange conduct of his exclusive guest, and finally in strict confidence, *of course*, told Mr. Prosser that he recognized Mr. Dodge as the same person who had come to the hotel on the 20th of February last, terribly cut and torn about the face and hands, and who then acted rather after the manner of a man in hiding. This to Mr. Prosser was "a pointer," but he said nothing, and soon found that this was all the proprietor could tell. Once, and

once only, Mr. Dodge visited his mother's home, but he did not stay there more than an hour, and that night he disappeared and was not seen again in the city. Every effort was made to trace his whereabouts, but for some time was fruitless. Uncle Ben was left to watch for him in Washington and Mr. Prosser went over into Maryland, and there he was satisfied from conferences had with Southern sympathizers, that Mr. Dodge had made no effort to recruit for the Confederate army in that State, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Prosser had received a letter from General Reed enclosing one from Mr. Dodge, post-marked Baltimore, in which Mr. Dodge assures his friends in the South that he was doing good service in behalf of the cause of the Confederacy in the way of securing recruits, which statement Mr. Prosser was positive was false; not only this, but Mr. Prosser was also now fully satisfied that it was Mr. Dodge who had shot Charles Reed at the battle of Manassas, and that it was also he who made the murderous assault upon Charles near his home some time previous, and besides this, that Mr. Dodge was a spy in the employ of the Federal Government. Mr. Prosser was led to these conclusions because he had positive proof that Mr. Dodge came to Washington the very next day after the assault was made upon Charles and that the face and hands of Mr. Dodge were cut or torn as though he had been attacked by a dog; that Mr. Dodge had, by having letters mailed in New York, pretended to be in that city, at the very time that he was sick of the wounds received and was housed in Washington at the St. James hotel; that Mr. Dodge was a Federal spy was shown by the repeated visits made to the office of the Secretary of War, and the further fact that he invariably used precaution in passing from the hotel to the Secretary's office to elude any one who might possibly be watching. But while this suspicion was strong in Mr. Prosser's mind now, as it had been in Uncle Ben's

from the beginning, yet there was no direct proof, and besides, what circumstantial proof they did have was in the statement of the hotel proprietor, and he could not be carried through the lines even if Mr. Dodge should return South.

Thus matters stood until the end of November, at which time Mr. Prosser decided to leave Uncle Ben on the watch at Washington and to return to Virginia and ascertain if any developments had been made in that quarter.

When Mr. Prosser reached the headquarters of General Reed he found there two letters from Mr. Dodge, one addressed to General Reed, dated the first of November, stating that he had secured something like a hundred recruits, and that they would work their way through the lines within a week or two and be ready for actual service; the other letter was addressed to Charles, dated the 20th of November, and mailed or post-marked Baltimore, in which Mr. Dodge stated that he had been prevented from coming South by reason of a very severe spell of sickness, but that he hoped to be able to get out and run the blockade at least by Christmas.

Mr. Prosser was confident that both of these statements were false, and he was most anxious to find positive proof of that fact. So he decided to return to Washington and make another effort to ascertain the whereabouts of the wily captain. Fortune this time smiled upon his efforts, for no sooner had he reached Washington and registered his name at the hotel than Uncle Ben appeared and gave him the signal to follow. They passed a little to one side, when Ben stopped and said, "He is in there," and pointed to room No. 54. Ben then told Mr. Prosser that Mr. Dodge came to the hotel a few days before; that he had paid two visits to the Secretary of War, and at the last one that morning he (Uncle Ben) had followed him right up to the door, and listened from the outside to see

if he could hear what was said. He told Mr. Prosser that he could not understand all that was said, but that he heard Mr. Dodge say something about Stonewall Jackson, and also heard him call the name of General Banks and the name of General Milroy; and just as Mr. Dodge was leaving he heard the Secretary tell him to come back at six o'clock that evening, but to make ready to start for Winchester before he came so that he could take the eight o'clock train.

That night Mr. Dodge took the eight o'clock train for Winchester, and Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben followed close in his shadow. They noticed that he carried a small satchel, which he watched very closely, and that he was very particular in folding his overcoat so that none of the papers would lose out of the pockets. Mr. Prosser concluded that the proof as to Mr. Dodge being in the employ of the Federal Government could be found in that satchel, so he determined to get possession of that and the overcoat, too, if it could be done, then to leave the train and let Ben follow Mr. Dodge wherever he might go. It was agreed that in case they should be separated they would meet at the Taylor hotel, in Winchester. With this view Mr. Prosser took his seat immediately behind Mr. Dodge, and Uncle Ben just behind Mr. Prosser. As the train was approaching Harper's Ferry, Uncle Ben stepped forward to Mr. Dodge and said, "Will you please, sir, read this letter for me; it tells me where I am to find my wife when I gets to Winchester." Mr. Dodge took the letter which Uncle Ben held in his hand and moved forward nearer to the lamp, in the front end of the car. As he did so Uncle Ben placed himself between Mr. Dodge and Mr. Prosser. Just at this moment the train stopped and Mr. Prosser quitted the cars, and left his overcoat and satchel on Mr. Dodge's seat, and took Mr. Dodge's overcoat and satchel away. Mr. Dodge read the note for Uncle Ben, which Mr. Prosser had pre-

pared, and then returned to his seat; but he did not notice that his coat and satchel had been exchanged until after the train had started. The moment he made this discovery he turned as pale as death, and looked as though he would fall to the floor. He then rushed up to the conductor and told him what had happened, and begged him to run his train back to the station that he might get his coat and satchel. He said they contained papers of vital importance to the Government, and that he would pay any sum that might be demanded for the trouble; but despite his most earnest entreaties the conductor told him that it would be impossible for his train to run back without risking a collision, as there was a train following loaded with troops. Mr. Dodge then rushed into the rear coach and pulled the bell-cord. The train checked and he leaped from the cars. Uncle Ben followed, but Mr. Dodge was too young and had too much to run for, to allow the worthy old darkey to prove a rival in the race, so when Uncle Ben reached the depot Mr. Dodge was no where to be found.

The next morning Uncle Ben took the first train for Winchester where he arrived about noon, and spent the evening watching at the hotel for the coming of his confederate. About ten o'clock Mr. Prosser came into the office and seeing Ben, walked past him, and said, "Follow." When they were out on one of the quiet streets, and seeing that no one was watching them, they stopped and held a brief conference. In a few words Mr. Prosser told Uncle Ben that they had what they wanted and that they would work their way back through the lines and report to General Reed. As it was probable that Uncle Ben would be subjected to less scrutiny by the Federals in case they should fall into their hands, the papers were all taken from the satchel and secreted on the person of the trusty old negro. They then took the main road, known as the Valley turnpike, which leads from Winches-

ter to Staunton, and walked boldly forward for some time, passing right along through the midst of the Federal army, which was encamped on both sides of the road. When they had reached a point about three miles from Winchester, they suddenly came upon a squad of cavalry standing mounted in the road. The moon was not yet risen, but by the starlight they could see that the squad consisted of some six or eight men, and our friends rightly conjectured that it was the mounting of the midnight relief for picket duty. Mr. Prosser drew Uncle Ben to one side under the shade of some trees and whispered, "We will follow them to the outpost; we can then avoid coming in contact with the picket on duty."

The squad started at once up the road toward Staunton, and Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben moved on after them, keeping at a safe distance in the rear. When they had gone some half mile, some one cried out, "Halt! who comes there?" To which a voice from the squad replied, "Third relief." "Advance, commandant of the third relief, and give the countersign."

"Now is our time," whispered Mr. Prosser, "for us to leave the road. We must pass around that picket and come into the road again farther on, but we must lie here in the brush until all the pickets have been relieved."

They then crept under some small trees and kept perfectly quiet until after the relieved pickets had passed back. Then they made a circuit to the right and had passed nearly around the sentry, when Mr. Prosser trod on a stick, which broke under his foot, making quite a loud noise.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

"Don't answer," whispered Uncle Ben. "Move cautiously."

"Halt!" cried the sentinel; "halt!"

"Run," whispered Mr. Prosser, and off they started.

"Halt! halt!" Bang—bang—and the balls whistled close to the heads of the fugitives.



"Run," said Ben, "run for dear life," and again the balls came whistling close to their heads. They ran for a short distance along through the brush parallel with the main road, and then came into another, which seemed to run obliquely to the turnpike. They turned into this and ran with all their might, but they had only gone a short distance when some one cried, "Halt!" and they found themselves right in the midst of a squadron of cavalry.

"Who are you?" asked the officer in command of the squad.

"We are private citizens," replied Mr. Prosser. "My home is in Richmond. This colored man says his home is near Charlottesville. We were shot at just now, but we don't know whether those who shot at us were Confederate or Federal soldiers."

"That will do, sir," said the officer, sharply.

The officer then called two men forward and said to them, "Take these people to headquarters and tell the general the circumstances of their arrest."

The two soldiers ordered Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben to go forward, and much to their gratification they took the road which leads toward Staunton.

"We are all right," whispered Mr. Prosser; "these are Confederate soldiers."

The prisoners were conducted on up the road some two miles and then halted in front of a large house to the right of the road. One of the soldiers said something to the sentry on guard at the door, and then the prisoners were conducted into the house. By this time it was evident that Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben were among friends, but just who these friends were they did not know. The prisoners were led into a large room to the left of the hall, where a bright fire burned on the hearth and gathered around it sat some three or four men in Confederate uniforms. The moment Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben en-

tered the door, before they could see who were present, one of the officers in the room sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Why, hello, Prosser! where did you come from? Hello, Ben! my dear old friend; I am glad to see you."

"'Fore God," exclaimed Uncle Ben, "'Tis Mars Dabney, and here is Mars Charles, too," and the devoted old negro seized Colonel Reed by the hand and shook it in unfeigned delight, to which the young officer submitted with equally as unfeigned astonishment, which was broken in upon by a burst of laughter from General Reed, who saw, from the expression of Charles's face, that he did not recognize Uncle Ben.

"Don't know me, Mars Charles, don't know old Ben?" and the good old negro, in a real burst of ecstatic joy, forgot all the military dignity he had been learning for the last four months, and caught Charles in his arms and gave him a regular hug. But Charles was still bewildered. He did not understand, which was simply because he had not been told of the suspicion that rested upon William Dodge, nor, of course, of the secret mission on which Uncle Ben had been sent. But now it was necessary that an explanation should be made, and, as the matter was, to some extent, a personal affair, General Reed requested all the members of his staff, who were present, to retire.

When the staff officers had left the room, General Reed stated for Charles' benefit, in as few words as possible, the fact that Mr. Dodge had been suspected of being a spy in the employ of the Federal Government; that various circumstances indicated that this was possibly true, but that there was no positive proof of the charge at the time that it was made; but that Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben had been sent North for the purpose of watching the movements of Mr. Dodge, and to acquaint themselves with such facts as would either relieve Mr. Dodge of the sus-

picion, or convict him of the charge. That this investigation had been prolonged because of the fact that the further it was pushed the stronger the suspicion grew. Then turning to Mr. Prosser, asked, "Are you now ready, Mr. Prosser, to make your final report?" To which Mr. Prosser replied, turning to Uncle Ben so as to include him in the reply,

"We are."

"Then what say you; is he guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," said Mr. Prosser, at which Charles seemed perfectly dumbfounded. He could not believe it possible that William Dodge, the man whom he looked upon as his best friend, the one whom he loved next to his own people, could be so false to the principles of honor, could so degrade himself as to become a spy—that mean thing of mere pay; the vehicle of falsehood; the serpent of deception; the base personification of hypocrisy. He started to his feet, his face flushed, and asked, almost in anger, "What proof, Mr. Prosser, have you to substantiate that charge?"

Mr. Prosser looked at Charles, for one moment, with feelings of real pity, for he saw that Charles was deeply wounded by the accusation. Then speaking slowly, with a sad voice, said, "For your sake, Colonel Reed, I could wish that the proof was less conclusive, and that the evidence we have stopped at fixing the infamy of being a spy upon the man you love and believe loves you. But to be brief, let me say that the suspicion first started with this good old colored friend of ours here whose heart God made and the world cannot corrupt. He first struck the trail and although it was a cold track he followed it with unerring ability and untiring perseverance. When we left Manassas in July we had nothing more to rely upon than Uncle Ben's suspicion and a few circumstances that seemed rather strange. They were so trivial in themselves that I need not mention them now, but will go on with

the story and relate what happened. Mr. Dodge left Virginia for the ostensible purpose of recruiting for the Confederate army among his friends and acquaintances in Maryland. We tracked him to Washington, where we found him two days later closely closeted with Mr. Cameron, the Secretary of War for the Federal Government. Five times within as many days we saw him visit that office. Each time that he went he tried to conceal his movements, for it seemed that he was afraid he might be watched. He then eluded our vigilance and disappeared from the city; where he went and for what purpose we do not know, but we soon ascertained that it was not over into Maryland to beat up recruits for the Confederate army, although he wrote your father and to you also that he had been recruiting for the Confederate cause in that State, and that his efforts had been successful. He subsequently explains his delay in the matter of bringing over the recruits by an alleged illness. His letter to you declaring that he was very sick is dated the 20th of November, yet on the 25th Uncle Ben finds him strong and well in Washington, dancing attendance on the Secretary of War. On the 29th our faithful old ally here finds him again in the office of the Secretary of War and this time a part of the conversation carried on in there was overheard. The names of Stonewall Jackson, General Banks, and General Milroy are mentioned in that conversation, and finally just as Mr. Dodge was leaving the office, Uncle Ben hears the Secretary tell Mr. Dodge to be ready to start to Winchester on the eight o'clock train. There were three of us who started for Winchester on that eight o'clock train. My seat was just behind Mr. Dodge, Uncle Ben just behind me. Mr. Dodge carried an overcoat as also a small red satchel, both of which he seemed to value very highly, if one may judge of the way he watched them, and what he said and did when a fellow passenger got them mixed up with his own effects. Just

as the train was approaching Harper's Ferry, Uncle Ben asked Mr. Dodge to read a letter for him, which I had prepared. Mr. Dodge fell into the trap, and consented to read, which, in order to do, he had to go forward a little so as to be nearer the light. While Mr. Dodge was reading the letter Uncle Ben placed himself between the accommodating captain and myself, and I seized the opportunity and availed myself of the traveler's privilege to exchange baggage. Here is the overcoat and the satchel; perhaps, you will recognize both. Uncle Ben there has the papers; they will speak for themselves."

All eyes were turned to Uncle Ben, who without a word unbuttoned his vest and from an inner pocket drew forth several letters, and handed them to Charles. As he did so their eyes met, and the painful expression of the old man's face showed the deep sympathy which he felt for his young master and that there was much more regret than gratification in revealing the circumstances which were about to expose the perfidy of Mr. Dodge.

Charles read aloud but with rather a suppressed voice the several letters handed him by Uncle Ben, which proved to be instructions from the Secretary of War to General Banks and General Milroy. The instructions informed the officers named that the bearer, Mr. William Dodge, was employed in the secret service of the Government; that he had proven himself reliable and efficient and was worthy of trust and confidence; that Mr. Dodge had suggested a raid, to start from the command of General Milroy then operating near Staunton, to pass over the Blue Ridge mountains by the most direct route leading from Lexington to Hardwicksville on the James river, destroy the James River and Kanawha Canal at that point, and to burn the military stores accumulated at the residence of the rebel, Dabney Reed, and to capture as many horses as possible for the use of the artillery and cavalry service; that three hundred picked men, well mounted, be

furnished Mr. Dodge, and during the continuance of the raid they would be under the command of some officer selected by Mr. Dodge.

When Charles concluded the reading of the letters of instruction there was for a moment a perfect silence. The expression of his face showed the pain and mortification which he felt, but with almost superhuman power he controlled himself sufficient to appear calm. He then looked at Mr. Prosser and said.

"This is conclusive as to his guilt so far as he is accused of being a spy; but to what other charge did you allude when you said for my sake you could wish that the evidence stopped at fixing the infamy of being a spy upon William Dodge?"

Mr. Prosser looked hard at Charles for one moment and then replied slowly, but with a calm and subdued voice:

"I believe that William Dodge was the would-be assassin who attempted to take your life last February and that it was he also who shot you at the battle of Manassas."

This astounding statement almost deprived Charles of his breath, but still struggling to appear composed he asked:

"Why do you think that?"

"The evidence as to that," replied Mr. Prosser, "is not so conclusive, but still strong enough now since we know the manner of the man to convince me that he has twice tried to take your life."

Mr. Prosser then at some length related to Charles all of those circumstances connected with the matter which have been made known to the reader, only omitting, as he had been instructed to do by General Reed, so much of the story as Helen was connected with. It had been agreed from the first that her name should not be mentioned in the matter. When Mr. Prosser had finished relating the circumstances and Uncle Ben had stated the

reasons as well as he could why he suspected and distrusted Mr. Dodge, Charles heaved a deep sigh and said, as though speaking half to himself:

"It must be so—indeed it must be so; but who would have believed it? Who could have believed that William Dodge could have wilfully played the role of a murderer?" Then starting to his feet, said, with a changed voice, "But this proposed raid—it must be intercepted if it is attempted, and I trust, father, that I may be allowed the privilege of protecting our home and the opportunity to punish these raiders if they dare make the proposed invasion through our county."

"It shall be just as you wish, my son," said General Reed, "but you must understand that it is my express wish that William Dodge be taken alive, if possible."

"If possible, father; he shall be. I will not hurt one hair of his head if it can be avoided."

The scene was too painful to be prolonged. Comfortable quarters were assigned Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben and they retired to rest. When they were gone General Reed stood for one moment in silence, and then placed his hand upon Charles's shoulder, who had sunk down into a seat and now sat sadly gazing into the fire, and said, "My poor boy, for your sake, I wish that we had been in the wrong and he in the right. Bear the blow bravely; to-morrow we will take counsel as to what is to be done," then turned and left the room.

Long, Charles sat there, gazing into the fire; so still, so motionless, so silent you might have thought the cold fingers of death had been laid upon his brow. His heart was full of sorrow. Few things in life could have fallen that would have wounded him more deeply. On and on and on, into the wee-small hours of the night he sat, still sadly gazing into the now fading fire, never heeding the cold, chilly air that crept along the floor and touched his limbs; never moving, never sighing, scarcely breathing,

and scarcely conscious of the silent tears that trickled one by one down over his cold cheeks and fell upon the hearth.

Oh! 'tis hard, 'tis hard; 'tis so hard to be deceived by one that is truly and tenderly loved. The world knows no other sorrow like this; there is no other bereavement that leaves life so bereft. It falls upon the heart and wounds the soul to suffer agonies more excruciating than the pangs of death. Poverty may pinch you with its want; sickness may wither you down to approach the grave; death may come and claim the nearest and dearest of your earthly idols, still the soul can bear up, and the heart can feel comfort and find consolation in the thought that in all this "He made the sunshine who made the shadow," and that it will all be well in the "sweet bye and bye;" but, oh! when the partner of your bosom has deceived you; when the idol of your heart has been false; when the friend you have loved and cherished has covered his name with shame and blackened and blasted his fame forever, then indeed is the heart deeply wounded and the soul sadly bereft.





## CHAPTER XL.

THE next morning, bright and early, General Reed and Charles betook themselves to the headquarters of General Jackson. They had agreed that the whole matter should be laid before the commanding officer, but further than this not a word had been spoken on the subject. They understood each other. They felt that they had been basely deceived — deeply and most dreadfully wronged, but they felt at the same time that the deepest wrong that had been done, William Dodge had done to himself. He had covered his name with shame and steeped his soul in crime, and possibly cut himself off from every hope that is worth hoping, both in this life and the life that is to come. The thought saddened Charles Reed, and the contemplation wounded him more deeply than can be told. He was stunned and overwhelmed, but he could hardly realize the truth; it did seem but as a dreadful dream, yet when he would arouse himself and shake off the painful depression, he was obliged to admit that the proof was conclusive. There was not—there could not be any mistake—there was no hope. Strange, as it may seem, he did not think of the wrong that William Dodge had done him, but of the terrible wrong that Dodge had done himself. There was no revenge in the heart of Charles Reed; no desire to punish Dodge for what he had done; no wish to capture him and bring him to justice, but, on the contrary, a deep, deep pity, that and nothing more. He, felt as he rode along with his father, that there was a painful duty to be performed, and if, by any chance, William Dodge should be led to return, then the duty would be a thousand times

more painful still; but duty was the rule and guide of Charles Reed's life, and there was no turning aside; it mattered not how rough and stormy the path might be. In his contemplation, the only hope that he could entertain was that the loss of the papers might suggest to William Dodge that they had fallen into the hands of the Confederates, and thus warn him not to return to the Southern army, for there he must find sure and ignominious death; but even this hope was destined to be soon clouded.

They found General Jackson at his headquarters, standing in his tent with an open letter in his hand, his face flushed and lit up with that pleasing smile, which his old soldiers used to say was the beauty of the morning foretelling a glorious day.

"There, my friends! There is work for you," was his salutation. "Turner Ashby writes me that Banks started at daylight this morning, with 20,000 of his men, by the way of Snicker's Gap, with a view to reinforce McClellan and crush General Johnston at Manassas; that Shields is left at Kernstown with only 16,000 men. They have mistaken, as I intended they should, my falling back from Winchester to be a retreat, my purpose being to draw them farther from their base of operations. They think they have gotten rid of me and can now unite the army of Banks with that of McClellan, turn the left flank of Johnston, defeat him, and then ride on to Richmond. I will teach Shields a lesson while Banks is away. Johnston wrote me yesterday to do what I could to entertain these people, and keep Banks and his army from reinforcing McClellan; a bay horse to a brass button, that Shields will send for Banks before he reaches the top of Snicker's Gap. I'll run Shields into Washington if Banks keeps on to Manassas. I have 8,000 men, Shields 16,000; but his name, nor his fame, nor his men will protect him from my blows. I must thrash him before Banks can

get back. The army will move, General Reed, at once; the Stonewall brigade in front, you will bring up the rear; your regiment, Colonel Reed, will keep company with the first brigade. I shall want you especially when the infantry have broken the enemy's line."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, general," replied Colonel Reed; "but if permitted we desire, before we start, one moment to lay before you a matter of some importance, which may need prompt attention."

"Well, what is it, my friends? If it is only a request consider it granted; and go on, I am impatient to be after Shields."

"It is not a request," replied General Reed, "but a matter that will only delay us a moment."

"Well, well, excuse my impatience, but be brief; you understand me, General, you understand me," and he laid his hand on General Reed's shoulder.

General Reed then handed General Jackson the papers, which had been taken from Mr. Dodge, and said, "Read these, General, and then I will explain."

General Jackson read the papers, one after the other, and then looked up, astonishment and displeasure depicted on his face.

"What does this mean? Surely this is not Captain Dodge of your staff?"

"The same, General; I am sorry to say it, but, indeed, he and the Mr. Dodge mentioned there are one and the same. He was the classmate of Charles at college, and Charles was his truest and most devoted friend; but Dodge has shown himself unworthy, nay, more than that, he is a traitor; he was a spy in our army, while he was the recipient of our kindness."

"But these papers, General Reed, how did you get possession of them?"

"Because of some little trivial circumstance, too trivial to mention, Mr. Dodge became an object of suspicion the

night after he left Manassas. I felt it my duty to take every step needful either to relieve him of that suspicion, if innocent, or to establish his guilt, if, indeed, he were guilty. With this view I sent two trustworthy persons over the lines with instructions to shadow Mr. Dodge and acquaint themselves with his true character. They found him holding repeated conferences with Mr. Cameron, the Federal Secretary of War; they learned that Mr. Dodge was to go to Winchester on some secret mission for the Government; they followed him; captured his overcoat and satchel on the cars, and left the train near Harper's Ferry. In the satchel they found these papers."

"Does Dodge know who took these papers from him?"

"He does not; I do not think he even suspects."

"Does he know that they have fallen into Confederate hands?"

"He does not; I do not think he even suspects that."

"When did this capture take place?"

"Night before last."

General Jackson was silent for a moment. He was thinking; he looked serious and then asked—

"Do you think the person who captured them could restore them without running too much risk?"

"I think so, General."

A smile broke over the face of General Jackson, and he said, "It is a bad wind that blows nobody any good. I want these papers returned to Mr. Dodge; I want him to continue to play the role of spy; I want that little raid he planned started. I will capture that little band of select soldiers, but the chief thing that I want is for Mr. Dodge to come back here among us and be privileged to send back to Washington some secret dispatches which I will arrange shall be made to work more for our advantage than for the benefit of those Mr. Dodge would serve. Nothing like having a spy on your staff, General, if you know his character and take the privilege to suggest what news he

is to send over the lines to the enemy : but you can't trust him to help you mislead the enemy but once or twice. Then you will have to turn him over to the court-martial to be tried and shot. Napoleon gained the splendid victory at Austerlitz by allowing a spy to send a dispatch which caused the enemy to divide the Austrian forces. Let some one make a copy of these papers. Let the person who captured them return them just as they were, coat, satchel and all. Let him say he saw that they were valuable and would not entrust their return to any other hands. Let him deliver a letter which I will write to Miss Belle Boyd, at Martinsburg, then let him return to your headquarters and await developments. Let him do nothing while in the enemy's line that will subject him to suspicion. Let him be ready to start in one hour's time. A note I shall write General Ashby will secure a safe passage into Winchester. He must then be guided by his own judgment as to the best course to find Mr. Dodge."

Charles listened to these remarks and instructions with a sad heart. He could but see that they foreshadowed the complete disgrace and certain doom of the man he had once loved even as a brother, and although he knew and felt that William Dodge was more than unworthy; that he had forfeited every right to the slightest consideration, yet there was something repulsive in the idea of seeing him put to death as a public malefactor. It would have been more in accord with his wishes to have Dodge remain away where he would never see him or hear of him again. But the matter was not under his control. It had now passed beyond his power.

General Jackson rightly conjectured that the loss of the papers would subject Mr. Dodge to a delay of several days in regard to the proposed raid, and that even after they were returned to him he would wait some time so as to make sure in his own mind that no rebel had read his

instructions. So there was no reason why Jackson should hurry troops away toward Hardwicksville to intercept and capture the raiders. He promised Charles that he should have the privilege of defending his native county and of punishing the raiders if they dare make the attempt to destroy the canal, but said that it would be ample time to start, after the little army of the Valley had paid its compliments to General Shields.

The small hamlet of Kernstown, which consists of something less than a dozen houses, is situated about four miles south of Winchester immediately on the great Valley turnpike. Just below the little town the troops which had been left with General Shields were encamped. Jackson they regarded as a fugitive whom it would be vain to pursue, so the Federal soldiers lay scattered around warming themselves in the sunshine, or roaming about over the hills seeking some pleasing diversion to break the *ennui* of camp life, thus again presenting an example of the danger of over-confidence and of the vanity of undue self-complacency.

Jackson, with that genius for war which will render his name memorable in all the ages, saw the mistake of his adversary, and determined to turn it to his own advantage.

He issued an order requesting his troops not to cheer under any circumstances while on the march, but to step out briskly and follow the lead, and then promised them if they would be true to themselves, the glory of the setting sun would be reflected back by the splendid achievements of the army of the Valley.

His plan was to take Shields unawares, and to strike him at an unguarded moment on the left flank and rear. With this view he hurried his infantry along a rough, unfrequented road some three miles to the right of the turnpike, leaving his artillery and cavalry, (with the exception of Colonel Reed's regiment), under the command

of General Turner Ashby, to advance by the main road with instructions to approach as near as practicable without revealing their presence to the enemy, and to await there until they heard the rattle of his musketry and then to make as vigorous an assault as possible.

The troops understood General Jackson's plan, and were enthusiastic in their efforts to carry it into execution. About three o'clock in the afternoon, Jackson came upon the Federal picket; and no sooner were they seen than he ordered Colonel Reed with a picked squadron to charge and capture the vidette if possible. This order was obeyed with such promptness, and so much dash, the Federal picket was completely surprised, and captured almost before they were aware that they were attacked. Jackson then pressed his infantry forward at the double quick for something like a mile, again cautioning them not to cheer until they began to fire. Here he turned sharp to the left, and formed his men in line of battle. He now advanced steadily upon the enemy, who were soon seen quietly scattered around indulging the repose of camp life. Some of them saw the advancing line approaching their rear, but mistook it for some of the troops of General Banks returning, who had marched away in that direction some hours before. When the Confederates had approached within five hundred yards of the Federal camp they saw all at once a puff of white smoke shoot up from the crest of a little hill, instantly followed by the loud roar of a cannon, and quickly was heard the long-roll beating as though from a hundred drums, and at the same time was seen the Federal troops rushing in every direction, while the excited commands of their officers came wafted over the hills calling, "Fall in!" "Fall in!" "Fall in, men!"

Jackson was riding forward in front of his line. He saw that puff of white smoke; he heard the loud roar of the cannon shot, and the rattle of the long-roll, and wit-

nessed the excitement in the Federal camp. He knew at once the enemy had discovered his presence and realized the advantages of his position; he turned in his saddle and waved his sword over his head, and shouted, "Double quick!" "Charge!" Every soldier in that line heard that call; every heart responded; every step was quickened into a run. While the surrounding hills seem to shake from the terrible yell which burst from that rushing tide of impetuous war. On they rush down a gentle slope, and up a slight decline—cheering, screaming, yelling like demons. Their guns, at a trail arms, gleaming in the sunlight; their officers running forward in advance, shouting to the men, "Save your fire!" "Save your fire, until you get right upon them."

Just as the Confederates reached the crest of the hill the half-formed lines of the Federals opened upon them a volley of musketry, but their fire was so scattering and irregular it did but little damage. The Federals then broke and fled in great confusion, and as they huddled together in the precipitous rout, Jackson's men poured into them from all sides the most withering fire. Hundreds of them fell to earth never to rise again, while thousands lay upon the ground writhing with ghastly wounds. The signal gun of the Federals had proved likewise a signal to Ashby, and he had brought forward his artillery to a commanding position, and now sent round after round of shot and shell and shrapnel down upon the heads of the flying foe—while the cavalry again and again charged upon their exposed flanks, and sabered down the men in unmerciful numbers. Many of the unfortunate fugitives were killed, many more wounded, and still very many more captured—while the rest were driven in a wild panic-stricken rout back through the streets of Winchester; and but that night closed over the scene and put a stop to the pursuit and carnage, Shields and his whole army might have been captured.



General Banks, from the top of Snicker's Gap, heard the booming cannon of that battle, and as he stood and watched, he saw the wreathes of smoke circling up as the tide of strife rolled from Kernstown back towards Winchester. He could but know that Shields had been attacked; that Shields had been defeated, and the rapid retrograde told him that Shields had been routed. So the troops that started to reinforce McClellan; the troops that were to sweep over the blue hills and help crush Johnston, must now fly back to save General Shields and protect Washington.

As night came on Jackson called a halt and ordered his men to bivouac on the battle-ground. He sent for General Ashby and Colonel Reed, who soon came in together, and as they entered his tent he laid a hand on the shoulder of each, and smiling, said, "My brave, gallant friends, it does my heart good to give you the praise you have both so nobly merited; you and all the rest of the troops have covered yourselves with glory to-day; patriotism inspired your hearts, and manly courage nerved your arms to deeds of dauntless daring. I know that you are both tired, and so am I, but we must not lose the fruits of this splendid victory. Banks will come pouring back down the western slopes of the Blue Ridge before morning, and the Lincoln Government will rush fresh troops to Harper's Ferry to protect *Mr. Shields*. My little army of 8,000 can work wonders, but I do not wish to fight it against five to one. I must gather up my spoils and fall back and wait for the enemy to make another mistake. You, General Ashby, will keep up a show in front of the enemy and protect the quartermaster while he removes all prisoners, captured stores and baggage trains back to Elk Run; while you, Colonel Reed, will ascertain the whereabouts and movements of General Banks and the main body of his army."

## CHAPTER XLI.

MR. PROSSER had started something like an hour in advance of the army, and as he was provided with a good horse and trusty guide, rode rapidly to the house of a Mr. Williams, who piloted him by the way of a secret path to a point beyond the Federal pickets, from which he soon made his way into Winchester. Knowing that Jackson intended to make an attack on the enemy he decided to take the first train to Harper's Ferry, believing that he would be more likely to find Mr. Dodge there than at Winchester, as that was the place Mr. Dodge had lost his satchel, and the place where he would probably linger as long as there was any hope of finding it. Nor did Mr. Prosser have long to wait for a train. He left his horse at a livery stable and took the noon train, and in an hour or more was at Harper's Ferry. The first thing he did was to visit all the hotels and examine the registers, but he did not find the name of William Dodge anywhere recorded. He then went to see the agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, at the depot, but the agent was busy and gave him no very satisfactory answer. He then walked up town and turned into a restaurant and ordered dinner. While the meal was being prepared he picked up the morning paper and began to read. He had been thus engaged only a few moments when his eyes fell upon the following advertisement.

“EXCHANGED OR STOLEN—A small red leather satchel and brown overcoat, taken from the night train of the B. and O. R. R., near Harper's Ferry, Tuesday, the 29th. A

handsome reward will be paid for their safe return, or for any information which will lead to their recovery.

“WILLIAM DODGE,

“147 Shenandoah street, Harper’s Ferry.”

Mr. Prosser read over the advertisement a second time, then quietly laid down the paper, pushed up his sleeve and wrote upon his cuff, “147 Shenandoah street.” By this time his dinner was brought him, which he ate, and as he paid the fare, dropped a silver coin in the waiter’s hand and said, “I want to go to 147 Shenandoah street. Can you direct me how I am to get there?”

“Yes, sir. Turn to the right at the next corner and follow that street for three blocks. No. 147 is the big brick house on the corner. It is a boarding-house, you will find it well kept, if you stop there. The lady will feed you nicely, but abuse you roundly if she finds you are any thing of a Yankee.”

“Then I will enjoy the good things and keep my politics to myself,” and Mr. Prosser smiled a non-committal smile and said, “Good evening.”

A few moments later and Mr. Prosser rang the doorbell at No. 147 East Shenandoah street. It was answered by the landlady in person, who seemed to possess a curiosity to know, “Who comes there” as well as a talent “to turn an honest penny.”

Mr. Prosser bowed politely in response to the lady’s pleasing smile, and said, “I desire to see Mr. William Dodge. Is he stopping here?”

“Yes, sir, he is in his room, I think. Walk in, please,” and she conducted him into a comfortable parlor, fashionably furnished. She invited Mr. Prosser to take a seat, and as he did so, she touched a silver bell on the centre table. In a moment a servant appeared and the landlady said, “See if Mr. Dodge is in his room, No. 24, and if so, tell him a gentleman wishes to speak to him.” The

servant retired and the landlady asked in the politest manner imaginable, "Any news from the front to-day?" To which Mr. Prosser, equally as polite, replied, "None that I have heard, I came from Martinsburg this morning, everything seemed to be quiet," then realizing that it is generally easier to ask questions than it is to answer them he took a bold leap and asked, "Do you wear the gray or comfort the blue?"

To which the lady replied with considerable emphasis—

"I am a Virginian, and that should be sufficient answer."

"It is," replied Mr. Prosser; "I admire the spirit of the ladies of the South as much as I do the patriotism of her soldiers and the genius of her commanders."

This somewhat gallant speech which indicated that Mr. Prosser was a Northern man but in sympathy with the South, seemed to satisfy the landlady and she arose as Mr. Dodge appeared in the door, and said:

"Mr. Dodge allow me to introduce—" then turning to Mr. Prosser—"excuse me, I did not catch your name."

"Prosser, from Cumberland, Maryland,"—for, indeed, that was his native city—at which the lady smiled, bowed low and left the room closing the door behind her.

Mr. Dodge came forward in all the courtly elegance of his suave manners and extended his hand, saying:

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Prosser. I trust I may be of service to you."

To which Mr. Prosser, with equal dignity and well-feigned courtesy, replied: "I too am glad to meet you, Mr. Dodge; though possibly, to speak more becomingly under the circumstances, I should use the word ashamed instead of glad."

"Why so?" said Mr. Dodge, still holding Mr. Prosser's hand and looking the model of sweet amiability—"pray, why so?"

"I owe you an explanation and apology, Mr. Dodge, and I am back here *in propria persona* to beg your pardon for my carelessness, and to return to you in perfect safety your property. It was anything but commendable in me to permit myself to become so engrossed in a newspaper as to prevent my noting the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. In my haste to catch the Cumberland train I laid violent hands on your overcoat and satchel and allowed mine to travel on, I have not yet ascertained where, but what was done was done, and all that I can now do is to return your property and express the hope that you have not been subjected to inconvenience."

Mr. Dodge took the coat and satchel from Mr. Prosser, who rather in response to the inquisitive expression of Mr. Dodge's face, continuing, said:

"I was unwilling to entrust their return to any third party." Then smiling significantly, added: "If there is anything contraband you will find it in *statu quo*. I took the privilege to examine sufficiently to learn the name of the owner; further than that——" and Mr. Prosser bowed.

"I can well believe you, sir. But there is nothing here of consequence; only a few private letters and a paper which I was requested to deliver to General Banks when I got to Winchester. That was the only thing about which I felt the least concern. I did not know but what it might be of importance, as I am not aware of its contents." Then turning the subject suddenly Mr. Dodge asked: "Are you in the army, Mr. Prosser?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Prosser, rather quizzically. "I am not sufficiently in sympathy with the cause of coercion to risk my life in the grand enterprise. Nor do I find in my heart any disposition to yield to the pathetic call of 'Maryland, my Maryland;' but I am detaining you. My card, Mr. Dodge—shall be glad to see you should you ever find yourself in Cumberland."

"My home is in Washington, Mr. Prosser. I hope we shall meet again."

The two men shook hands and parted, each well satisfied with the interview, and each feeling that there was special occasion for self-congratulation.

"What a bold-faced hypocrite he is," thought Mr. Prosser. "The semblance of a gentleman with the hideous heart of a gorilla."

"How lucky this is," thought Dodge. "Had but a rebel's finger touched that satchel I should have been disgraced, defeated, despoiled of two thousand 'green fivers' and balked of the blessings of revenge. Curses on his cat-like life that clings to the clods of clay. How the fates do outwit my wishes; neither my knife nor my ball seems able to cut that gordian knot, but by the withering wrath of all the hosts of hideous hate I'll down him yet or I'll die."

William Dodge as yet had lost none of his bitterness. The black waters were still surging through his heart, and the delayed gratification of his fiendish designs only served to intensify the bitterness of his passion. He may have become more calm from continued reflection, but this only served to strengthen his purpose and fix firmer in his mind his dark design. Long brooding over the horrible deed he contemplated had to some extent robbed it of its awful deformity and made it a more sightly subject to approach. So rankly had he come to loathe and hate the name of Charles Reed he could have crushed his life with less compunction than the savage feels when he grinds with his heel the mean insect that has stung him. The hideous deformity of his debased nature gave him no rest. He hated himself for being hateful; hated virtue for being virtuous; and hated passion for being passionate. He could not hope, for hope he now despised. He could not rest, for rest tortured him as a mirror revealing his hideous, hateful life. On and on and on he

must go, fleeing from himself with all his might while a whip of scorpions lashed his lingering flight. He denied he had a conscience that could suffer, yet his writhing conscience told him that in the denial his foul and filthy tongue did but lie.

History tells us that Nero set Rome on fire and then played his fiddle while the city was burning, and just so William Dodge had fallen down, down, down from baseness to total depravity, until the only gratification he was capable of receiving was to contemplate the intensity of agonizing torture. Had bodily pain been visited upon him; had physical suffering taken possession of his limbs, he might have been called back from the awful doom of soul depravity. Health to him was a curse as it has been, and is, and ever will be, to many and many a soul defying God's power and rejecting God's mercy.

When William Dodge received back the stolen papers, he pronounced it lucky. Lucky, because the veil of futurity was drawn down tight before his blinded eyes; lucky because the safe return of those papers was essential to the success of his more recent plans. He would bring the strong arm of the Government to his aid, and under the plea to punish the sin of secession and the wickedness of rebellion, he would burn the property of all the Reeds, and drag Helen Moore from her Southern home to a Northern prison. How easy to concoct a charge; how readily can wit and money procure evidence. "Yes, I'll do it, by all the strength of Hercules. I'll do it; that will be ten thousand living deaths to Charles Reed, and to me revenge is as sweet as ever, dripped from the honied fingers of the worshipful Nemesis."

He had planned for the proposed raid to come off, while Charles was at home with a view to bag both birds at the same time; but circumstances had delayed the enterprise. He will now hasten on to the army of General Milroy, and, in a little while, the proud beauty would be in his power.

He would not risk going on the raid himself; possibly the scheme might miscarry, in that case it would be safer over the lines; but no trouble to find some one to do the dirty work with these one thousand greenbacks to offer as the reward; and he held up the notes to the light which he drew from his pocket.

But what means this terrible commotion in the streets; this cheering of the citizens; this waving of handkerchiefs by the women. The news boys' cry tell the story. "Jackson is coming!" "Shields is defeated!" "Jackson is coming!" "Shields is defeated!"

The revelry of Mr. Dodge is cut short in its enjoyment. The panic of the Shields men is extended to Mr. Dodge. Quicker than pen can tell it, he realizes it will not do to be taken, so he seizes his satchel and speeds over the bridge into Maryland, where he is duly *rallied* the next day, and returned to the front in good order.





## CHAPTER. XLII.

**D**URING the night after the battle at Kernstown, Jackson fell back, and continued his march on to the Elk Run Valley, which lies right in the gorge of the Swift Run Gap in the Blue Ridge mountains. He had brought off with him all of his prisoners, as also the large amount of ordnance stores and commissary supplies which he had captured, so when Banks arrived the next morning with his 20,000 fresh troops, he found nothing but the shattered army of Shields, with no foe in sight capable of doing so much damage. And then, instead of pursuing after Jackson as he might have done, he set his men to work ditching and fortifying, as though military prudence dictated that thirty odd thousand troops should build breastworks to protect themselves against eight thousand.

The battle of Kernstown was more than a victory to the Confederates, for it brought Banks back to the Valley and kept him there to protect Washington, which never was really threatened; it thwarted McClellan in his proposed plan of concentration; prevented the defeat of Johnston at Manassas, and enabled that officer to safely withdraw his army from before the overwhelming forces of McClellan, and lodge the Confederate troops in a strong position along the south bank of the Rapidan river, and lastly, but not least, the battle of Kernstown gave to the name of Jackson so much of terror and mysterious power it spread consternation through the ranks of the enemy wherever he appeared, paralyzing their energy and robbing them of courage.

The retreat by Jackson into the gorge of the Swift Run Gap was indeed a masterly move of skillful strategy, for

here he was in easy communication with his base of supplies at Gordonsville and capable at any time of reinforcing Johnston, now at Culpeper, by a single day's march; besides his position in the gap protected him from being flanked by the superior forces of the enemy, while they dare not go past him on up the Valley towards Staunton for that would place him immediately in their rear and cut off their retreat.

One of the remarkable things in war is the effect that a rear attack will produce on a body of troops; five thousand men charging up in the rear will often cause more alarm and produce more consternation than fifty thousand steadily advancing in front—a fact which no officer on either side during the late war seems to have so fully appreciated as General Jackson.

Mr. Prosser, after he left Mr. Dodge at Harper's Ferry, made his way to Martinsburg, where, in due time, he found Miss Boyd, to whom he delivered General Jackson's letter. He found the young lady in the conservatory gathering a bouquet of flowers. She received the letter, read it carefully, then tore it into pieces and handed it back to Mr. Prosser, saying, "Put that in your pocket and scatter it as you go; it will now bear no record," then smiling, extended her hand, and continued, "I am sorry I cannot invite you to stay, but I am expecting company. I must entertain the *Blue* to-night, that I may post the *Gray* to-morrow. Tell General Jackson that I know the gentleman, and will give advice of his movements."

As she closed the sentence she drew herself up to her full height and looked straight at Mr. Prosser, with her deep-blue expressive eyes, and then with a smile full of meaning, said, "Whoso serves the land I cherish may wear the flower I love," and she pinned a white rose on the lapel of his coat.

The reader may know the strange, eventful history of Belle Boyd. She was young, she was beautiful, she was

bright, she was full of vivacity, she was a daughter of Old Virginia, and dearly she loved the grand Old Commonwealth. To use her own words: "She was a woman, she could not fight, but she could furnish information that would serve the Southern cause."

She flirted with the Federal officers, wheedled them out of what knowledge they had of military movements, and sent the information to her friends in Dixie. Twice she was detected, twice she was arrested; twice she was tried and twice condemned to be shot, but Mr. Lincoln with a gallantry that did credit to his noble heart, stayed the sentence and would not allow a woman to be executed. This writer hopes to travel to his grave some day, and, if so, will leave a flower in commemoration of that noble deed.

There can be no doubt about Mr. Lincoln's humanity, nor can there be any doubt about the fact that he did not regard the action of the South as a cruel, cold-blooded unpardonable act of treason. There is no question raised as to his fixed and firm determination to preserve the Union. This he seems to have regarded as a duty which he owed to the whole country, no less to the South against whom he was struggling, than to the North from which he drew his support. He regarded the South as he would have done a sick man laboring under a natural distemper to whom it was necessary to administer bitter, distasteful medicines in order to perfect a cure, but there was no malice in his heart, no malignity; no feeling of revenge; no disposition to inflict chastisement purely for chastisement's sake.

From all accounts he must have been an unusually happy man. He was just what he was; no less, no more; no bigger, no smaller; no richer, no poorer; no more grand, no less humble. He laughed and joked when he split rails; he laughed and joked when he was President. He was contented when he lived in a log cabin; he was

not arrogant when he lodged in the White House. He did what he thought was right, and slept believing he enjoyed the blessings of Providence. To his name and exalted fame I offer the tribute of a "reconstructed rebel;" to his departed spirit, a fervent *requiescat in pace*.

Some ten days or more had passed, since the battle of Kernstown, yet nothing had been heard of William Dodge, nor of his proposed raid. Charles Reed was growing impatient. He felt uneasy as to the safety of his home and the protection of those near there who were so dear to his heart. He had written to Helen as often as circumstances would permit, and tried to cheer and comfort her in every way possible, for he knew the deep anxiety she felt for his safety, but despite his best efforts there was something in his letters of late which caused Helen much pain. They contained no allusion to that abused and deeply wronged friendship which had been the source of so much sorrow to Charles since his return to the army, but there was a lack of his natural gaiety, a dearth of that free, easy flow of spirits which had shown the contentment of his heart and the happiness of his life. Distrust had ever been absent in his estimate of men, but a new and startling revelation had been revealed to his mind. The depravity of man; the base, unnatural depravity of man had been presented in all of its awful deformity; and the revelation saddened his life and filled him with sorrow. He still believed in the goodness of the world; he still clung to a fixed faith in the great heart of humanity; he still trusted mankind as a whole, but now he did not know; he could not know how many there be, like this one, false, cruel and depraved. Over and over again in his mind the thought revolved: "Judas betrayed Christ with a kiss—sold the Saviour for silver; Delilah bound Sampson with cords—delivered her lover for death; Brutus stabbed Cæsar, his friend; and William Dodge would have taken my life." "*Unnatural, inexpli-*

*cable;*" yet, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do."

These thoughts saddened the life of Charles Reed. He could not help it; and, as the water shows its depth by its coloring, so the painful feelings that filled Charles's heart gave a shadowing to the beauty of his flowing spirits; and this shadow Helen quickly detected, for the eyes of love are watchful, and affection is zealous of its care.

Helen had no idea as to what was the source of Charles's depression. She tried to think, but no light came with her thoughts, so she finally concluded that it was the care of command, or anxiety for the welfare of the cause he was serving; and she did all that she could do to lead his thoughts away from all painful subjects. She wrote him often, and wrote him long letters; she told him what she did, and how she spent her time; who she saw, and where she went; and her letters were such a picture gallery of her home life, Charles could almost imagine that he was there with her in the enjoyment. But although she wrote him cheerful letters, she was not without her care, for her father's health was gradually on the decline, and he was now quite feeble. He had brooded over that strange vision, neglecting all exercise and care of himself so long, it could but tell upon his strength, and hasten the decline of old age. He made no complaint; he was usually cheerful, and enjoyed a fair appetite, and was so patient in his indisposition, Helen did not realize how fast he was failing. He never spoke of Mr. Dodge for, by some means he could not tell, there had been a reflux in his feelings in regard to Mr. Dodge, and a suspicion had crossed his mind that that worthy had acted a part for a purpose. So one rainy afternoon, while Helen was sitting with him in his room, he spoke to her, and said, "My darling, take these keys and unlock my writing desk there, and get me the papers you will find in a large yellow envelope to the left side."

Helen put down the copy of "Pollock's Course of Time" which she had been reading, took the keys from his hand and got the papers required. As she handed them to him she saw from the expression of his face that there was something he wished to say. She spoke not a word, but quietly slipped a little cushion close to his feet, sat down and rested her arms across his knees. He looked at her for one moment in silence, the expression of his face indicating the deep devotion his heart felt for her. Then selecting one of the papers from the envelope, said :

"My daughter, all that I own in this world I desire shall be yours. Should I die intestate the law makes you my sole heir. This paper is my will. It contains some directions which I desire to change, but it makes one provision which I wish you to remember when I am gone: I desire to leave a special legacy of one hundred dollars to each one of my servants above the age of twenty-one, to be enjoyed by them just as they please. I now with my own hands destroy this paper" (and as he spoke he laid it upon the fire), "and thus defeat what I fear are the designs of the person named herein as co-executor with Charles. I hope and trust before I go to see you safe under the protecting care of his love as his dutiful wife. You both will remember this, will you not, my daughter?" and he drew her nearer to him and kissed her trembling lips. Her heart was too full to say more than the two words, "We will," but she passed her arms around him and again and again pressed her lips to his, then leaning her head against his bosom gave way in a burst of tears to the grief against which she had so long been struggling.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

WAR in the South had become a terrible reality. It was being brought with all of its horrors home to the hearts and hearthstones of that brave but unfortunate people. The policy of the Washington Government was to raise armies so vast and to add to their *momentum* by such perfect equipment as to overwhelm the forces of the South by material weight. Under the industrious and organizing management of General McClellan the aggregate of their armies now swelled to the enormous proportions of seven hundred and fifty thousand men—a host three times as numerous as that which the South could muster.

With this grand combination of human machinery the Federals gained decided advantages in the East, South and Southwest early in the struggle. They won the battle of Mill Spring and with it the larger portion of the territory of Kentucky. They were victorious at the battle of Roanoke Island and gained the key to all of the inland waters of North Carolina. They established themselves there and forced the evacuation of Norfolk, and Fortress Monroe. They swept past with their war steamers Island No. 10 and opened the Mississippi from the Gulf to the city of Memphis. They captured Fort Henry and sailed up the Tennessee. They reduced Fort Donelson and became masters of the waters of the Cumberland river, and thus by this series of victories gained possession of the larger portions of the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, and severed the trans-Mississippi States from the main body of the Confederacy

It also seems to have been the policy of the Federal Government, or the Federal officers, or the Federal soldiers, to capture, burn or otherwise destroy every species of property, whether public or private, which could be of any use to them or advantage to the Confederacy, and many a heart was made sad and many an orphan left homeless by the spirit of desolation and the policy of devastation.

McClellan, frustrated in his plans to unite the army of Banks to his own, withdrew his troops from the plains before Manassas, and transferred his operations to the peninsula below Richmond. Johnston moved over the shorter line through the city and again confronted his adversary on the Chickahominy. Banks reorganized his forces in the Valley, and contented himself to sit down near Harrisonburg and prevent Jackson from taking Washington.

General Milroy, with more energy, more boldness, or perhaps with less caution, had pushed his army forward from the northwest over the Alleghanies to the little village of McDowell, at the foot of the Shenandoah mountain, some twenty miles west from Staunton, where he was confronted by General Edward Johnson with a small force, but in a strong position. General Milroy's army amounted to about 10,000 men, while the little brigade of Edward Johnson did not exceed one-fourth of that number.

General Jackson conceived the idea of stealing a march on General Banks, and in a secret move pay his respects to Milroy at McDowell, who was in reality threatening Staunton.

Jackson took General Reed alone into his confidence and explained to him the proposed moves. He would cross his army over the Blue Ridge as though he intended to turn north, and then recross the mountains again in rear of General Banks, but in reality to turn



south, make a forced march to Charlottesville, and from there transport his troops by rail to Staunton, which he could easily reach the same day; form a junction with Edward Johnson, and fall upon Milroy unawares.

General Reed was delighted at the idea, and exclaimed excitedly, "Let's do it, general; let's do it! Our troops are impatient to be at something new. Ashby with his cavalry can make a big show to conceal the move until we are far on the way. Besides, if we drive Milroy from McDowell, that will defeat the proposed raid of Mr. Dodge on the James River and Kanawha canal. You remember the paper stated the troops were to be furnished by General Milroy."

"That is true, but I am not so anxious to put a stop to that start, for, I think, our gallant boy, Charles, with his regiment, could capture the whole expedition. But if they are going, I don't see why they have not gone, nor do I understand why I have not heard from Miss Boyd." Then looking up quickly continued, "I will tell you what we will do, we will take Charles and his troopers with us as far as Charlottesville, and leave them there to watch and wait for developments."

Just as General Jackson ceased speaking, some one knocked at the door. "Come in," said General Jackson, and a courier entered and handed him a letter, saying, "Dispatch from General Ashby." Then waiting a moment, while General Jackson read the letter, asked: "Is there any reply?"

"No; thank you—yes, tell General Ashby I wish to see him this afternoon."

The letter from General Ashby contained another which he said his scouts from beyond the enemy's lines had brought him that morning.

General Jackson opened the enclosed letter and handed the envelope to General Reed, who, noting the delicate handwriting of the address, laughed and said, "I see you will correspond with the ladies, General!"

"Or, at least," replied the general, smiling, "they will correspond with me; but this is from my special friend, Miss Belle Boyd."

The letter apparently was nothing more than an ordinary friendly letter, of half a page, containing some trivial request in regard to a friend that was in Jackson's army.

General Jackson handed the letter to General Reed, who read it through with rather a disappointed expression, and then raised his eyes with a puzzled, inquisitive look.

General Jackson smiled significantly, and then said, "I must let you into a secret, my friend; but, mark, you must never tell."

General Jackson then took the letter and turning it with the written side down, laid it on a smooth board and poured a few drops of a creamy colored liquid from a vial on the lower left hand corner. He then held the letter up in the air a moment to dry, and the following words became perfectly legible:

"Mr. Dodge left here on the 10th to join Milroy at McDowell. He claims to be a non-combatant, but pretends to be in sympathy with the South. I think there is a proposed raid to start from McDowell, go via Goshen Gap, Lexington and Rockfish Gap, and cut the James River and Kanawha canal at Hardwicksville. I peeped at an order to Milroy to that effect.

"Yours to command,

"B. B."

"Left on the 10th," exclaimed General Reed; "this is the 13th. They may start before we get to McDowell," said General Reed, thoughtfully.

"Let them start if they wish; they only ride to death or to prison. They can't hurt the canal before Charles can get there, and the commissary stores that had been collected at your place have been shipped to Richmond."

"Well, if they should start I trust Charles will capture the last one of them. I told him to take William Dodge alive, if possible."

"Why, you have no idea that Dodge will go on that raid, have you?"

"Why not, since he seems to have planned it?"

"What! when he knows he will be shot if he is captured? Oh! no, Dodge is too smart for that, besides, he knows he might be recognized even if he is not captured. If he goes there he has made up his mind never to return here. I don't think he has done that. Miss Boyd said he claimed to be a non-combatant and professed sympathy for the South. The pay of a spy is enormous. Dodge will soon be back with us again. But to change the subject, you must be ready to march by daylight to-morrow morning, and you will please notify Charles that he must be ready also."

At the same hour that the above conference was being held at Jackson's headquarters, two young men were closely closeted in one of the rooms of the principal hotel at McDowell. One of these young men was dressed in a handsome Federal uniform, indicating the rank of captain. He was rather stout, had light sandy hair, heavy eyebrows, low forehead and thick lips; while his wandering eyes were the palest of pale blue; a single glance would tell you that he was coarse and capable of dirty work, but no coward. The other person was dressed in citizen's costume, drab colored, and fashionably cut. His white collar, white cuffs, white hands and immaculate shirt front proclaimed his taste for exterior cleanliness; his eyes were blue, his hair was light, his figure tall, and his voice sweet and persuasive, while his manner was of that courteous, insinuating, take-it-for-granted style which seems to say "I am right—you can't deny—you won't refuse," but the autocrat in appearance had met his match in practice this time, for there seemed to be a point of variance between them. The autocrat of practice was willing that the autocrat of appearance might name the service, but the autocrat of practice was inexorable in his demand to name the consideration.

"No, sir, not one penny less—one thousand greenback dollars cash counted down on this table, with a written order of instructions is my *ultimatum*. You will agree, or we will agree that you seek some other agent to do your dirty work."

"Come, now; can't you be reasonable? I'll agree to one-half cash and the balance in case of success. There is no need of any written instructions; be reasonable. Can't you trust me?"

"Trust you! trust you, William Dodge?—I believe that is what you call yourself; trust you, who propose to bribe me to kidnap a lady (I won't call it capture), and thus disgrace the uniform I wear, and all this to gratify some hellish design of your own? Trust you? Turn, look in yonder mirror and ask the sleek, slimy-tongued brute that answers the look, if you are to be trusted? No, I will not trust you, and for the asking I'll say add five hundred dollars more to the amount; then it shall be one thousand for the dirty work, and five hundred for your impudence."

"Come, captain; you are unreasonable; here is the one thousand cash down. You don't need any written instructions. I will trust to your honor to do the best you can, and be satisfied with the issue."

"Don't parley with me, William Dodge. Count down on that table fifteen hundred dollars from that bank of notes you hold in your hand, and then write the order for the arrest of one Helen Moore before you open your rat-trap mouth again, else, I say, the sum shall be two thousand."

The face of William Dodge flushed crimson, his eyes flashed angrily; he arose from his chair, put the money back in his pocket, straightened himself up to his full height, looked at the officer, and said, haughtily: "Our interview is ended, sir; I will seek a less *insolent* agent," turned and started for the door.

"Stop, sir;" exclaimed the officer, fiercely, and he stepped forward quickly, turned the key in the lock, and stood with his hand resting on the knob, then added with an expression of withering scorn, "For that insulting word '*insolent*,' you add five hundred dollars more; count down on yonder table two thousand five hundred dollars without another word, or I shall march you under arrest to the presence of General Milroy, and offer my version of this interview first."

Dodge saw the man meant just what he said; he saw disgrace staring him full in the face; his heart cowered; his limbs trembled; his face paled back to deathly pallor; his eyes fell to the floor.

"Not one moment of hesitation, sir;" and the officer jerked his sword from the scabbard and half opened the door.

William Dodge did not so much as look up; he drew the roll of notes from his pocket, walked to the table and counted down twenty-five hundred dollars. He then looked up at the officer who, in reply to the look, said:

"Now write the order at my dictation."

Mr. Dodge took up a pen from the table, placed a sheet of paper before him, and the officer began:

"[SPECIAL ORDER No. 1.]

"McDOWELL, VA., December 13, 186—.

"To Captain John Green,

Commanding 3d Battalion Pennsylvania

Light Dragoons:

"SIR—In accordance with instructions from the Secretary of War, hereto attached, you will proceed with your command by the way of Goshen Gap, Lexington and Rockfish Gap to the neighborhood of Hardwicks-ville, Eastern Virginia, at which point you are to destroy the James River and Kanawha canal; thence to the residence of Dabney Reed, where you will destroy

all commissary stores that you may find there collected. You will take possession of all horses and mules that you may come upon fit for military service; and, further, you are specially instructed to capture, if possible, one Helen Moore, of Oak Grove, who has rendered herself obnoxious to the government by meddling communications sent through the lines. You will do such other and further damage while in the enemy's country as tend to cripple the rebellion and weaken the enemy's power, and this shall be your authority for the same.

“WILLIAM DODGE,

“By order of the Secretary of War.”

Captain Green then took the Secretary's letter, which still lay on the table, pinned the two papers together, folded them around the money, placed the whole in his breast pocket, and said to Mr. Dodge :

“Now, sir, you may go.”

Mr. Dodge was completely subdued; he felt what the dog must feel when he is caught killing a sheep—he felt debased, he felt mean. He had no pride to be wounded; for pride is inordinate self-esteem. William Dodge knew his hateful life too well to have any self-esteem.

What to do, or what to say, he did not know; tears of pain and mortification gathered in his eyes, and his trembling lips told the depth of his humiliation. For one moment some better spirit hovered near him, and regret for what he was swept over his heart. He arose and tried to speak, to say

“Keep the money, captain, but leave the lady alone.”

Captain Green noted the changed expression of his face, but naturally attributed it to fear and distrust, and feeling some touch of pity mingling with his contempt, said, in rather a less harsh tone:

“If it will be of any comfort to you, Mr. Dodge, I will say you may be assured that I shall use my best endeavors to carry out my instructions to the letter, and you

may well rest satisfied that no human eye shall ever see these papers unless it be absolutely necessary to protect my life or my reputation." Then noticing that Mr. Dodge was about to speak, continuing, said, as he waved him away: "Better go now, Mr. Dodge; I do not wish to hear any more." And the two young men parted never to meet again.

That night Mr. Dodge started for Washington City to make report, in part, of what he had done to the Secretary of War. He went with a heavy heart, half regretting, half distrusting, almost hoping that wind or tide would interpose and defeat the project which he a little before had so eagerly proposed. The terrible rebuke which he had received that day showed him something of the contempt and loathing scorn in which he would be held if the world should come to know him as he was.

It seems to be one of the principles of poor human nature, even for the meanest of the mean, to desire the good opinion of his fellow-man. The blackest and basest and most heartless wretch that lives will hide his wicked deeds from all humanity, though he knows that they are viewed by the Omniscient eye.

Again some good spirit hovered in the air above the head of William Dodge and some soft, kind voice whispered to his heart, "Leave off and come away while mercy may yet be found." And to that soft voice he half willingly listened, half consenting, weakly resolving, that he would do so no more, but abandon the pursuit of vengeance, which after all seem to be but a serpent in the grass that would slide smoothly through the hand leaving a sting that wrought an endless pain.

When he reached Martinsburg he felt tired, weary, worried, wasted in strength, not just sick, but far from well. He put up at a hotel, resolved to stay there a day or two and rest, perhaps to wait and watch for developments, and there we must leave him for a time.

## CHAPTER LXIV.

THE morning of the 14th broke bright and clear. As the stars paled and went out, the sky all along the East flushed into crimson beauty, and bright Aurora with her fiery chariot dashed up the horizon panoplied in splendor. Just as the first rays of the rising sun flashed along the mountain tops, the Third Battalion of Pennsylvania Light Dragoons moved out from McDowell, under the command of Captain Green, and took the road towards Goshen Gap. The weather had been pleasant, so the roads were dry, and this enabled the raiders to move forward rapidly, and by noon of the next day they had crossed the North river at Lexington, and stood headed for Rockfish Gap.

At or about the same hour that the Federal cavalry left McDowell, General Jackson with two brigades of his command, crossed over the top of the Blue Ridge mountain into Eastern Virginia, marching away on his secret mission. He had left behind one brigade of infantry, all the cavalry, except Colonel Reed's regiment, and every band, drum and fife that belonged to the whole division, with instruction that they should make as much of a show as possible to conceal his absence—so, in accordance with this command, such marching and counter-marching; such flying of flags; such blowing of fifes, playing of bands and beating of drums was never witnessed in all the land before. Banks thought the whole Confederacy was coming, and back down the Valley he retreated in red hot haste, but in much good order, of course.

Jackson pressed on to Charlottesville, where he found freight trains awaiting him, which whirled his troops back over the blue hills and down to Staunton, while the



sun was yet shining high in the West. No time was lost. "Fall in, men;" "fall in," was the hurried command of the officers—"twenty miles more to go," and "Jackson's foot cavalry" fell in, and stepped out with a steady pull, munching parched corn and cracking jokes as they pressed forward. By dark the junction with Johnson was made, and the men now much fatigued by the hard work of the day, wrapped their blankets around them and lay down to rest—to rest, perchance, to dream sweet dreams of home; of wife or mother, dear; of sisters, loved, or of another whose image lights up the heart even as the sun lights up the sky.

The next morning broke calm and peaceful, and as the first gray streaks of approaching day stole along the sky, and the twinkling stars, one by one, paled out of sight, the officers passed around among the sleeping soldiers, gently touching one now and then, saying, softly, "Up men, up and fall in." "No cheering, lads; no cheering. Not a word until we break over the hills." Down in the Valley below, among the white tents, drums were beating, sounding the *reveille*, and soon the half-clad men were seen issuing from their comfortable quarters, and forming in irregular lines, where they stood shivering in the crisp mountain air, answering to the morning roll call; which duty accomplished, they hurried back and curled up under their coverings, unconscious of the danger fast approaching, and of death right at the door for many.

Jackson and Johnson formed their troops into three lines of battle, one behind the other, and advanced down into the plain. The first two lines were to make the attack, the third to be held in reserve. The enemy did not observe their approach until they were within eight hundred yards of the camp. Then the signal gun was fired, and answering rattled a hundred drums, beating the long-roll. Quick as thought the Federals rushed to arms, formed in line, and turned to face Jackson's men, now

charging over the plain. The Federals stood their ground bravely—they fought like men; but they fired their volley a little too soon to prove effective. It was answered by a “rebel yell,” which rose high above the din of battle, and was repeated again and again as the charging line rushed upon the Federals and mowed them down with shot, or pinned them to the earth with the bayonet.

The battle was “short, sharp and decisive.” The Federals gave way in disorder, and fled the field in precipitate flight, leaving their dead and dying, their wounded men and many prisoners, along with their camp equipment, and all their stores, in the hands of the elated victors. Jackson sent a *veni-vidi-vici* dispatch to Richmond, simply saying to the Secretary of War, “God has blessed our arms with victory at McDowell to-day.”



## CHAPTER XLV.

JACKSON learned from the citizens of McDowell that the Third Battalion of Pennsylvania Light Dragoons had started on a secret mission at sunrise the day before, and had gone in the direction of Goshen Gap. This information he sent off to Colonel Reed at once; but as it had to go by courier to Staunton, and be forwarded from there, it did not reach Charles until late in the afternoon. He sprang to his feet the moment he read the dispatch, and ordered the bugler to sound "Saddle up." Twenty minutes later he was leading his regiment at a fair trot along the old turnpike road, which runs parallel with the Blue Ridge from Charlottesville to Nelson Court House, but he soon found that there was no prudence in his impatience; and although he was chafing with anxiety, he was restrained to slacken his speed. He calculated from the start the enemy had, and the distance they had to travel, that they must have passed Rockfish Gap by that hour; if so, they were then twenty miles nearer the goal than himself. If they stopped to encamp for the night, which they most likely would do, they could not reach Hardwicksville until ten o'clock the next day. If he would continue his march until midnight, and then start again at four o'clock, he could do the same. There were two roads from Rockfish Gap to Hardwicksville. The most direct passed by Lovingsston, the county court-house, thence along the turnpike on which Charles was traveling to the ford across Meechum's river, where the Hardwicksville road turned south, distant about eight miles. The other road bore more to the south, and passed immediately by Melrose Abbey, the home of Charles Reed.

Charles was very sure that the raiders would take the direct route and pass back west by the Abbey road. He was, therefore, especially anxious to reach Meechum's river and cross the ford before the enemy came up; he would then be in position to fight them to advantage and to defeat them in their entire purpose. With this view he pressed on as rapidly as possible until near night, when suddenly he was startled by a loud peal of thunder, and looking up saw that the whole of the western sky was obscured by a black angry cloud, which came rushing on with terrible velocity. This was exceedingly annoying, and the fiery spirit of the young officer chafed more than ever beneath his restless anxiety. Just what to do he hardly knew, but finally decided to call a halt and allow the men to tie their horses and protect themselves from the on-coming storm in a large shed-barn which stood close to the road side. Scarcely had the men secured their horses and taken their saddles under the shelter when the storm burst upon them in all of its fury. The rain poured down in torrents. There seemed to be a perfect cloud-burst and floods of water fell to the earth. Peal after peal of thunder broke and rolled, and rent the air, while the flashes of lightning were fearful to behold. For two long hours the storm raged with unabated fury, and when it finally subsided it settled down into a steady drizzling rain which caused the night to be so intensely dark that it was impossible to see your hand before you. The moments were precious, but what could Charles do? He could lead where danger fell and his men would follow him any where he ventured to lead, but it was actually impossible to go forward in that night when he might not be able to follow the road for fifty yards.

The men, less anxious, huddled themselves together and some of them dropped to sleep, while Charles sat motionless and silent with a sad heart looking out into the night.

As he sat there distressing himself with anxiety for the safety and welfare of those he loved, he suddenly felt a hand laid upon his shoulder and looking up as the lightning flashed, he saw the face of the little bugler boy bending over him. Willie Jeter was the only son of a near neighbor of Charles, and when the troop marched away to the war, he insisted that he be allowed to go as bugler for the company; and from that day every tattoo at night had been sounded from his little brass horn and every rising sun had been greeted by the cheerful notes of his reveille call. And when the battle raged and the squadron charged, that child of thirteen summers could be seen with his yellow hair floating on the air, riding with dauntless courage at the head of the column blowing his little bugle with all his might to cheer on the rushing tide. He seemed to be possessed of a charmed life, for time and again the missiles of death had fallen around him thick as hailstones from the cloud, yet not a hair of his head had been touched. Every man in the regiment had come to love him, and Charles petted him like he would have done a little brother.

The little fellow had been watching Charles sitting there so still and motionless, and seemed to have divined the thoughts that were passing through his mind, and, child-like, being specially privileged, had come over to offer consolation and advice. Charles put his arm around the slender form and drew him down beside him.

"This is a terrible night, Willie, and this is most precious time that we are losing."

"That is so, colonel; but you must not feel so depressed. I have been sitting over there watching your face when the lightnings flash, and I saw that you were sad. I know what you are thinking about, and I have been thinking of what is best for us to do, and I think, colonel, I have it all clear in my mind."

"What is your plan, my little general?" and with the question Charles drew the child closer to his side.

"You are afraid, colonel, that the Yankees will pass the ford at Meechum's river before we get there, and in that case they will be ahead of us and do all sorts of damage before we can overtake them. Now, if they come in by the turnpike road, they will go out by the Abbey road; so if they have passed when we get to the ford we will send one company right along the way they came to the narrow pass at Rockfish Gap and have them blockade the road and conceal themselves, so when we run them into the gap we will have a fire in front of them, a fire behind them, and a fire all around them; and they will catch it, colonel, like the six hundred did at the battle of Balaklava."

"Hurrah for you, Willie! that is just what we will do; but see, it is clearing away in the west, yonder, and the moon is beginning to shine through the thinning clouds. Blow your bugle, Willie; blow it strong; rouse up the boys, and let's be marching."

Charles led his regiment forward as rapidly as circumstances would admit, but despite his best efforts they moved comparatively slowly. The heavy rain had made the road soft in places where the cobble stones of the old pike had become displaced, and so many horses passing in a body made it hard work for those in the rear.

So that it was full 10 o'clock the next morning before they reached Meechum's river, and here a more formidable and, if possible, a more vexatious obstacle impeded their progress, for the river which, ordinarily, scarcely deserves the name, usually fordable almost at any point, was now flooded by the late rain, and flowed a broad, deep, angry stream; and what still further added to their anxiety and augmented their distress they learned from citizens living near the ford that a body of cavalry, supposed to be a full regiment, had been seen to come down the old turnpike and turn into the Hardwicksville road at least an hour before.

Charles was completely *nonplused*. Just how long that angry stream of muddy water would keep him there, cut off from the pursuit, he could not tell. 'Tis easier to imagine his feelings than to describe them. There go the enemies of his country with destructive intent, marching right through his native county straight for his home and the home of that other dearer to him than his own life, and he here almost in sight cut off by the cruel stream, powerless to rush to the rescue. In vain he enquired as to other fords, distances around, and such like questions, but no hope could he find. If he could not cross at that ford there was no other ford at which he could cross, and those who knew told him that the strongest horse could not possibly live in that seething water a single moment. So there he stood the livelong day, now gazing eagerly off towards the south, now looking with reproachful expression upon that seething, surging, dashing water that leaped and roared and rushed—a hissing stream. What would they do? Would they dare intrude upon the sanctity of her presence and offer her the slightest indignity? The thought maddened him, and in his anger he ground his teeth and drew his sword half from the scabbard.

The Charles Reed sitting there on his horse was most unlike the Charles Reed that we had known till then. Twice his own life had been assailed. This he could forgive, had forgiven, and come to feel a touch of pity for the wrong the would-be assassin had done him; but when it came to be that other one, who was the light of his life, who was now threatened with danger, his blood boiled up to fever heat and set him so much beside himself, he could have throttled with his own hand the debased life of the vile originator of this iniquitous raid.

All the morning he watched and waited with restless, feverish impatience, hoping against hope, that the swollen waters would recede. High noon came, and still the

roaring tide rolled on. Three hours more, slow, weary, lagging hours, and still that muddy stream poured by; another hour passed—the sun now wheeling low toward the west, when lo! horror of horrors, a dense volume of black smoke is seen to rise over the hills towards the south and float away along the horizon—a thing of evil omen to restless, chafing spirits and anxious hearts, and as the evening advanced another and still another cloud of smoke is seen to rise and trail away in sad procession, while the gray of twilight gave place to the blush of shame that deepened on the sky at the fiendish fury of the incendiary's fire.

The Federals had passed on to Hardwicksville and spent the whole morning in trying to blow up the locks of the canal; but that was before the days of dynamite, and they found, after repeated failures, that all the injury they could do in days could be repaired in as many hours, so the destruction of the canal was abandoned, and the raiders turned their faces towards the west. In the entire march from McDowell to Hardwicksville, Captain Green had not permitted a single depredation to be committed. He had kept his command well together, and caused his troops to march as orderly as though on dress parade; but now, that they were on the home return, the rules of restriction were allowed to rattle loose, and avarice and selfishness, and appetite, were left to their own guidance. Horses, mules and cattle were gathered up indiscriminately, and negro men, women, boys and girls were compelled by threats, or persuaded by promises of freedom, to drive them on in advance, while the soldiers entered the private dwellings, and possessed themselves of any thing they saw, which desire craved, and convenience would allow them to carry. When they reached the home of Dabney Keed, he being a chief among rebels, it was meet that his property be subjected to wholesale destruction. They broke open the



house and rifled it of everything valuable they could find. Plate and jewelry and cut-glass were wrapped in fine blankets, costly curtains and turkey carpets, and then stored away in wagons and hurried forward to the front; mirrors were broken, and walnut bedsteads hacked to pieces, and finally a few gallons of old wine were found in the cellar, and a few select friends held there a bacchanalian feast. They drank "to the health of General Reed" and "to Charles, his dutiful son;" they drank until they were merry—then drank until they were drunk—and broke up the feast with a bonfire kindled on the table in honor of the joyful occasion.

The flames soon spread to the building and sent up the black volumes of smoke which Charles beheld floating away to the east.

Helen Moore, standing on the portico at the Grove, saw the smoke, and knew that it was the home of Charles Reed that was burning. The news of the presence of the Federal troops in the county had spread like wild-fire, and that heavy, black cloud of smoke told the character of the work they had come to perform. We will not attempt to describe her feelings, as she stood there gazing at the wreaths of circling smoke rising in the air. She felt all that woman could feel under such circumstances, and that was far more than words can portray.

She had not thought of her own safety nor that of her own home, and her poor sick father; her whole soul was absorbed in thoughts of that absent one she loved so dearly

As she stood there watching the smoke, longing for him and his brave men to come and drive the enemy away, or thinking if it were possible that she could go to him and comfort him in the loss of his dear old home, she was startled by a loud cry from one of the servants, and looking around saw at the side-gate a squadron of cavalry, dressed in Federal blue. For a moment the un-

expected sight caused Helen's heart to leap up to her throat.

The soldiers dismounted and stood together a few minutes at the gate, then several of them rushed off towards the stables, and the rest came in and advanced towards the front door. "Oh! my poor horse," said Helen, "they will take my poor horse, but surely they will not burn the house down over our heads." Then summoning the courage which never wholly forsakes the truly noble nature, she turned, went down the steps, and met the soldiers as they entered the front porch.

The men paused when they saw Helen and showed something of that embarrassment which the circumstances would occasion even to the roughest nature in the presence of a lady, which Helen quickly noted, and said, in the politest manner possible, "I trust, gentlemen, you will submit to me your demands in the absence of my father, who is sick, and since we are powerless to resist, even though they may seem unreasonable, I will do what I can to satisfy your purpose."

"Is this Miss Helen Moore?" asked the officer in command, taking off his hat as a mark of respect.

"Yes, sir; that is my name."

"Then I fear, Miss Moore, for me to obey my instructions will prove a most unpleasant duty both to you and myself. I am commanded by Captain Green, of the Third Pennsylvania Light Dragoons, to arrest you and bring you before him."

The hot blood surged to Helen's face and indignation flashed from her eyes, while her heart leaped with excitement, but she commanded her voice enough to ask

"For what am I to be arrested?"

"I do not know."

"Have you written instructions?"

"Only Captain Green's verbal command."

"Then you will not surely place me under arrest?"

"I fear, madam, that I must."

"Where is Captain Green?"

"With the command over at General Reed's place."

Helen stood silent a moment and then asked:

"Will you permit me to go in my own private carriage and see Captain Green?"

"Most gladly, madam, it will relieve me of a most unpleasant duty, for I did not join the Federal army to make war on the women of the South."

Captain Green had given special instructions that every respect should be shown Miss Moore, and that nothing in the way of property should be disturbed at the Grove, except the carriage and horses, which were to be used for her comfort. He had no heart in this business of arrest, for, although he was by nature coarse, yet he was brave, and the brave never enjoys a triumph over the weak.

Helen had not the slightest idea that she would be carried any farther than over to the Abbey. The courteous manner of the officer satisfied her that no indignity would be offered her person, and since she had done nothing to offend, she was sure that she would soon be released.

A number of the servants had congregated at the gate, and among them was the carriage driver. Helen called to him and told him to get out the carriage. She then went and told her father that she would be back in a little while, wrapped her shawl around her, and drove over to what was once Melrose Abbey—now, alas! only a heap of smoking ruins. Her heart was deeply lacerated at the sight which there met her gaze, but she said nothing and passed on to the commanding officer. He apologized for the cruel necessity which compelled him to place her under arrest, assured her that she could rely upon his word of honor that not the slightest indignity would be offered her while she was under his care, and ended by telling her that he had good reason to believe

that she would within a few days be restored to her liberty and permitted to return to her friends, but that his explicit commands, from the officers under whom he was acting, were to arrest her and bring her to the headquarters of General Milroy at McDowell.

Oh ! cruel, cruel war ! what wounds didst thou inflict ; what lacerations of hearts didst thou occasion ; how many lives didst thou sadden ; how many homes lay low in cinders and ashes !

No tongue can tell—no pen portray the flood of painful, passionate anguish that swept over that poor girl's heart when told that she was to be torn from her home and taken away amid rude, rough men to the enemy's camp, and there made to suffer God only knows what. She sank down on the grass where she was standing, covered her face with her hands, and only the convulsions of distress which shook her whole body could tell the terrible torture of her anguished soul.

Captain Green tried to comfort her, but she heard him not. He then told her maid to take her back to the carriage ; and as she was led away, Captain Green wished that William Dodge and his twenty-five hundred dollars were twenty-five hundred leagues at the bottom of the sea.

Captain Green was one of those Federal officers who believed with General Hunter, General Sheridan and General Sherman in the policy which dictated the confiscation or destruction of all portable property, whether public or private, that could possibly be used by the Confederates to help feed, clothe, or aid their army—a policy which may be justified by military usage in a war waged for subjugation, but a policy which General McClellan and General Hancock strenuously opposed as contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. So Captain Green, acting in accordance with what he believed to be the true policy, from no desire to injure individuals individually, but to

weaken the enemy as a whole, sent out his squads and caused all sheep, cattle, horses and mules that could be found to be gathered up, and all hay, corn, wheat, flour, and flouring mills to be burned. War's black, devastating hand was laid on every side along his route, and fire and smoke and falling ruins and smouldering ashes marked his trail.

Helen, faint and unresisting, but still supported by the rectitude of her conscience and her high moral courage, saw it all as she was borne along in her carriage, and her very heart sickened at the sight.

The Federal troops pressed forward with as much speed as the burthens which they had gathered up would permit, and by noon of next day had entered the pass which leads right into the Rockfish Gap. They had gone but a short distance in the pass when, much to their surprise, they found the road barricaded by felled trees, old logs and a few heavy rocks rolled down from the sides of the mountain, but seeing no enemy in sight concluded the barricade to be the work of a few citizens. Knowing that it would take an hour or more to remove the obstruction, Captain Green concluded to send forward a body of men to capture or drive off the citizens and prevent them from doing further mischief, but they had only gone forward a few hundred yards when they came to another and much more formidable blockade, and just as they reached it, they heard some one on the hill cry out, "Fire!" and instantly they were greeted with a volley of musketry which sent nearly half of their number to the dust, causing the rest to retreat in great confusion back to the main body, followed by a terrific "rebel yell." Captain Green then decided to clear the first obstructions, and then lead forward all of his men dismounted, but this delay, though he knew it not, boded him no good, for it was just the thing the ambuscade intended to give their friends following the Federal trail time to come up.

Charles had allowed himself but little sleep during the night. His heart was too full of anxious care. Continually as the hours passed by he would go down to the banks of the river and note the water. It began to fall just before midnight, but fell much too slowly to satisfy his restless impatience. He had been told that just above the ford there was a rock in the river called the "Ford Rock," and as soon as he could see the top of that rock it would be safe to cross. All night he had been watching for it, and just as the first streaks of the morning appeared along the east, making it light enough for him to see, he saw from the ripple in the water that the "Ford Rock" was only a few inches beneath the surface. His impatience would not allow him to wait any longer. He determined to try the stream at all hazards. He touched little Willie Jeter, who lay wrapped in his blanket close to the smouldering fire, sleeping soundly the sweet, refreshing sleep of childhood. The little fellow sprang to his feet in a moment, and asked :

"What is it, Colonel?"

"Blow your bugle, Willie; blow 'Saddle up'; the water has fallen enough for us to cross. We can't wait any longer; we must be over and after them."

"All right, Colonel;" and the little fellow raised his bugle to his lips and blew a call as cheery and chipper and saucy as ever wound down through a valley or echoed over a hill, while the fresh morning air seemed to take up the cheerful carol of his bugle and repeat the call, "Saddle up! saddle up your horses, and we'll catch them boys in blue."

Colonel Reed, as soon as he was over the river, acting upon the suggestion of little Willie Jeter, detached one company, numbering fifty men, and sent them under the command of Lieutenant Allen, direct to Rockfish Gap, with instructions that if they reached the gap before the enemy, to blockade the pass and check the Federals at

all hazards until he could come up with the main body of the troops. He then hastened on in pursuit of the raiders, moving forward as rapidly as circumstances would admit. When he reached Hardwicksville he noted the failure in the attempt to destroy the canal, and said, as he hurried on, "So much for that." The citizens, as he passed along, told him how "the Yankees" had behaved; yet, so far, no very great damage had been done, and he was comparatively satisfied, feeling rather relieved than otherwise; but when he reached Melrose Abbey and saw what they had done there, his blood fairly boiled with indignation; and when old Aunt Milly told him that they had taken Miss Helen and carried her off, as a prisoner, and described her distress when they put her in the carriage, Charles Reed felt a deep, dark tide of surging passion sweep over his soul that he had never known before his heart was capable of feeling. He was human, and learned now, for the first time, what bitter, black water can spring up in the human heart, and to what height angry, foaming frenzy can rise. He said but little, but the hot blood that surged to his face and crimsoned his cheeks, together with the fire that kindled like a burning coal in his eyes, told the story of his dreadful wrath and the vengeance that took shape in his thoughts, "Woe unto that man who dares to front me this day and woe unto William Dodge if he be found among that marauding band." Again he pressed forward in hot pursuit, noting as he passed the ruins of the burnt barns and the still smoking ashes of granaries, each one of which only served to add fury to that fire that was raging within his breast.

Charles reached the entrance to the gap just at the moment when Captain Green had completed the removal of the first obstructions and started forward with his men dismounted to dislodge Lieutenant Allen.

As soon as Charles came in sight of the led horses he rushed upon them in a dashing charge. They became stampeded and rushed upon the driven cattle, which likewise took fright, and the whole stampede dashed on, passed the dismounted men right up to the second blockade, where they were stopped and stood crowded together in the road. Luckily for Helen, her carriage, which was in front when the stampede started, was swept to one side and turned over down an embankment, jolting and bruising her considerably, but doing her no serious harm. She crawled out from the carriage and scrambled up the cliff to a point of safety, where she was soon joined by her maid and the driver, both terribly frightened, but in no way hurt.

Captain Green, still thinking that he was attacked by a small body of men, mostly citizens, turned to defend himself against the party making the attack in his rear. Charles saw that the position of the ground would not permit him to fight his men mounted, so he ordered the regiment to dismount, and gave instructions that the led horses be taken back to the field at the entrance of the pass. He then ordered one company to the right and one to the left, and told the men to climb along the cliffs and pour their fire down on the enemy from above. While the Confederates were deploying right and left from the rear attack, Lieutenant Allen had advanced his men along the cliffs to within easy range of the enemy. Then as the body of men which Charles kept with him to hold the road and prevent all escape, sent up a yell of defiance, it was answered by a perfect circle of fire kindled all around the heads of the now almost defenseless Federals. Volley after volley was poured down from the hills upon their unprotected heads, from army carbines and repeating cavalry pistols, until many a blue coat lay weltering in the dust. But Captain Green was brave and determined to fight to the last. At least one-third of his men were already killed or wounded, but he still had



something like two hundred gathered around him, and with these he resolved to cut his way through the rear attacking party and reach the open field. With this view he led his men on to the charge, with a steady courage and splendid gallantry which equalled the genius of Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi and the spirit of the six hundred at the battle of Balaklava. The Confederates met that charge with a sheet of fire. The tide of impetuous battle roared against the rocks of determination, and sweeping flames rolled upon a wall that could not be displaced. Hand to hand in terrible conflict they engaged; wounds and death blows are given and received; frightful is the din of battle and fearful the carnage. From the hills the fire pours down and heaps of slain lay dressed in blue, but still Captain Green leads on. Carbines and pistols have been emptied and the sabre becomes the only weapon. Captain Green rushes upon Charles and sparks of fire flash from their clashing blades.

The smoke rolls away; Helen sees the contest. She recognizes the dauntless hero of her heart struggling for her deliverance. Green is driven back; his sword flies from his hand; he falls beneath the terrible sweep of the avenging blade. Two Federals leap to the rescue of their captain. Charles in turn is struck to the earth with a clubbed carbine. Helen screams and rushes down the cliff. The Confederates fly at the foe with a yell of fury. The Federals give way—the slaughter is sickening. The victors see Helen a vision of peace among them—astonishment stops the carnage—the vanquished yield.

A little later and the spot where the battle raged with frightful fury is now still as death. The stunning blow that laid Charles senseless was not mortal. The hurt yields to treatment, to loving care and tender caresses. He opens his eyes; his head is resting on Helen's breast; her arms are pressed around him; her smile is the light that fills his heart, and her kiss the reward of his valor.

## CHAPTER XLVI.

**T**HE battle of McDowell threw the authorities at Washington into a perfect fever of excitement, and spread consternation wide through the ranks of the Federal army. It added terror to Jackson's name and caused his opponents to regard him as one possessed of ubiquitous power. To keep pace with his movements became the absorbing subject of their thoughts. General Banks was completely demoralized. He retreated back to Winchester, and began the building of fortifications with all the industry of a novice in war. He built them high and strong, but Jackson subsequently flanked him out of them and they profited him nothing.

Jackson had pursued Milroy some distance and then returned to his old position near Elk Run.

William Dodge returned to Washington disgusted, disappointed, dispirited, aimless, friendless, hopeless. The utter vanity of his life was made manifest; revenge had lost its power to gratify. The weakness of his moral nature yielded to the lash of scourging remorse, without one hope of escape; without the ability to amend the wrong; without the strength to renew the fight. Every nerve tingled with pain; every pulsation beat a mournful march of sickening sorrow. The judgment of an accusing conscience was upon him; it lashed him like a whip of scorpions; it stung him like a nest of adders; but the baseless doctrine of infidelity, to which he adhered, pointed out no hope of escape. He had become too weak to indulge his enmity, too lost in purpose to seek revenge. His soul was sick with loathing of self; his heart was a putrid sore. He had seen from the papers the failure of

the raid; the capture of Green and all of his command; but this gave him neither pleasure nor pain. He was too miserable to feel one touch of gratification in anything. The only desire that was left him was the desire to escape from the torture of self-abasement. He felt that if he only had the means to go away—to go far, far away—he might find some relief; he might find some escape from torturing memories. But he had no means to pay his way; what could he do?

“Tell his mother, confess to her the humility of his heart; no, that much of pride was still left. The government was his only chance; the government might afford a means; it still was due him something. It was not his fault the raid had failed.”

Responding to such thoughts, he summoned such ease of manner as he could still command and called upon Mr. Cameron. Mr. Cameron was glad to see him; Mr. Cameron was more than pleased to have him come just at that time; Mr. Cameron needed him particularly, and was just thinking where a telegram might be sent that would reach him. The right man had come just at the right time. The government needed the services of the faithful and the efficient.

The kind, courteous, complimentary language of the Secretary in part reinstated the drooping spirit; but that kindness was after the manner of the invitation, “Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly?” That courtesy boded no good to the vacillating mind of the half-repentant William Dodge.

In the humble opinion of this narrator, there never was a heart so hard, a soul so depraved, a life so black, a conscience so seared, a being so base, but what still have moments of regret for the wickedness of the hands, and longings for better things.

Wound the soul, the body will sympathize; weaken the body, the spirit will cower; cower the spirit, and fear

presents the terrors of death, and death drawing nigh suggests the reckoning at the judgment bar. No man ever lived who did not believe he had to render in some way an account for the deeds done in the flesh. William Dodge was passing through one of these moments of regret. It would have been well for him could he have commanded resolution sufficient to close his heart against the seductive influences of temptation, but like many a poor soul he was lost in the way by yielding to the voice which pleaded "just this once more." Mr. Cameron told Mr. Dodge that it was all important that the government be kept posted of the movements of General Jackson.

"They call him a 'Stonewall.' We find him a sweeping cyclone."

Mr. Cameron then, in the way of a closing argument, laid a roll of notes on the table and smiled significantly, as he said:

"This is to go where it will do the most good; keep us posted as to the 'ubiquitous bird' for thirty days, and there are ten thousand more where this came from."

Mr. Dodge stood for one moment looking down at the money—balancing in his mind right and wrong. Temptation whispered—"This once more." Temptation won. He stooped, took up the notes, placed them in his pocket, then turned and left the room.

Many a poor heart has been tempted thus; many a poor soul has been swept over the breakers by staying to yield "just this once more."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

**I**N a few days Charles Reed was himself again. His head was still sore, but his heart was glad. The regret which he felt occasioned by the burning of his home was lost in the joy which filled his heart in contemplating the rescue of Helen. Since she was safe it mattered little that a house had been burned ; that could soon be rebuilt and all be as before.

The prisoners taken were sent at once to Richmond. Their wounded were carried to Lovingsston, where they were properly cared for. Charles ordered the regiment to report to General Jackson in the Valley. He remained a few days at the Grove to recover from the effects of his hurt. Captain Green was most painfully, but not mortally wounded. One or two bullets had cut his flesh slightly, but the main wound was a sabre cut across the head and along the cheek, laying the flesh open in a frightful gash. Charles had determined to turn him over to the civil authorities to be tried for abduction, but when Helen told him of the courteous language in which Captain Green and the other officers had addressed her, Charles concluded to ride over and see Captain Green, and to hear what explanation he could offer for his conduct.

Captain Green, as may well be imagined, felt no pride in the part he had acted in the affair, and was now more than ready to make reparation as far as it lay in his power. He made a clean breast of the whole matter without trying to exculpate himself. Simply said by way of palliation that he did not realize what it was for which he took the money until it was too late. He then handed

Charles the written instructions and the roll of money just as he had received it, saying, as he did so, "That he was fully persuaded from what Mr. Dodge had stated that Mr. Cameron was not aware of the design against Miss Moore."

"Then, Captain Green," said Charles, "I will ask you one question; answer it truthfully if you desire the least consideration at my hands. What was the purpose of William Dodge in seeking to place Miss Moore under arrest?"

"As I have hope of your pardon, Colonel Reed, I believe from the bottom of my heart it was a deep, bitter hatred of you—that, and nothing more. He sought to wound you to the heart, and he thought the deepest wound that you could receive would be through your affections."

"Why does he hate me?"

"I do not know. He only said that you had foiled him in everything, and that he had sworn revenge. This is all that I know. I never saw him but the once."

Charles turned and looked out through the window. The expression of his face was serious, but not painfully sad. It was a relief to know that no darker design was intended towards Helen, and now that he knew the cause he was still willing to try to forgive that most unreasonable enmity, though he could not understand why it should be so bitter.

After a moment Charles turned back to the bedside and said:

"Captain Green, I will keep these papers, the money you can retain; you will be paroled with the rest of the wounded prisoners and allowed to return North as soon as your hurt will permit your removal."

"Thank you, Colonel Reed," replied the wounded man feelingly. "I do not deserve so much forbearance, but I am grateful to you for your leniency and shall endeavor to profit by your example. I do not wish the money back;

please keep it, and if you are unwilling to use it to help rebuild your own home then give it to some more humble person who has suffered by my command."

Charles Reed took the hand of the Federal soldier and pressed it warmly, then turned away, both young men feeling glad that the life blood of the other was not upon their respective hands.



## CHAPTER XLVIII.

CHARLES remained at the Grove a few days basking in the light of love and the sunshine of approval. The country was elated at the victory of Jackson at McDowell. The county was jubilant over the splendid achievement of its favorite soldier at Rockfish Gap. Charles was a hero and Helen Moore had become a heroine. Friends flocked to see them and casual acquaintances came miles just to shake their hands. The spirits of Colonel Moore seem to rally under the excitement, and gratified pride was added to the great love he cherished for his children.

Standing together in the parlor the evening before the day fixed for Charles to return to the army, Colonel Moore reminded Helen of her promise. She blushed, looked down, and then looked up at Charles. He noted her embarrassment—took both her hands in his, and asked feelingly:

“What promise, Helen?”

She hesitated a moment and then said timidly:

“Papa thinks it would add to his satisfaction if we were—” she stopped. The color deepened on her cheeks; modesty finished the sentence.

Charles pressed her hands warmly and then said with a voice full of feeling:

“And to mine, too, sweetest—a thousand satisfactions it would add to my happiness if we were married.”

Helen smiled and said, half shyly, half coquettishly—all seriously: “I belong to you in heart—I am willing; and for your late gallantry I will let you name the day.”

“That is your prerogative, sweetest; don’t allow me to become an usurper.”



"Then let's compromise, and make our dear father umpire, and let him name the day," and as she concluded they each took a hand of Colonel Moore and joined a perfect circle of loving hearts.

Colonel Moore raised their hands and clasped them firmly together in his, and said: "May you ever love each other as I love you both. I will name the 10th of February as your bridal day."

Ten days or more had passed since the battle of McDowell. Jackson was back in his old camp at Elk Run. McClellan was inching up closer and closer to Richmond. General McDowell was marshaling a host at Fredericksburg. The Confederate capital was menaced on two sides. Jackson is instructed: "Keep Banks in the Valley; don't allow him to reinforce McDowell and take Richmond in the rear." Milroy, once on the retreat, saw a rebel behind every rock and found it hard to select a good place to stop. Banks is safe in his high fortifications near Winchester. Charles has returned to the army and is out with his regiment at the front. The genius of Jackson is at work meditating as to what is best to be done. Silently and all alone he sits in his tent, his elbow resting on the table, his eyes shaded by his hand. A shadow falls on the floor at his side. He looks up and General Reed enters, accompanied by a young man handsomely dressed in Confederate gray.

"Captain Dodge, General Jackson—allow me to introduce you."

"Captain Dodge, formerly of your staff, General Reed?"

"Yes, sir—volunteer *aid de camp*. Captain Dodge is from Washington. He said he thought he could do something for our cause in the way of recruiting over in Maryland, but he reports that "My Maryland" does not seem much inclined to rally to the call."

"Be seated, gentlemen. Perhaps you can give us some information, Captain Dodge, as to what is going on in the enemy's camp."

"Not much, General—nothing from personal knowledge, but I did hear that General Banks has a strong army of 36,000 near Winchester, and that the indications were that he proposed to advance this way up the Valley."

General Jackson's eyes sparkled for one moment with a secret gratification, and then he smiled and said:

"That might be inconvenient to me. However, we will try to make him comfortable should he come. But, changing the subject, Captain Dodge, do you propose to stay with us and share our fortune?"

"Yes, sir; if my services are acceptable."

"Do you wish to enlist in the line, or had you rather prefer staff duty?"

"I would much prefer the staff, at least until I am more restored from my late sickness."

"Can General Reed still give you a position on his staff?" General Reed, who had passed behind Mr. Dodge's chair, gave General Jackson an imploring look. Then, before Mr. Dodge could reply, General Jackson said, "But I am afraid not; his staff is already full; besides, I am thinking of sending General Reed on a special mission; however, we will see; we will see." The General was silent for a moment, then continuing, said:

"I can't give you a position on my staff, but if you are so disposed you can remain here at my headquarters until some arrangement is made for you."

"Thank you, General; in the meantime I shall be glad to serve you in any way I can," replied the smooth-faced William Dodge.

General Jackson then turned to General Reed and said, "I want you to take a walk with me. Captain Dodge will make himself comfortable until we return."

The two officers then left the tent, and after a quiet stroll around the camp, General Reed went back to his own headquarters.

The next morning General Jackson saw Mr. Dodge standing near his tent. He stepped to the door and called him, and Mr. Dodge entered the tent. General Jackson was looking over a paper when Mr. Dodge went in, but turned after a moment, and asked, "Captain Dodge, would you mind writing a little for me?"

"No, sir; I shall be glad to serve you."

"You can keep a secret, Captain Dodge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then write to my dictation?"

Three long letters were written; one addressed to General Edward Johnson, at McDowell; one to General Ewell, at Culpeper Courthouse; and the other to General S. Cooper, Secretary of War, Richmond.

General Jackson said, "Captain Dodge, I want you to take these three letters to the headquarters of General Ashby, and you yourself place them in his hand. Under no consideration must you for one moment entrust them to any third person."

General Jackson then added, "I shall not need you this afternoon. I want to be left alone. If you have any matters you wish to look after, you can do so."

The moment Mr. Dodge left the tent, General Jackson called one of his most trusted couriers, and said, "Take this letter to General Ashby—give it to him in person."

The letter sent by the courier was only a note written in General Jackson's own handwriting. It simply said:

"Burn the three letters sent you by Captain Dodge. Pretend to send off a dispatch. Let no one know that you destroy the letters. *It is a ruse.*

"Yours, &c.,

"T. J. JACKSON."

As Mr. Dodge rode along on his way to the headquarters of General Ashby, he counted himself, for this one time at least, a lucky man. He was in possession of in-

formation most desirable at Washington. The words of the Secretary kept running through his mind, "Ten thousand more where this came from," and bright visions of future ease and prosperity dawned upon his imagination. "To-night I will send the dispatch—the only one I shall ever have any occasion to send. I will get the ten thousand—then, ho! for Europe, and farewell to the scenes of painful recollections!"

A little later that day and Mr. Dodge had written a letter in cipher, addressed to General Banks, at Winchester, which, when interpreted, said: "General Jackson will cross the Blue Ridge mountains to-morrow night with his entire command; make a forced march to Culpeper Court-house, where he will form a junction with General Ewell; they will then march to Spotsylvania Court-house and there form a junction with forces to be sent up by rail from Richmond—fall upon, defeat and possibly capture General McDowell at Fredericksburg—if so, sweep on and take Washington. Edward Johnson is to fall back and protect Staunton against you."

That afternoon Mr. Dodge mounted his horse and took the above letter to the residence of one Simon Swatz, a so-called Union man, who was willing for a valuable consideration to be the conduit through which contraband communications might pass between Union-loving patriots of the North and friendly allies in the South. Swatz received the letter, not failing to exact the postage due thereon to the "grape-vine" mail department, and at the same time handed Mr. Dodge a package post-marked Washington, D. C., with the business card of Brown & Brown, attorneys-at-law, printed in the corner. Mr. Dodge put the package in his pocket, thinking it more than likely that it was nothing more than a letter calling in the loan which he had had Brown & Brown negotiate for him some time before. He then took a circuitous route and returned to the camp, but as the sun

was still high in the West and the air pleasant, he concluded to take a walk. He strolled along the banks of the Elk Run until he came to an old mill dam, still standing across the stream. The mill was gone—washed away years ago, but the dam was there, resisting the flow of tide and time. The late heavy rains had caused the stream to be considerably swollen, and what was ordinarily only a mountain run, now rushed down quite a body of water. As Mr. Dodge drew near the dam he noticed quite a number of saw logs which seem to have gotten away somewhere above, and now came floating down the stream. They floated on quietly enough until they approached the dam, then the swift current caught them, and they were dashed over the dam with terrible force, and there rolled and tossed and pitched and piled in the most fearful manner. The water was boiling and seething and surging and roaring and hissing and breaking in mad circles, that seem to beat itself into foam in its fury, while the logs seemed to resemble animate things struggling to escape. They would rise on end and make desperate leaps as though to free themselves from the clutches of the current, but the water would seize them and dash them back upon each other, causing them to inflict terrible blows from which they seem to writhe with pain.

Mr. Dodge stood and watched them for quite a while in silence, and then, half-sighing, said, "They seem to be tormented souls;" and just as the thought passed through his mind, and found expression in low-whispered words, he felt a cold chill creep over his limbs, which seem to stop at his heart, and a strange indefinable fear took possession of him—a feeling of dread uneasiness and anxiety—something akin to a presentiment, which made him feel that danger was fast approaching. Then the unwelcome words rushed to his lips, and he said, half aloud, "What if I am detected?" At the thought his

hair rose up on end—his lips trembled, and his knees smote together and would scarcely sustain him. Then a cold, clammy sweat came over him, and he would have fallen had he not leaned against a rock for support. How long he remained there he could not tell, for the moments seemed to stretch into hours. At length he tried to summon resolution to return to camp; but just as he made the effort to struggle up, he caught the eye of a soldier watching him eagerly. He sank back with fright, and, for the first time in his life, William Dodge had fainted.

"The grape-vine postal department" did its work well. Mr. Swatz knew the mountain paths like as the wild animals knew their native hills. By sunrise the next morning Mr. Dodge's letter had been duly delivered to General Banks, and its contents occasioned that gallant officer much trepidation. The words of the dispatch were immediately telegraphed to the Secretary of War, and, for a little while, the wires were kept trembling with the messages flashing to and fro.

Charles Reed was scouting close up to the enemy's line, and from an elevated position observed the great commotion in the Federal camp, but could not divine the cause. When the sun was about an hour high, he sent a courier to General Jackson with a dispatch, saying, "Much excitement in the enemy's camp; some move on hand, but do not know what; will send another dispatch, if any developments." An hour later, and a second courier was started with another message, saying, "About one-half of Banks's army are under arms, and marching rapidly towards Snicker's Gap; possibly on their way to Manassas, or Fredericksburg."

When General Jackson received the first dispatch sent by Charles, he ordered the men under arms, and held them ready to move at a moment's notice. When the second messenger arrived, the eyes of the old hero fairly danced with delight. He issued an order and had it

read to his troops. It said, "Soldiers: General Banks has been deceived, and has blundered the second time. He has divided his army and sent one-half over the Blue Ridge to look for me. I want you to step out like men and fall upon the army that is left behind, and sweep them from the Valley."

They answered that call with a yell, and many a lad laughed and replied, "Jackson's foot cavalry is ready."

When Mr. Dodge came to himself he was lying on a straw mattress under a large wall-tent, and he was well covered with blankets, while the tent was made comfortable by a small camp stove. It was broad day, and the sun which had just risen was shining in through the half-open door. The same soldier who had so frightened Mr. Dodge the evening before, was sitting on a box near the stove, his sabre lying across his lap, while he seemed to be deeply absorbed in the mysteries of a paper-back novel. On the other side of the tent were three more soldiers sitting on a blanket spread down on a pallet of straw, laughing and jesting as they amused themselves playing draw poker for grains of coffee. Mr. Dodge felt bewildered, and at first could not imagine what had befallen him, but little by little the circumstances of the last evening came back to his mind and he shuddered as he looked at the face of the soldier reading the novel.

At length the soldier looked up and seeing that Mr. Dodge was awake, passed over to the pallet and stooping down, asked,

"How are you this morning?"

"I hardly know; I am so weak and nervous and feel so strangely. Where am I, and what has happened to me?"

"You are at General Jackson's headquarters; you had a fainting spell yesterday evening, and have been sleeping all night. The doctor told me to give you a drink of brandy when you awoke; so take this, you will soon be better."

Mr. Dodge drank the brandy and then lay back on the pallet, feeling heaven only knows what—something of fear, something of dread, something of nervousness, something of regret, something of pain, something of remorse. His heart seemed to have moved up into his throat; a heavy weight was pressing down upon his chest; his limbs were stiff and weak, a tingling sensation ran over his body, while cold clammy beads of perspiration stood thick upon his brow and hysteric tears gathered in his eyes.

He had had a fearful dream. He thought he was standing on the banks of the river watching the swollen water and the tormented logs just as he had done the evening before, when all at once he felt the hangman's noose tighten around his neck, and as he choked to death he saw that stream of water turn to a stream of molten brass and those tormented logs became doomed spirits writhing in agony and pain; and while he struggled for life he saw a shapeless thing, neither man nor beast, rise up from out that hissing stream breathing smoke and fire, and with a horrid laugh lay hands upon his withering soul and drag him down and cast him among those tormented souls, and as the wicked deeds of his life flashed through his mind the day he was so near drowned, so again his evil deeds all rose horrid before him to evidence the justness of his doom, and he thought that as his soul was swept from life to death, from wicked acts to haunted hell, he was permitted to catch one fleeting glimpse of the joys of heaven and the unspeakable glory of the great Jehovah, while the voice of the watchman rang in his ears: "Eternity to the doomed and damned!"

The day passed on, the soldier quietly read his novel, his three comrades finished their game of poker and lounged in the sunshine outside the tent. As the afternoon came on, Mr. Dodge heard loud cheering, and summoned resolution to ask the soldiers what it meant.



"The troops are starting on a march."

"Where are they going?"

The soldier shook his head, smiled and said: "Nobody knows but General Jackson."

Mr. Dodge then laid his hand over his eyes—thinking—thinking—thinking. That cheering, he thought, was a good omen to him; nothing had been discovered. Jackson was about to start on his proposed expedition. Mr. Dodge felt relieved; and oh! what a relief it was; but alas! hope is so deceptive.

He lay for a little while listening to the cheering now growing fainter and fainter as the troops marched away. Then his reverie was broken, and the soldier asked: "Would you like to have something to eat?"

"Thank you—a cup of coffee and a cracker, if you have it convenient."

The coffee and cracker was gotten and enjoyed with some relish, and then Mr. Dodge lay down again feeling less nervous and more contented.

The soldier again betook himself to his novel, and Mr. Dodge lay there thinking, indulging the delusions of hope—in dreams realizing the ten thousand in possession, and then the luxuries of a foreign home. By and by he turned his head, and saw sticking from the breast pocket of his coat, which lay on a box just at his head, the package which he had received from Mr. Swatz. Mechanically he put out his hand and took the package. He broke the seal and began to read. As he read his face first flushed, and then grew deathly pale; then he started up in wild excitement; he wrung his hands; he tore his hair; he beat his breast; he wept and groaned, and rolled from side to side, moaning as he tossed, almost in frenzy. "Oh! that I had known." "Oh! that I had known who I am, and what she is to me." "Oh! to think—to think, my own father's blood flowing through her veins, and I have damned my own soul seeking her destruction."

The soldier sprang to the bed side and tried to pacify the sufferer, but his efforts were vain. Mr. Dodge beat him off, exclaiming, as he tossed and rolled and wept, "Kill me; oh! kill me, if you have any mercy. Kill me, for I am not fit to live."

The soldier frightened at the demented frenzy of the sick man, believing he was taken with a fit, ran for a surgeon. When he got back Mr. Dodge was gone—gone without coat, hat or boots—leaving the letter from Brown & Brown lying open on the bed.



## CHAPTER XLIX.

**A**T the very moment that General Jackson turned back from his pursuit after Milroy, General Banks was hurrying a detachment from his army to protect the defeated Federals. He was now hurrying a much larger detachment over the Blue Ridge to General McDowell, to save that army from the clutches of the terrible Jackson, while at the same time Jackson himself, and his "foot cavalry," were galloping down the Valley in search of General Banks, whose army of 36,000 was now reduced to 18,000.

And again, at the very moment that the Federals, under the command of Generals Shields and Kimball, were toiling over the mountains at Snicker's Gap, on their way to aid General McDowell, General Ewell was climbing the hills at Chester's Gap, on his way from Culpeper, to join General Jackson at Luray. The Confederate soldiers understood the situation and were full of spirit, and swung along with a rapid stride. By the early morn, next day, the junction of Ewell and Jackson was made, and the march continued down the Valley. Jackson determined to diverge from the main road, in order to avoid attacking General Banks, in his strong fortifications. He, therefore, turned aside into a rugged pathway, across the hills, which led them into another road descending from the mountains, which road entered the main turnpike at a point fairly on General Banks's right flank. Charles Reed had drawn such a cordon of pickets around the enemy's camp, Banks was unable to get the slightest information of Jackson's approach. The surprise of the Federals was complete, and it was evident that the first intimation

they had of the presence of a hostile army was the volley fired by Jackson into their picket, just a mile from their camp. Banks made but little effort to defend his position. He saw the hills swarming with the Confederate troops, and moving forward steadily to the attack. He saw that he had been deceived, and that Jackson, with his whole army, and that of Ewell also, was upon him. All prudence gave way to fear; he set fire to his camp, and ordered a hasty retreat—the very worst thing he could possibly have done, for an army that feels whipped before it fights is easily routed. Banks became frightened, and his army soon became demoralized. The Confederates saw the Federals start on the run, and every gray jacket became a hero. They, yelling like demons, rushed upon the retreating lines and poured volley after volley into their broken columns. Who will not fight when the foe flies? Who can stop a stampede when it is once started? The Confederate artillery galloped to the top of the hill, which the Federals gave up, and poured round after round of grape and canister into the frightened fugitives. The retreat soon became a stampede, and to escape was all that the demoralized Federals attempted. They threw down their arms and made for the Potomac with all their might, while the Confederate cavalry charged upon the defenseless masses, sabreing down many and capturing great numbers.

General Jackson continued the pursuit on to Harper's Ferry, at which point Banks escaped with the remnant of his army over the river into Maryland. The victorious Confederates then gathered up the spoils and started back up the Valley. When General Banks began his retreat he signalled General Shields to return and lend him aid. General Shields, not knowing the extent of the defeat which Banks had sustained recrossed the Blue Ridge to Port Republic, immediately in Jackson's rear, where Jackson returning up the Valley found him, and swept his

little army almost out of existence, thus completing that splendid Valley campaign, which so astonished the world and rendered the name of *Stonewall* Jackson immortal. The Federals in the aggregate had not less than 50,000 troops; Jackson had but little over one-fourth of that number. He sprang up out of the ground as it were and pounced on Shields at Kernstown, when Banks left him to go to McClellan at Manassas. Banks returned to watch the daring rebel, but he watched so badly Jackson slipped away from before him and almost destroyed Milroy at McDowell before Banks dreamed that the Confederate army was gone. He allowed Mr. Dodge to send a letter which induced General Banks to divide his army, then rushed upon these divided forces, and almost destroyed them in detail. He killed and captured more of the enemy than he had of troops all told, and then while they were collecting their scattered forces and the Federal Government was hurrying men to Harper's Ferry to keep him out of Washington, he stole his third march upon them, and swept, almost with the swiftness of a bird, from the heights of the Blue Ridge to the swamps of the Chickahominy and struck McClellan the first blow in the seven days' battle around Richmond.



## CHAPTER L.

**A**FTER the battle of Port Republic General Jackson returned to his camp at Elk Run. He issued an order thanking his soldiers for their gallant conduct, and told them that they were entitled to the gratitude of the country. Among other names which he sent forward to the War Department, recommending them for promotion, most honorable mention was made of Colonel Reed, which circumstance was specially gratifying to Charles, but which was far from being sufficient to relieve his mind of the sad, depressing thoughts which clouded his spirits. William Dodge had been re-captured and brought back to camp, and though he did not know it before, he knew now that he was a prisoner accused of being a Federal spy; but this fact did not seem to be the cause of the dreadful distress of mind and heart and the deep remorse which weighed him down like a mill-stone. He seemed not to be thinking of the dreadful doom that was awaiting him, but of some wrong which he had done, the memory of which now bent him upon the rack of torture. Sometimes he would sit for hours with his head bent down, his face buried in his hands, while the tears silently trickled through his fingers and fell upon the sand, and then all at once he would spring to his feet, throw up his arms and wail and moan, and shiver and weep and writhe in the contortions of despair as though his soul would burst with agony, exclaiming, as he beat his breast and tore his hair, "Oh! if I had but known who I am! if I had but known what she is to me!" and then as his physical strength would become exhausted from the paroxysms of grief, he would sink down on his pallet

and weep in the most convulsive manner, as though his very heart would break. "The law's delay" is not one of the characteristics of a military court-martial. The unfortunate victim who finds himself accused of a violation of military rules has little reason, as a general thing, to complain of the "law's delay," and often the victim is arrested, arraigned, tried, condemned and executed within the week; and, sometimes, within the same day.

William Dodge had done more to aid the cause of the Confederacy within the last few days than perhaps any other one man in all the rank and file of Jackson's army, but men are sometimes very ungrateful, and the great service which Mr. Dodge had rendered was not counted unto him for a virtue. Within four days after the return of Jackson's army to its old camp William Dodge was arraigned before the court-martial and accused of being a common spy. Able counsel was assigned him in order that all the forms of the law might be duly complied with.

When he was brought into court he seemed to be in a state of mind which might almost be characterized as a stupor. He pleaded not guilty to the charge, but he did so in a mechanical way and seemed to take very little interest in the proceedings except rather as a curiosity to know what evidence could be brought against him.

General Reed was called as the first witness, but he simply stated in brief the circumstances of enlistment by the accused, his subsequent departure for Maryland with the ostensible purpose of soliciting recruits for the Confederate army, and his recent return and expressed intentions.

Mr. Prosser and Uncle Ben were then called in succession, and as they related the circumstances which attended their efforts to learn the true character of the accused and the final capture of the dispatches and the copies produced, Mr. Dodge seemed to realize the danger that threatened him and the dreadful doom that awaited him, but

when old Uncle Ben, continuing, told the circumstances which led him to suspect Mr. Dodge as the would-be assassin of Charles Reed, and ended by producing the papers which had been taken from Captain Green, Mr. Dodge sprang to his feet in a perfect frenzy of despair, threw up his arms, gave one wild heart-broken shriek and fell to the floor, writhing in all the torturing agonies of remorseful grief.

The scene was truly distressing, but the proof of guilt was conclusive. The court found the accused guilty and fixed the fifth day from the day of trial as the day of execution.

Charles Reed had made a special request that he be excused from giving testimony in the case. He had also applied for leave of absence for a few days in order that he might escape the painful circumstances of Mr. Dodge's conviction and execution, which did seem inevitable. Both of these requests had been granted, and he had left for home the day before the trial, turning the papers which had been taken from Captain Green over to Uncle Ben to hand to the court when he was called. And now that the trial was over, Uncle Ben likewise asked permission to return home, which was duly granted, and the third day after the trial the good old man found himself back at the Grove, where every one was delighted to see him, Colonel Moore especially, and made it manifest by every means possible.

The sad story of the disgraceful downfall of William Dodge had been told both to Helen and Colonel Moore, and to each of them the circumstances were exceedingly painful. They, like Charles, could scarcely realize the truth, but felt as though it was but a distressing dream; but when Ben came and told them that Mr. Dodge was to be executed, they were dreadfully shocked, and in their heart of hearts felt the deepest pity for the doomed man, and a most willingness to forgive him for the wrong



which he had done. Soon, they said, he will be dead—dead and gone from earth—and “who can war against dumb, unconscious clay?”

The next morning Charles rode over to the Grove, and Uncle Ben went into the parlor to pay his respects to his young friend. Helen and Charles were there alone together, and they both greeted the good, faithful old servant with a respect worthy of his noble heart. They invited him to take a seat, but with that appreciation of his position, which the worthy always feels, he declined, saying that “he only came in for a moment to tell Mars Charles howdy, and to hear from the folks at the Abbey.” He then stood for a little while, balancing his hat in his hands, talking quietly and asking common-place questions, but seeming not fully at his ease, and finally asked Charles when he expected to return to the army. Charles told him in two or three days more, and then noticing the serious expression of the old man’s face, who stood with his eyes fixed on the spots in the carpet, said, “Why do you ask, Uncle Ben; is there anything you wish?”

“Well, I don’t know that thar is, Mars Charles; I can’t say exactly, but I would like to have a talk with you afore you go.”

“What is it, Uncle Ben? Can’t you tell me now?”

The old man looked at Helen as though debating in his mind the question as to whether or not he could speak before her, and then said, “It mought not be ’greeable to Miss Helen. ’Tis about Mr. Dodge.”

Helen slipped her hand into that of Charles, as she drew nearer to him, and said, “Don’t mind me, Uncle Ben; unless you really object to speaking where I am.”

“No; not that, Miss Helen. ’Tis not much after all that I have to say, but his story is so horrible I thought you might not care to hear anything more about him.”

Helen gave the hand of Charles a slight pressure, which he interpreted, and then said, “Well, what of him, Uncle Ben?”

"I don't know, after all, that it amounts to anything, Mars Charles, but somehow thinkin' on his strange words, and puttin' two and two together, caused a strange 'spicion to cross my mind dat he found out something about heself and Miss Helen what he did not know before. He did not call Miss Helen's name, but he made mention of some lady, and de way he took on when de papers you took from Captain Green was read in court, I could not help thinking he was 'luding to her. So I 'cluded I would tell you all about it, and show you the papers what I is got."

"What papers do you mean, Uncle Ben?" asked Charles, somewhat excited, despite his efforts to appear calm.

"Des papers, Mars Charles; but afore you read dem let me tell you what happened. Well, de day before de army marched, General Jackson sent Mr. Dodge away. When Mr. Dodge come back, which he did not do till way late, I heard General Jackson tell Corporal Clarke to keep in sight of Mr. Dodge, and if Mr. Dodge made any effort to escape to arrest him, but not to let Mr. Dodge suspect anything, if he could help it. De general also cautioned me not to let Mr. Dodge see me for fear he might recognize me as the one what helped Mr. Prosser on de train. Well, late dat evening Mr. Dodge he took a walk, and Corporal Clarke he took a walk also. It seem how Mr. Dodge was taken wid a fit down on de river, and Corporal Clarke brought him to camp. Mr. Dodge was out of his head when Corporal Clarke brought him back and put him to bed. Mr. Dodge did not come to heself all night; but was all right de next morning. In de afternoon when de army started on de march, Mr. Dodge he sat up a little, and axed for some coffee and crackers. I made de coffee and Corporal Clarke he took it to him. Arter dat he seemed better like, and lay down quite awhile real still. I was watchin' frough a slit in de

tent. All at once I see Mr. Dodge take a package out of his coat pocket what was hangin' close by. He open de package, for it look like it was sealed up, den he read de letter, and when he read de letter, you never did see sich doin' as he did do. He hollowed and cried and beat his hands and pulled his hair like he was mad, and kept saying, 'Ef I had only knowed who I am; ef I only had known what she was to me.' He said dis over and over, and did look like one crazy, his eyes all poppin' out his head like balls of fire. Corporal Clarke thought he done had a fit, so he ran for de doctor, and Mr. Dodge he jumped out de bed and ran off down de hill. I ran for Corporal Clarke, but I missed him. When I got back dey was all gone. I found dis paper lying on de floor. I showed dem to de judge, but he give dem back to me, and said dey had nothing to do wid de case in court. I layed off to give dem to you, but I neber seed you any more, but here dey are and you can read dem when you like."

Charles took the papers, and Uncle Ben said, "You will excuse me now, Mars Charles, I wants to go over to de Abbey a little while."

Both Charles and Helen felt a strong curiosity over the strange story which Uncle Ben had related, and, despite their best efforts, they also both felt strangely nervous and excited—a presentiment of approaching evil sent a cold chill creeping over their limbs, which seem to fill them with dread; but Charles opened the package, and they both read together. The first paper was a short letter from Brown & Brown, attorneys-at-law, and was as follows:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 19, 1861.

"MR. WILLIAM DODGE, Winchester, Va.:

"*Dear Sir*: Your mother, while out driving this morning, was thrown from her carriage and fatally injured. She died at five o'clock this afternoon. When told that

she could not possibly live more than an hour or two, she sent for us and placed the enclosed paper in our hands, with instructions to send it to you at once, which we do, care of General Banks. Your mother died intestate. We will be glad to serve you, should you need an attorney.

“Very respectfully,

“BROWN & BROWN,

“Attorneys-at-Law.”

The other paper was in a lady's handwriting, and was not dated, but simply addressed as follows :

“TO WILLIAM DODGE, Washington, D. C. :

“I am your mother, and I write this in accordance with a fixed purpose long since formed, to take this means of revealing to you the story of my life; but you will not be gratified with a sight of this until I am dead and gone. I had resolved to take you into my confidence and tell you the story, when you reached years of discretion; but discretion is a thing you have never reached, and I fear you never will. From your very cradle you have been the bane of my life. Revenge seems to be your ruling passion, and to this for any wrong, real or imaginary, you are driven by some demon which seems to possess your whole soul. You I could not trust, because from your very childhood you have hated me because of the corrections which I administered as your mother. Seemingly you are amiability personified; but woe to the one whom you imagine has done you a wrong.

“But to my story: I am the daughter of William Doyle. My mother's maiden name was Reilly—Emily Reilly. They were Irish; married and moved to America and settled in Virginia. William Dodge, who had been a friend of my father in Ireland, became involved in some political intrigue and was forced to leave his home. He was a minister of the Gospel, so-called, but a fiend incarnate at heart. He came to America and settled in the

neighborhood near my father's home. Here he assumed the name of Kelley—Henry Kelley. He became the regular visitor at my father's house—the spiritual adviser of the family. One Xmas night my father and little brother were murdered. My life was attempted also, but I was resuscitated. My mother was accused of the crime; was tried and convicted, but sorrow broke her heart, and she died a lunatic. William Dodge had himself appointed my guardian, and as such took possession of all of my property. He moved to Washington, dropped the name Kelley, and went back to his own true name, William Dodge. He placed me at a convent. He allowed me to see no one. He told me that I was penniless. He converted everything that I had into money and invested it in his own name. When I became seventeen he forced me to marry him. He gave me my choice to remain in the convent and take the white veil or to come forth as his wife. He professed much love for me—represented his wealth at thousands, pictured the peace and luxury of his home and the happiness that we would find there. I finally consented, and we were married after the ceremony of the Catholic religion. That very night before bed-time, yea, before William Dodge had even so much as offered me one caress, he was taken with a spasm of the heart. He thought he was dying. He became more frightened than any human being that I had ever seen. He called for a priest, and to him in my presence made what he believed to be his dying confession. He told that he had murdered my father and little brother; that he did it with an electric battery; that his purpose was to kill my father and then marry my mother. I fled from him with horror. He was my husband, but it should be only in name. He recovered. He sought me diligently. He found me at last, but no power on earth could drag me back to live with him. I sought counsel. I sold my wedding trousseau and employed an attorney.

My counsel was a widower; he was young; he was sympathetic; he was kind; he was noble; he was true—he was a gentleman. He returned me the money I had paid him as a fee and told me I could not secure a decree of divorce unless the priest would consent to testify in the case; that my evidence as the wife of the defendant would not be heard except as to treatment of me by the accused. The priest simply said he had received the confession as a priest, and as a priest he in honor must keep it. The sympathy of my counsel became deeper and deeper in his heart and dearer and dearer in mine. He became my friend, and a truer friend the world never gave to an unfortunate woman. William Dodge refused after he found me to make provision for my support. He did nothing but persecute me with his attentions, and finally circulated reports derogatory to my character touching that friendship that was as pure as the breath of the angels.

“After a time my friend advised that I go to California; that I stay there one year, then I could sue for a divorce in the courts of that State and allege non-support. I went; my friend kindly supplied the means. When the year expired I brought the suit; I obtained the divorce, and a few weeks thereafter I was again married. The marriage was private, but legal in every respect; my friend was now my husband. We went abroad and spent the honeymoon traveling in Australia. These few days were the only days of happiness I have ever known. We agreed upon our return to the United States to take steps to force William Dodge either to leave America, or to disgorge his ill-gotten possessions, now since I was no longer his wife my evidence would be admissible against him in a criminal prosecution for murder, and also in a suit in equity demanding him to surrender and deed to me the property of mine which he had converted to his own use. With a view to proceed against him, we thought it best to allow our marriage to remain unknown in the East until

my husband could secure all the evidence possible in regard to the murder, and I secure what information I could at Washington as to the property converted. William Dodge had been served in the divorce suit as a non-resident of the State by publication. He had never seen the publication, nor heard of the suit, so when I returned to Washington he was ignorant of what had happened; but unfortunately for us, he bribed one of the clerks in the post-office and intercepted one of my letters. He learned our purpose, he telegraphed and ascertained the fact of the divorce; the letter disclosed the marriage; he flew to Virginia in a rage of passion; he rushed into the office of my husband, drew a pistol and killed him before he could speak; then turned the weapon against himself and scattered his brains on the floor. You, who are called William Dodge, are the legitimate child of Berkeley Page, you are the half brother of Mrs. Beverley Moore, and Helen, your niece, so far as I know, is your only living relative."

The startling information burst upon Helen like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky. She clasped her hands, screamed, and would have fallen to the floor, had not Charles caught her in his arms. Her distress was pitiable in the extreme; she buried her face in Charles's breast, and wept as though her heart would burst. She felt disgraced; she felt unworthy of that love which she would willingly give her life to retain. Charles tried to comfort her; he pressed her to his heart, and called her the dearest of names. He brushed away her flowing tears, and begged her not to be distressed; but there was no comfort for her then. She felt herself unworthy of the love which she had cherished as the light of her life, and she still cherished too passionately and exclusively, to desire that the one she loved, with all the intense earnestness of her soul, should sully his name by giving her life to his, and in the midst of her paroxysms of grief

she finally made him understand what it was that she felt.

But the love of Charles Reed was an ocean—deep and wide; grand as it was wide, and glorious as it was deep; and it rolled an endless tide of pure affection and constant devotion that could never, no never, be lost. He clasped her again and again to his heart, and meant and felt all that he said, when he told her that, though the world might rise up to point the finger of scorn, he would shield her with his life, and comfort her with his love, down to the last drop of blood in his veins, and the very last pulsation of his heart.

Later that night, when Helen was more composed and had retired to her room, Charles completed the reading of Mrs. Dodge's letter. It explained her reasons for retaining the name of Dodge. Her husband, Mr. Page, was poor. The death of William Dodge sealed her lips forever, in a court of equity, as to anything she had heard him say. There was no legal way now to recover the estate; but as his widow the law gave it to her. The record of the divorce was buried away among the archives of some county court in the far West. That divorce would never be heard of. As to who was the father of her child, she so hated and loathed and despised the wretch who had murdered her father, she rather preferred to bear the shame of her supposed inconstancy than to allow any one to believe that she had even for one moment consorted with the base fiend she had fled from the same hour she married him. Besides, to confess him to be the father of her child, would be to turn over to that child the greater bulk of the estate as her co-heir. She saw, when it was too late, the mistake she had made. She had wept over that error, but the step once taken could never be retraced. Poverty would have been a thousand times better, accompanied with peace, than wealth loaded down with regrets.



## CHAPTER LI.

THE first train the next morning that swept along the Virginia Midland railroad carried Charles Reed and Helen Moore to Charlottesville. They secured a carriage and pressed forward with all possible speed. Seven o'clock—five hours more to the time appointed for the execution of William Dodge—thirty miles the distance; they must make it. William Dodge must be saved, if salvation be for him possible. On and on they go, the horses fairly smoking from heat. Ten o'clock; they reach the foot of the mountain; twelve miles more to go; one horse falls dead lame; he can do no more. They buy another and start again, but the mountain is steep; the wheels turn slowly; they reach the summit. 11:30, and five miles yet to make. Down the western slope they rush, threatening destruction to the carriage. They come in sight of the camp; they see the troops forming in a hollow square; they hear the drums beat the funeral march. Hastel oh, hastel they cry. The driver plies his whip; their hearts seem to rise in their throats; they see a puff of white smoke shoot up; they hear the heavy reverberations of a fired cannon rolling over the hills. The 12 o'clock gun is fired. Too late! oh, too late! and Helen Moore sinks back in the carriage and bursts into tears; still the driver presses on. They see William Dodge standing bound near a tree; twelve soldiers drawn up in line close by. Charles leaps from the carriage and rushes towards the officer in command of the troops; 'tis his father; Charles waves his hat as he runs, but no one seems to notice him; he hears his father speak, but he could not catch the words; then he heard, "Fours

right, march!" The troops wheel into column, the bands strike up a lively air, and Charles, out of breath, sinks down upon a log. William Dodge, for the present, is safe. The surgeon, at the last moment, had declared the prisoner a lunatic. Humanity revolts at the idea of putting to death one bereft of reason. General Reed assumed the responsibility to postpone the execution and refer the matter back to the general commanding.

General Reed, out of the great love which he bears Helen Moore, is constrained to use his influence in behalf of the unfortunate prisoner. General Jackson is touched with sympathy by the distress of the noble woman, who forgets her wrongs and pleads for the life of her mother's brother. He recommends the pardon prayed for in Helen's petition; mentioned the lunacy of the condemned as a matter to be considered, and forwards the papers to Mr. Davis, the President and Commander-in-Chief of all the Confederate forces. Mr. Davis delights to gratify the wishes of his trusted officers, and returns an unconditional pardon. William Dodge was saved from an ignominious death, but the life that was left to him was a deep and dreadful void. His malady was incurable—hopeless melancholy. He sank lower and lower—inch by inch, he was dying. He was taken to the Grove; every effort to restore his lost reason was made, but he was beyond the power of medical skill. Hours and hours he would sit with his head bent down, shading his eyes with his hands, never speaking, but occasionally mumbling, "Had I but known!" "Had I but known!" He did what he was told to do. He ate sparingly of what they gave him to eat. He never moved except when some one led him; nothing could arouse the torpor of his reason. He made no complaint, yet he seemed to suffer, for often the muscles of his face would work, his lips trembled, and tears trickled down his cheeks. Poor benighted soul! fast he was failing, fast he was fading

away; life's lamp was flickering in the socket. His sad condition distressed Helen and she often tried to kindle again some spark of reason, but every effort seemed vain. He would look at her with his mournful eyes—eyes once bright and sparkling, now so sad, and say, "Had I but known!" "Had I but known!" Faster and faster he faded; lower and lower he sank. He lay upon his bed, scarcely breathing, Helen sat beside him. She took his hand—her heart was full; she murmured: "My mother's brother!" "My mother's brother!" A tear trickled over her cheek and fell upon his face. He looked up, there was light in his eyes. He seemed to know, he carried her hand to his lips and said faintly, so faintly it was but as the motion of breath, "Pray for me, Helen; pray for my soul's salvation." She sank to her knees, she poured out her heart in prayer—she implored mercy, she begged that he might be forgiven, she arose from her knees. William Dodge was dead! Let charity hope that his spirit was wafted upward upon the pinions of that deep and earnest prayer; for who can estimate the boundless circle of God's mercy? Who can hope for salvation, who will limit His goodness and forgiveness?

## CONCLUSION.

IT came at last, the 10th of February—the *happy day*! It broke along the East with all the roseate beauty of the glories of dawning in the fair land of the Sunny South; the first beams of the rising sun flashed along the valleys and o'er the hills, starting millions of diamond dew-drops to dancing in the pleasing fields of the lovely landscape, while to the hearts of Charles and Helen it brought the bright light of hope and sweet contemplation in the radiant arms of joyful love and heaven-blessed affection. High noon came, and as the sunlight filled the earth with glory and the sky with splendors, and the brilliant chandeliers filled the darkened parlors of the spacious apartments of the elegant home at the Grove, Charles Reed and Helen Moore stood up before the world to pledge the sweetest pledge that mortal ever gave or heaven witnessed—mutual love, mutual trust, mutual comfort, mutual protection, and life and loving constancy. Their hope was one, their hearts were one; their lives should be one, their souls as one; they breathed the vows of mutual love, they pledged their hearts for mutual happiness; they passed under the bans into the bright light of wedded life, fulfilling the divinely appointed mission of creative pleasure, while Heaven, bending from the skies, stooped and blessed their vows with hope and happiness and crowned “Love the light of all life!”







